

OCTOBER

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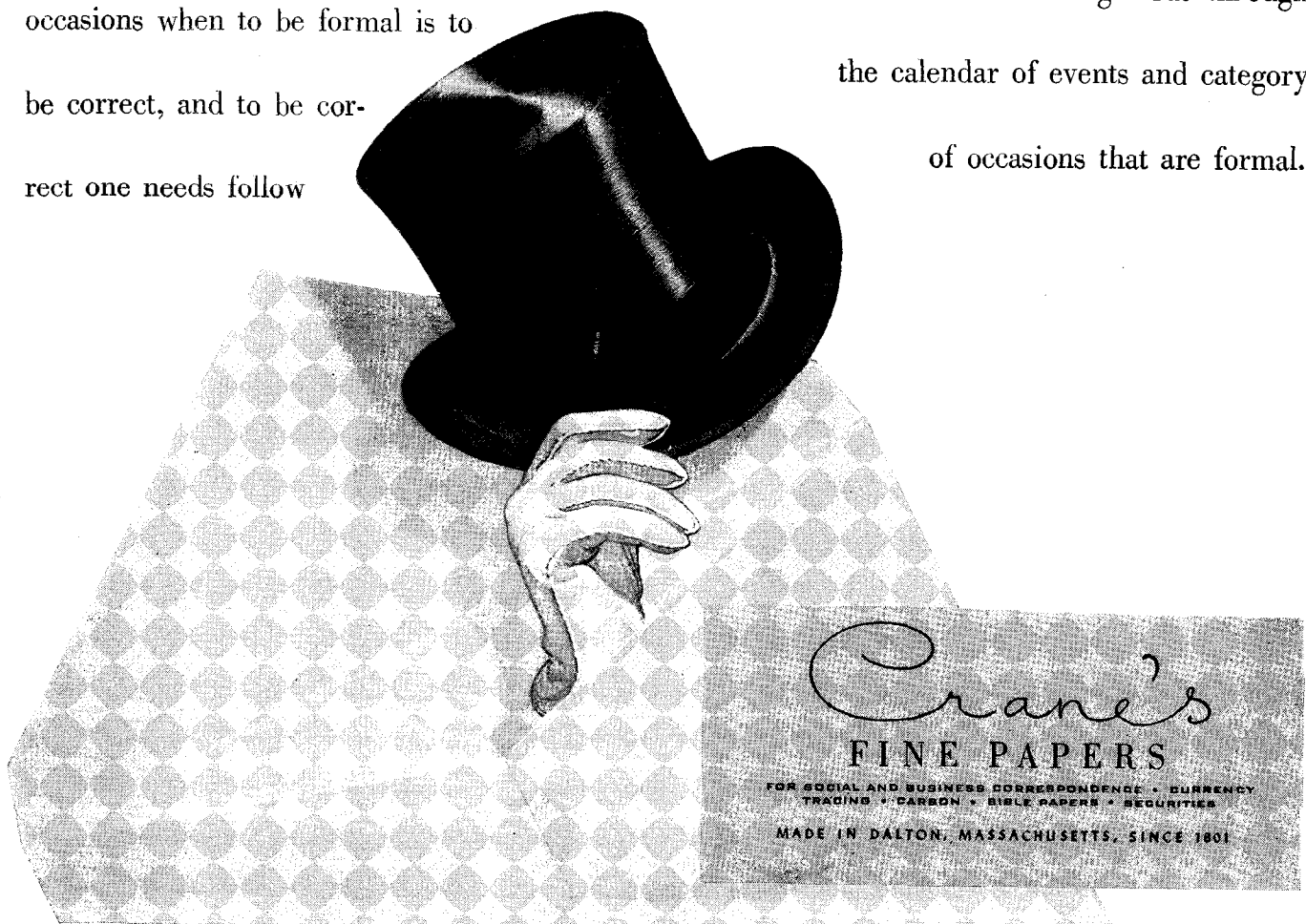
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R S V P

In his introduction to the "Journals of Francis Parkman," Mason Wade says that in a pocket of one of Parkman's notebooks, was found some weather-worn calling cards, and adds: "No Boston gentleman could go adventuring among the Indians without such tokens of gentility." • You may never pay a visit to an Indian chief, but there are many occasions when to be formal is to be correct, and to be correct one needs follow

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Greece

THE size and complexity of the Greek problem were grossly underestimated in the American program for aid to Greece. Even before the war, Greece was one of the poorest countries in Europe: the annual income, per capita, was \$80. This poverty was critically intensified by the atrocious wartime devastation, and later by the wrecking tactics of the Communist guerrillas. Few Americans realize how close the Communists came to winning control of Greece; as late as December, 1948, Greek resistance was in danger of collapsing.

During the past nine months, however, the military situation has taken a decisive turn for the better. The Greek Army's major achievement has been the clearing of the Peloponnesus; fewer than a hundred guerrillas — the Greeks call them *andartes*, bandits — devoid of supplies, survive in this area, and repatriation of refugees is well under way. Only a few bands of *andartes* remain to be liquidated in central Greece, and for some time past there has been little activity in Thrace. The main Communist concentration — about 7000 fighting men — is near the junction of the Albanian and Yugoslav borders.

A force of about 5000 is based in the northern Grammos, along the Albanian border. Lesser units are spread out along the 237-mile Bulgarian border. The U.S. Military Mission estimates that the organized fighting strength of the guerrillas has declined to between 17,000 and 20,000, a sizable percentage of them women.

Certain factors are working against the rebels. The Greek Army is now reasonably well equipped and increasingly well supplied, and American advice has brought about a conspicuous improvement in its tactics. Instead of garrisoning key towns and

villages and waiting for the Communists to attack — a policy which left most of the countryside at the mercy of hit-and-run raids — the Army is now fighting a mobile war. A notable feature of recent actions has been the considerable number of guerrilla leaders killed or captured; previously, even when the *andartes* ran into heavy punishment, their commanders usually managed to escape.

The Communists' method of warfare has by now earned them the fierce hatred of nine tenths of the population. Having failed to take over the country quickly, they set out to ruin it in the hope it would eventually succumb out of fear and exhaustion. They deliberately burned and looted villages. They carried off some 28,000 children to Albania, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia. They went in for indiscriminate execution; and when voluntary enlistment dried up, they adopted a ruthless policy of forced recruitment.

Rebuilding Greece

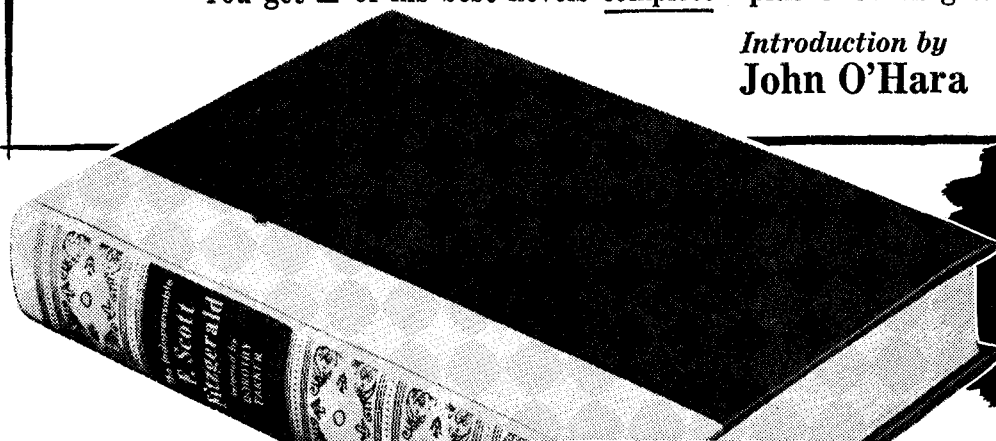
At present, the cost of fighting the war and supporting some 684,000 refugees — nearly one tenth of the population — accounts for 50 per cent of the Greek budget, with the result that reconstruction has proceeded slowly because of lack of funds. Greece suffered its heaviest wartime damage in the field of transportation — roughly half of its roads and 70 per cent of its railway tracks were put out of commission — and it is here that the most conspicuous recovery has been achieved. Roads and bridges have been rebuilt with the help of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. The main railroad from Athens to Salonika will soon be reopened. The Corinth Canal was opened to shipping some time ago. The quays and wharves of the principal ports — Peiraeus, Salonika, and Volos — have been re-

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The Atlantic Report on Greece



paired. Ten airfields have been resurfaced and modernized and two new airfields have been built.

The U.S. program for Greek recovery has included a vigorous campaign against disease. Thanks to extensive use of DDT, malaria, which totaled a million cases in 1944, has been reduced to 50,000 cases annually. Immunization against tuberculosis, which takes a tremendous toll in Greece, is being carried out on a large scale.

With the aid of good seed, fertilizer, and equipment provided by UNRRA, agricultural production had almost returned to pre-war level by 1948, the principal exception being an unusually small olive crop. Industrial production, however, is still lagging; fuel supplies are low; and housing is desperately short.

One of Greece's most urgent problems is the rebuilding of its export trade, a difficult task, since Greece has lost its principal pre-war customer, Germany. American efforts to stimulate Greek exports have met with effective cooperation from the Greeks, who are at their best on questions of trade. The total value of Greek exports rose from roughly 40 million dollars in 1946 to around 72 million in 1947 and 90 million in 1948.

The 1949 goal for the export trade is seriously threatened by overvaluation of the drachma, for which the official rate of exchange is 10,000 to the dollar as against 15,000 on the black market. Devaluation is a headline issue in Greece. Present policy is to wait and see whether there is to be a general realignment of European currencies vis-à-vis the dollar.

Tourists wanted

The Greek government has high hopes of earning considerable amounts of foreign exchange by the development of the tourist trade, which, without systematic exploitation, used to bring 40,000 visitors to Greece annually before the war. Greece has all of the primary tourist attractions: celebrated ruins, therapeutic mineral springs, a beautiful landscape and an abundance of sunshine, not to mention a singularly hospitable population.

What Greece lacks at present — and lacked even before the war — is proper accommodation for the tourist who likes to travel in comfort. The "luxury" hotel in Athens is not equal, in its standard of comfort, to any first-class hotel in Paris or Rome. Outside of Athens, accommodations range from poor to extremely primitive. The government is

now building four up-to-date hotels on the island of Rhodes, a convenient holiday resort for the personnel of the U.S. oil companies in Arabia and for prosperous Middle Easterners.

High prices, high taxes

Some of the toughest problems encountered by the Americans in Greece are bound up with Greek economic habits and Greek psychology. The Greek economy has always operated on the monopoly principle of small turnover and high profits. Greek merchants — in common with businessmen throughout the Near and Middle East — have always been more concerned with keeping up prices than with expanding sales, an attitude which has added to the inflationary pressures that beset the Greek economy.

Another problem that bedevils the U.S. Mission is the country's tax system. No Greek government has been able to collect an income tax effectively, since Greek businessmen — whether big or small — firmly refuse to keep books. The government accordingly taxes wealth wherever it is visible. One of the many flaws in the system is that the speculator whose office is in his hat, or the shipowner who operates under the Panamanian flag and banks his profits in New York, does not pay taxes remotely proportionate to his wealth.

The circulation of the Greek economy is clogged by a fantastic conglomeration of indirect taxes, some of them imposed out of highly social-minded if misguided motives. When modern methods of transporting water were introduced to Greece, a tax was promptly imposed on the water system to provide for unemployed water carriers.

Eighteen separate taxes must be paid to export a ton of cement from Volos to Turkey, among them a contribution to the fund for consumptive seamen. One of the principal objectives of the economic experts of the ECA Mission is to get the Greek tax system partially straightened out in 1950.

The government reforms

American influence has had a distinctly liberalizing effect on the Greek government. Since the all-Populist cabinet was replaced by a coalition two years ago the Greek government has not, on the whole, been a repressive one, considering that it is at war against an enemy who has been vitally assisted by a sizable and extremely active fifth column. Of the Communist supporters arrested, some 21,000 young men have been sent to the island of Makronissos, where they live in decent barracks and have fine playgrounds, a theater, and a lecture hall.

"We're raising our kids in the Country!"



Gordon Sauerbrun is a draftsman, working in Teterboro, N. J. But he lives in the country with his family. STEEL and the automobile are the primary reasons why he—and millions of others—can enjoy the advantages of working in industry and living in rural surroundings.

Gordon Sauerbrun was born and raised in a city. Eight years ago he bought a home in the country. "If it weren't for our car," he said, "I couldn't have bought a house out here. Fresh air and sunshine for the kids to romp in, a vegetable garden, lots of room and quiet. Believe me, that's nice to come home to."

Late last year Sauerbrun bought a new car for around \$2000. To make that same car in 1910 would have cost

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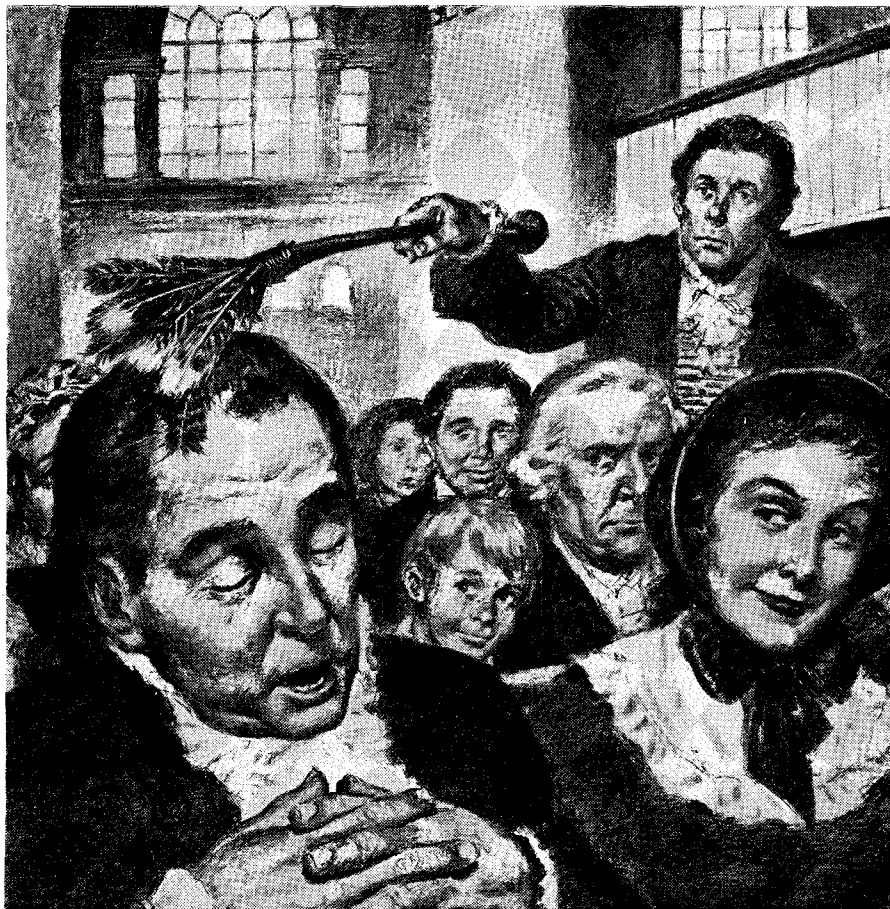
years ago. So much steel is used in automobiles because it is the best material for the job, and also because it costs less than any other metal.

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CHURCH services in early New England often lasted hours. The meeting room would get stuffy, children in their Sunday-best would get restless, and the oldsters were tempted to doze off. It was the tithing man's job to keep everyone listening attentively. Woe betide the weary citizen who dozed during a long sermon . . . or the rash youngster who laughed out loud when the tithing man tickled the sleeper's nose!

Many of us today need a tithing man to keep us awake to the job of providing security for ourselves and families. For instance, how often do you review your life insurance protection to make certain it covers changing conditions? Another mouth to feed . . . a new mortgage assumed—these are typical of the many occasions that call for a careful review of your life insurance coverage.

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This remarkable experiment in re-education has proved highly successful. Almost 8000 of those sent to Makronissos are now voluntarily fighting in the Greek Army, and several Makronissos units have been cited for distinguished service. About 4000 have returned to civil life, and 5400 more will soon be released.

There are no curbs on press criticism of the government in Greece; in fact, some papers attack the government and individual ministers with a vehemence which does not stop at slander. Athenians feel no need to lower their voices when they say, as a good many do, that after liquidating the Communists the Army would do well to liquidate the politicians.

New parts for an old machine

The Greek political world is by way of being a rather exclusive club. The principal weakness of the government is not so much corruption as inefficiency, which stems from two main causes: (1) the club system tends to keep the oldest members in office and to exclude new blood; (2) the administrative machine is tremendously overcentralized—a janitor cannot be hired for a government building in Ioannina without the consent of the appropriate ministry in Athens.

The prerequisite to revitalization of Greek politics is decentralization; under the present administrative setup the well-organized Populist Party machine has a strangle hold on the country's political life. American influence has helped to bring about a modest change in the right direction. Greece's forty-seven nomarchs—the nomarch is the chief local administrator of a provincial district—are now selected on a merit basis by a nonpartisan board and are paid a salary which makes them financially self-sufficient.

The over-all economic position of Greece is still extremely precarious, but American aid and advice have achieved worth-while results in a variety of fields. The major concrete achievement, of course, is that Greece has been saved from Communist domination. This, in turn, has influenced the elections in Italy; has stiffened anti-Communist morale throughout Western Europe; and has safeguarded the strategic position of the Western powers in the Mediterranean and Middle East.



Britain

MUCH American criticism of Britain's economic policy has of late been glib and ill-informed. It is commonly implied that a Welfare State necessarily promotes indolence by showering benefits upon its inhabitants.

Britain's record hardly confirms this insinuation. Production has risen to about 25 per cent above its pre-war volume. British exports have been lifted to 50 per cent above their pre-war quantity. To bring her foreign trade into approximate balance, Britain has held her imports 15 per cent below their pre-war volume at the cost of doing without many essentials as well as comforts. Of the state's estimated 15-billion-dollar revenue for the year ending March 31, 1950, more than one third is being spent on social security and education. That is what is being criticized when the British Welfare State is denounced.

The largest single welfare item in the budget is the subsidy which the state is paying to lower the price of food to the consumer. This will amount to 1.84 billion dollars during the current financial year. The system enables the British citizen to buy cheaply such staple foods as bread, flour, meat, fats, milk, cheese, and sugar; of these, all except bread and flour are tightly rationed. In practical terms the state contributes \$2.80 a week to the food supply of every married couple with two children. The subsidy has been one of the most important factors in sparing Britain the round-upon-round of wage and price increases which the United States experienced during the past decade.

Britain's recent remarkable record of industrial peace, sometimes interrupted by awkward local conflicts, is largely due to the social services, including the food subsidy. During the three and one-half years which followed the 1914-1918 war, eighteen times as many working days were lost through industrial disputes as during the corresponding period after the Second World War.

Redistribution of income has ironed out some of the grosser inequalities. A few examples illustrate how the rich have been hit. Before the war a married man with three children and \$20,000 a year income from investments paid \$5896 in taxes; today

he pays \$10,220. A millionaire with \$400,000 a year from investments, who was taxed \$245,880 in 1939, must now pay \$377,020. Steep increases of taxation against the wealthy have throughout been accompanied by easier taxes on smaller incomes. This tendency has understandably lessened the Welfare State's popularity among the minority of better-situated people.

Actual cost of socialized medicine

Critics of the Welfare State also single out socialized medicine as another instance of socialist extravagance. The gross expenditure for the National Health Service in Britain for the present fiscal year is estimated at 1.4 billion dollars.

Health Minister Aneurin Bevan has said, however, that before this state service came into operation the British people privately or otherwise spent about a billion dollars a year for medical care. The net new cost is therefore around 400 million dollars. In return for taxes of approximately 50 cents weekly per head, averaged over the entire population, the British nation, and particularly the lower middle class and poorer folk, are enjoying the most comprehensive state health amenities in the world.

Socialized medicine has turned out to be the most popular measure enacted by the Labor Government, and the Conservative Party has stated that if it were to win the coming general election, it would maintain the National Health Service with a few economies, such as letting people pay for their false teeth and drugs instead of getting them gratis.

What nationalization does not change

Beyond a doubt, nationalization of industry so far has been a disappointment. It was obvious that the great mass of British Conservatives would condemn nationalization. What was unexpected was the disillusionment which the state-owned enterprises evoked among the organized working class.

It came as a revelation to the labor movement that the mere transfer of an industry from private to state ownership left fundamental difficulties unsolved. Socialist anticipation of greater efficiency was rarely fulfilled. The twin evils of antiquated



The Atlantic Report *on Britain*



machinery and ineffectual organization survived the change in proprietors. The Conservatives were able to make political capital from the raising of rates which followed nationalization of the railroads and the electrical industry.

Nevertheless, the charge that some industries which showed a profit before being nationalized are now running at a loss calls for comment. It is usually forgotten that the government is paying 226 million dollars a year compensation to former private shareholders of nationalized enterprises. This burden weighs heavily upon the balance sheets of the new state concerns, and it far more than accounts for the small net losses where they occur. One can imagine the outcry, though, had the Labor Government expropriated the former owners without indemnifying them.

Finally, the bulk-purchasing practices of the British Government are sometimes described as a costly luxury. This is the method, covering about half of all British imports, by which the state buys immense quantities of goods, raw materials, and even whole crops, from foreign countries. As impartial an authority as the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe stated in its 1948 survey: "The explanation of the relatively low prices paid by the United Kingdom for its imports of food and raw materials appears to lie largely in the extensive use which it has made of long-term contracts and bulk-purchase agreements."

This state-buying afforded Britain substantial advantages in purchasing at prices well below those prevailing in the United States such commodities as wheat, tobacco, timber, cotton, hides and skins. In short, the food subsidy, the National Health Service, and social security have worked well, despite minor defects. They have provided an internal economic stability which, coupled with a fairer distribution of the nation's income, has averted unrest, yielded rising production, and confined Communism to insignificant proportions.

The high cost of Britain's exports

Where, then, must the true source of the British economic crisis be sought? Britain's balance of payments with the non-dollar world in 1948 showed an 880-million-dollar surplus in Britain's favor. It is the inability of the United Kingdom and of the British Commonwealth to sell enough to the United States and Canada which has been draining Britain's gold and dollar reserves below the safety level and which has forced Britain and the Dominions, except Canada, to cut by 700 million dollars their yearly

imports from the dollar countries. The reduction in purchases from North America, however, can do little more than plaster the biggest cracks.

For several months we have been hearing the refrain that high-cost British exports are pricing Britain out of the world market. The truth is that while British sales to the United States have been falling off sharply, British exports to the rest of the world have been maintained at a high level, half again as much in volume as before the war.

During the first quarter of this year British exports to the United States and Canada were ten times their pre-war amount in value. Even allowing for increased prices, this is no mean performance. British exports, to all markets, of engineering products — that is, machinery, electrical appliances, vehicles, and instruments — have been averaging about 220 million dollars a month this year, compared with monthly norms of 188 million in 1948, 92 million in 1946, and only 40 million in 1938. They represent more than a third of the total visible exports of the United Kingdom.

The leakage of Britain's dollars

The cause of the major leakage of Britain's dollar and gold stocks was the precipitate decline in American buying from the outlying parts of the Empire. Sales in the United States of five British key commodities (rubber, tin, cocoa, wool, and diamonds) earned about 120 million dollars in the first quarter of 1949, but only 60 million in the second quarter.

The biggest single factor inflicting loss of dollar earnings on Britain was the quick rise in United States consumption of synthetic rubber, encouraged by the obligatory use of 68 per cent synthetic in the manufacture of passenger tires. Nevertheless, British prices must come down if Britain is successfully to compete, not merely in dollar countries, but in many other markets where formidable German and Japanese rivalry will soon begin to be felt.

Meanwhile Britain has been straining herself to improve and replace her obsolete industrial plant. She still has very far to go. However, gross fixed investment of all kinds in 1948 marked a rise of more than one fourth over the yearly average of the pre-war decade. Investment in industry in 1949 remains much higher than in pre-war years.

Devalue the pound?

American voices have been raised persistently in favor of devaluing the pound sterling as one of the first remedial measures Britain ought to take.

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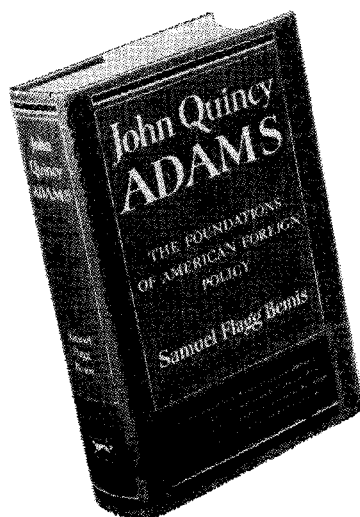
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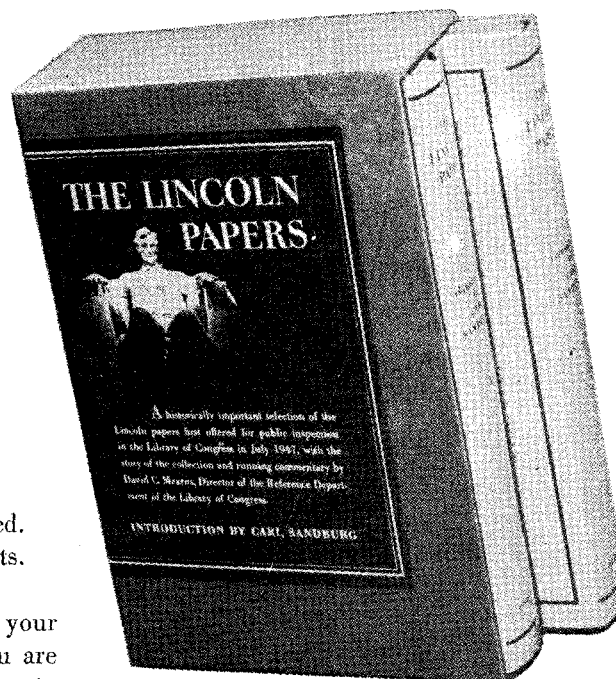


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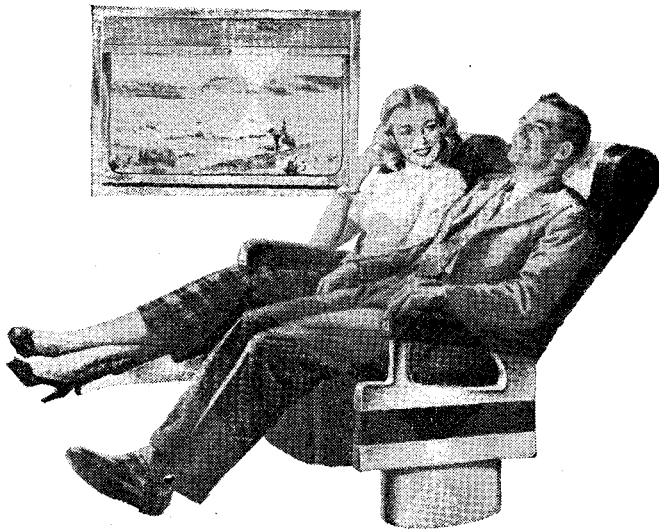
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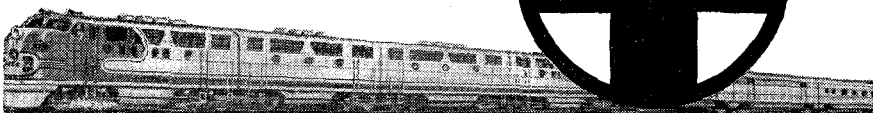
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The argument runs: "Britain is exporting largely to the non-dollar area. She is making bilateral trade agreements with those countries, selling dearly and therefore ready to buy from them at high prices. Thus the world is being split into high- and low-cost regions. It follows that sterling's devaluation is the only method by which Britain could raise her exports to the hard-currency nations and span the chasm between the worlds of pound and dollar."

Economists in London believe that the British ultimately may have to yield to this American importunity, but they doubt that therein rests the solution. "What assurance have we," they ask, "that falling American prices will not soon wipe out the competitive advantage Britain might gain by devaluation?" Furthermore, they consider it axiomatic that if Britain devalues, then the currencies of the entire sterling area and of several European continental countries will follow, enabling them to hold their competitive position.

"Moreover," continue the British, "how do we know that if we cut export prices by devaluing, the United States will abstain from slapping higher tariffs on imports from the British Commonwealth? Above all, sterling's depreciation would raise the cost of everything the United Kingdom buys abroad. The result of this could well be that we would whizz down the toboggan of inflation."

Develop backward areas?

Two approaches to a long-term solution of the British crisis have been foreshadowed. One is the large investment of American dollars in underdeveloped countries, enabling them to make a greater contribution to the resources available to the world. This plan would funnel United States capital towards Africa and Southeast Asia as well as to Latin America.

Another proposal, of which Sir Stafford Cripps, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, is the author, envisages conclusion of a network of commodity stabilization agreements on the pattern of the International Wheat Agreement. This would mean extension of the American government's home farm-price support program to countries producing rubber and other essential raw materials.



Germany

NO MATTER where one goes in Germany's devastated towns and cities, regrettably well-preserved relics of a long outdated political and social setup stare the visitor in the face. They have survived the fall of the Empire, the death of the Republic, the *Götterdämmerung* of Hitler's "One-Thousand-Year Reich." So far they have clearly defeated the combined Military Governments of the United States, Britain, and France, and are the implacable foe of the new West German state.

The civil service law is at the core of the German problem. Three years ago Military Government asked the German authorities to revise their civil service law because it shuts out about 99 per cent of the people from participation in the administration of their local or national affairs and reserves the job of running the state to a small clique which until 1918 used to be the Emperor's "little arm," responsible only to him and not to the people.

The civil service clique is the most tightly knit group and the most powerful body in the country. It controls the people as well as the government. Tradition permits civil servants to hold their jobs at full pay and at the same time to sit in the legislature as elected members. About 40 per cent of the seats in the legislature are held by *Beamte*, civil servants. Cabinet ministers are either members of the clique themselves or are surrounded by members.

The American request to reform the civil service has been sabotaged and sidetracked since November, 1946. In February, 1949, therefore, the Military Governors of the British and American zone set up a personnel office for the Bizonal administration (750,000 people), including employees of the state-owned railroads, post office, and so forth — with limited success. But the new constitution for Western Germany is full of openings through which the old system can infiltrate.

This is not surprising, because among the sixty-five people who drafted the constitution, only seven were not on the government payroll. It is natural that they would protect their vested interests. They know from past experience that there can be no democratic government as long as they remain in

their unique position as lawgivers and — simultaneously — executive organs of the state. Britain, France, and the United States, having handed back most of their control powers to the Germans, can do little to remedy the situation unless they reverse their policy and assume direct responsibility again. Military Government officials have been restricted to advice; they cannot give orders.

The inside clique takes over

The same regrettable, hasty return of control to the Germans has dimmed hopes of other needed reforms and has jeopardized the new state through political intrigues. The Bavarian radio is a case in point. Radio Munich had to be built up from scratch after the war. It developed into a flourishing and highly successful organization run by American Military Government experts. It was understood from the beginning that the actual work should be done by Germans, and more and more Americans withdrew as capable and reliable German reporters, broadcasters, commentators, and technicians became available. Finally there were only four Americans in a staff of eight hundred.

Following the general principle, American policy-makers decided to give the Germans full control. Radio stations are not privately owned in Germany, and a Public Service Corporation was established with a board of thirty-three appointed members, about half of whom were on the government payroll. Then the clique went to work. The station's top news commentator, who was known to be a "reformer," backed the Military Government program to the last letter. The clique demanded his scalp, and the best the occupation authorities could get was a compromise. The commentator's time was cut, and a spokesman for the board was appointed to alternate with him.

The press faces a similar problem now that the Military Government has surrendered its right to license newspaper publishers. After V-E Day, a licensing system was set up by the Allied armies. Nazi printing plants were seized and turned over to democratic Germans. A few months ago General Clay ruled that they must either buy the plants or return them to the denazified publishers within

four years. Since most of the democratic publishers are financially weak, many of the plants will revert to their former owners. Furthermore, with the end of licensing, any Nazi or militarist who has the cash can start a competing newspaper and run a weak democratic publisher out of business.

Subsidized waste

A clean sweep of these relics of the past is Germany's only political hope. It is also a necessity for permanent economic recovery. Germany must repair not only the war damage but the still more serious pre-war

damage. Take the ancient propaganda fairy tale of the *Volk ohne Lebensraum* (People without Living Space). It is a fact that Germany is very densely populated. But other countries are far worse off. For example, Holland has about 50 per cent more people per square kilometer of land, and yet the Dutch have plenty of food to spare for export. The Germans, on the other hand, import nearly half their caloric intake — 25 per cent from the United States. A recent study shows why. The traditional German agrarian policy has been to protect agriculture through

subsidies, price support, and similar government intervention at the expense of other sectors of the national economy.

This system inevitably results in an isolation of domestic agriculture and food prices from the outside world. It involves shifting — often-times in a hidden way — very substantial resources to agriculture. The cost of such subsidies reached about a billion marks before the war.

Germany's food and agricultural research stations and educational institutions are wholly incommensurate with the nation's needs. There is no efficient organization for conveying to farmers the benefits of improved methods. There is not a single department or institute of home economics in the country.

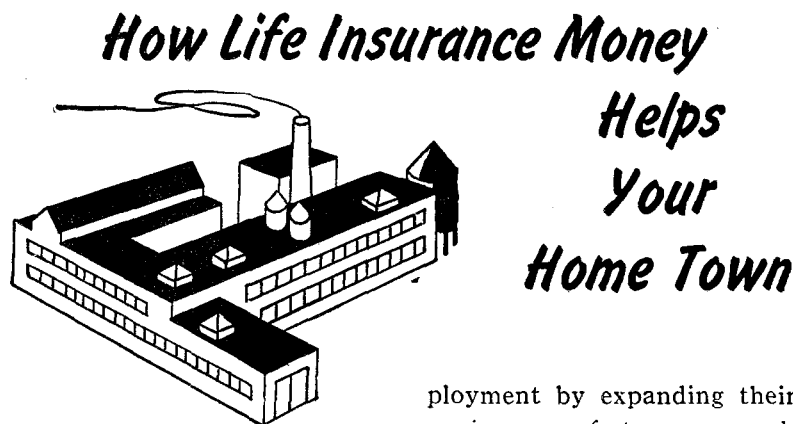
Important developments in agricultural-nutritional science of the past fifteen years are unknown to both farmers and agricultural leaders. There is no coördination among research and education institutes within Germany or with other countries.

Above all, the waste of land and manpower is staggering. There are about 1.6 million farms in Western Germany; their average size is 25 acres but most of them have less than 12 acres. These comparatively small farms are usually split up into tiny plots — sometimes as many as fifty or sixty — several miles apart.

Thus from 7 to 10 per cent of the precious land in a densely populated country is wasted on excess roads. About fifteen minutes out of every hour of work are lost through moving from one plot to the next and dragging equipment from field to field

The Germans mark time

In the industrial field, progress has been spectacular compared with Germany's production figures of 1945. However, Germany is still far behind the achievements in other European countries. The post-war record was set last May with an over-all production index of 88 (1936 is 100). At the same time the production index was 140 in Norway, 128 in France, 125 in Britain. The per capita production is even lower; about two thirds of 1936. Observers on the spot consider a further downward movement not impossible.



Life insurance money provides an important source of capital for local enterprises, and benefits the local communities of policyholders all over the country.

With funds made available by life insurance companies, individual families are building homes, local industries are increasing em-

ployment by expanding their services, manufacturers are modernizing their equipment. And the steady flow of benefit payments is helping countless individuals in every section of the country.

At the end of 1948 The Mutual Life held a wide variety of local investments, and during the year made benefit payments, as follows:

SECTION	INVESTMENTS	BENEFITS
New England	\$ 56,097,017	\$ 6,690,804
Middle Atlantic	299,160,648	31,117,506
South Atlantic	144,573,139	12,140,009
East North Central	217,960,760	22,468,676
East South Central	54,649,575	5,001,133
West North Central	82,505,143	8,864,044
West South Central	64,741,247	4,233,644
Mountain	50,221,219	3,473,308
Pacific	107,308,044	10,500,870

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Capital is not available for building badly needed housing. In fact, there is very little money for any kind of investment. Several months ago the Bizonal administration intended to raise 2 billion Deutsche marks for investments in the coal industry but failed to get 100 million. Why?

Some economists believe that there is simply no money around. The currency reform which has stopped the inflation has also wiped out more than 90 per cent of the liquid funds in the country. Others feel that the small investor is no longer interested in profits, but in security, and that he has turned from the stock exchange to the "safe deposit" in an old stocking. More politically-minded observers maintain that the German bankers are holding back capital; that in fact the whole population is unwilling to pull its full weight until the Allies have left the country.

The fruits of war

There may be some truth in this explanation, though it does not take into consideration the destruction of German industrial plants and the disruption of the transportation system, the apathy of the people, the exhaustion of the national resources during the war, and the loss of foreign markets after the war.

Another terrific handicap has been the absorption of about 10 million refugees — Germans who had to leave their homes in the Soviet zone, Poland, Czechoslovakia, or other parts of the Communist East. To find work, tools, homes, food, and consumers' goods for such a host of people in a devastated, impoverished country is a formidable task.

Whatever the underlying causes of the present conditions in Germany may be, the economic as well as the political situation makes it imperative for the United States to tighten rather than to relinquish control.

Now that their early illusions about Germany have burst like bubbles, seasoned Military Government officials realize that it was anything but a snap judgment when one of the most brilliant soldier-statesmen of American history remarked in an off-the-record press conference four years ago: "Anybody who believes that we can re-educate the Germans in less than fifty years is a fool."

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER DEATH?

In a few score years, all who read these lines will have vanished from the face of the earth.

Every day, almost a hundred thousand human beings finish their earthly span and pass off into the vast beyond. That our turn will come we all know, but when and where and how we cannot be sure.

No merely human being ever has been able to look into eternity and tell us what it is like. No scientific knowledge or scientific instruments can pierce the curtain that divides this world from that into which all of us must eventually journey.

All we know about God's eternal plans for us... all we know about what lies beyond the grave... comes from the God Who made us and to the extent He has seen fit to reveal it to us.

But we can face eternity without fear. For we do have a definite answer to the mystery of death. With the facts God has put at our disposal through the inspired books of the Old and the New Testaments the Catholic Church always has given, and gives today, a definite answer to the tremendously important questions raised by the fact of death.

Man's life in this world, the Church tells us, is a preparation for the world to come... a testing-time which ends with our death. What happens after that depends on whether death finds us loyal to God, or opposed to Him and the way He expects us to live. "... it is appointed unto men once to die and after this the judgment" (Heb. IX:27).



Christ gave us (Matt. XXV) a description of God's judgment which leaves no room for doubt that our worthiness of everlasting reward will be judged solely according to the way we have lived our lives on this earth.

Death does not bring merely a long, unconscious slumber, but rather a quick awakening to the irrevocable judgment of our Creator. Nor does it bring us a second chance to prove ourselves or to amend our erring ways. In our own hands rests the opportunity... and upon our own heads the responsibility... to determine if death shall be the threshold to everlasting life among the blessed, or among the lost.

Men blessed by youth and good health often feel that death for them is far away — something to be worried about only in the twilight years. Some scoff at the suggestion that an everlasting hell could be permitted by a merciful God. Others seem to think that God will treat them kindly if they live reasonably moral lives, even though they pay Him no special honor which is His due.

But whatever they think... however they avoid the question... all men must eventually face the fact of death. To think about it wisely... and in time... is the most important thing in our lives. If you would like more information on this subject... on Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, the end of the world and the resurrection and judgment of all men... we shall be happy to send you an interesting pamphlet free of charge. Write today for your copy of Pamphlet No. 14—B.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"The Conquest of America"

SIR:

Congratulations on "The Conquest of America," by Archibald MacLeish, in the August *Atlantic*. I believe it is the most important contribution we have yet had towards halting the present hysteria in the land.

WILLIAM L. SHIRER
Torrington, Conn.

SIR:

Mr. MacLeish has done excellently a job that needed to be done, and I hope that others will help to drive his point home until it becomes a part of the subconsciousness of the American people. We indeed are in danger of being conquered by the Russians, although I might put it another way and say that we are in the way of destroying ourselves through an abnormal fear of the Russians.

HAROLD L. ICKES
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

That was a great piece by Archibald MacLeish in the August *Atlantic*. Thanks be that someone said those things and said them so eloquently.

THOMAS K. FINLETTER
New York City

SIR:

That Mr. MacLeish's article is pertinent, no thinking person can deny. But his article would have been even more enlightening if he had mentioned some of the conditions which have made our mental enslavement to Russia possible.

To my mind, our discouragement and lack of affirmative thought and action have been due to two principal

factors: (1) that the United States farmer and businessman have become a nation of salesmen, dependent upon bigger and bigger and fewer and fewer corporations, with little chance of developing small, independent individual businesses and with a greater and greater sense of bitterness and frustration; and (2) that everywhere with us is the constant, gnawing conviction that our national economy is insecure, unstable, unworkable.

This feeling is not due to Russian propaganda, but rather to our economic history, with its recurrent depressions; to the high prices which, through governmental subsidy and intercorporation agreements, continue even when met by a buyer resistance; and to the increasing unemployment. We are not reassured when our business and political leaders tell us that three to six million unemployed are "natural." We know that something is wrong; and for lack of leadership and enlightenment, we oppose, we act negatively, we think of Russia rather than ourselves.

L. NEWTON BLAKESLEE
New York City

SIR:

If the sad obituary of the United States is written in the nineteen-eighties as predicted by Archibald MacLeish, it will be because we did not pursue a more aggressive policy against Communist Russia.

If we did nothing but militarily arm ourselves against the Russians, they could communize the whole world around us without so much as firing a single shot — and shots apparently are necessary to bring the Atlantic Pact into effective operation.

Since the essence of the American Dream is compounded of a lot of economics along with its idealism, it is difficult to see how it would ever become a reality in a democratic oasis surrounded by Communism.

I have no doubt that even if Russia succeeded in communizing the world, its yoke of slavery would eventually be thrown off. However, it might take us centuries to win back freedoms thoughtlessly surrendered.

Democratic governments are designed for peacetime living. They cannot preserve their essential nature under a constant threat of war. Government spending, inflation, labor agitation, and many other by-products of Communist activities are more of a deterrent to social progress than is war. The one would be comparatively short, the other of indefinite duration. To facilitate orderly progress in the affairs of men, each generation should, so far as is possible, meet and surmount the obstacles it encounters. To pass the burdens to future generations might confront them with such cumulative forces as to render them unable to cope with their tasks successfully.

W. M. J. MCCLURE
Harrisburg, Pa.

SIR:

"The Conquest of America" hits with a terrific force. It is by far the most cogent appraisal of the predicament of modern man that I have read. The incisiveness of Mr. MacLeish's thinking, set in a framework of beautiful language, provides an impact that makes the reader gasp.

JEROME CUSHMAN
Salina, Kan.

"The Giant Snails"

SIR:

In his interesting article "The Giant Snails," in the August *Atlantic*, Albert R. Mead says "the mongoose in Hawaii is now a far greater pest . . . than were the snakes for which the mongoose was brought in as a control."

You will hear from Hawaii about that. The only snakes ever known in Hawaii are a few very small worm-like ones inadvertently introduced on the grounds of the Kamehameha School for Boys, in Honolulu. The mongoose was brought in to combat rats in the sugar-cane fields, and did a good job at that. But it went on to destroy the native birds, and is now classed with rats as a possible bearer of Oriental diseases.

GEORGE WAGNER
Marion, Ind.

SIR:

The call to arms sounded by Albert R. Mead to repel the threatened invasion of America by *Achatina fulica* is certainly timely and important. But these snails present an even more serious danger than the one to our agriculture. It consists in the fact that they are the carriers of five varieties of parasites causing a disease happily still unknown here, but widely prevalent in the Orient and in Africa: namely, intestinal flukes. In the islands now under American occupation, it constitutes an almost insoluble medical problem.

The worms pass from the snails to shellfish and other marine animals, submarine vegetation, and vegetables. Man acquires the infestation by eating raw food or drinking contaminated water.

Under the name "schistosomiasis," this parasitic disease is extremely common in Northern Africa, the original habitat of the snails. Treatment is difficult, consisting of the intramuscular and intravenous injection of parasiticides.

Surely this menace to health and life lends emphasis to the urgency to meet the danger so ably pointed out by your contributor.

A. V. MORGENSTERN
New Rochelle, N.Y.

I Personally —

SIR:

The Atlantic Report on the World Today is truly unique in its honesty, independence, and penetrating insight. Although I read rather widely

on world events, I find highly significant facts and stimulating viewpoints in the Report which are not found elsewhere.

REO M. CHRISTENSON
Saline, Mich.

SIR:

I have just read with keen pleasure Dillon Anderson's story, "The Revival," in the June *Atlantic*, and I haven't been able to resist the impulse to get at my typewriter and tell you of the many chuckles the story gave me. In my enthusiasm I am passing the *Atlantic* on to three friends so that they too can share my pleasure. I'll have to go back to Eric Knight's *The Flying Yorkshireman* for a story that matches "The Revival."

W. D. HANBRIDGE
Schenectady, N.Y.

SIR:

With all due respect to Ann Leighton's "Conversation" (August *Atlantic*), the British custom that the topic is chosen by the most illustrious person present may lead to a contretemps now and again.

Some years ago the British archaeological school in Athens, Greece, was giving a tea at which the Duke of Kent was to be present. The students, including one whom we called Desperate Desmond, were all briefed in advance. They were assured that the guest of honor would initiate the conversation, and that this prerogative applied in particular to royalty. Thus any subject with which royalty might not be conversant was to be avoided.

The day came, and also the Duke of Kent and Desperate Desmond. After tea had been served, there was a long and deep silence, and as the seconds stretched into minutes, the silence became positively tangible. Suddenly Desperate Desmond launched forth upon an account of a marble lion at Amphipolis, which the then American Minister, Lincoln MacVeagh, was interested in excavating. Desmond described in detail the lion's style, measurements, and patina with no interruptions, and when he had exhausted his subject from mane to tail he came to a slow stop.

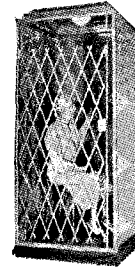
The Duke of Kent then addressed himself to Desperate Desmond, inquiring, "Who did you say shot that lion?"

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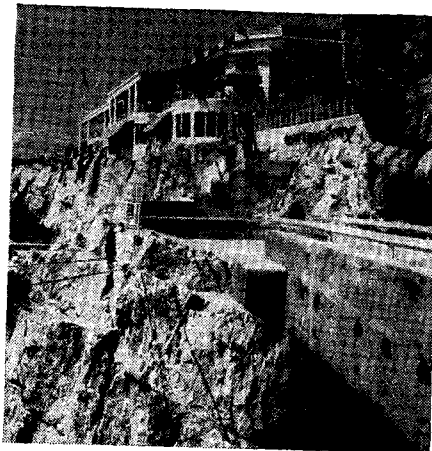
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UNDERSTANDING...THROUGH TRAVEL...IS THE PASSPORT TO PEACE



A ranking American artist who has had over fifty one-man exhibitions in Paris, Vienna, Rome, and America, GEORGE BIDDLE went to Israel six months ago to watch and to draw the new state in action. Prior to that, he had been at Nuremberg following the trials and filling a portfolio with portraits of the leading figures; and prior to that, he had been a combat artist with our armies in Africa and Italy. But his visit to Israel was one of the most deeply stirring experiences of his life, and these pages from his diary tell why.

ISRAEL: YOUNG BLOOD AND OLD

by GEORGE BIDDLE

TEL AVIV, April 21, 1949. — The modernistic, stuccoed, matchbox, balconied buildings; the tropical shrubs and trees; the crowds thronging the Sir Herbert Samuel Square on the shore of the Mediterranean. A vital, energetic, up-to-date, youthful, and enthusiastic crowd. The faces might come from any city where type, color, and dress are not too rigidly stressed; from Geneva or Lausanne, from the French towns of the Mediterranean, from North Italy or Barcelona. Nothing particular to mark them; youth, a high proportion of physical beauty, health, vitality, politeness, good nature. Many young soldiers in English uniform; boys and girls, single and in groups. A look of "belonging," which one had not associated with an all-Jewish population.

One sees comparatively few marked Semitic types; and fewer still of the East Side, bearded, skullcapped, moth-eaten, grease-spotted, parchment-dry rabbis. One hears much German and Yiddish, but in the main Hebrew. The better-educated all speak English perfectly; a lesser number, largely from Algiers or Tunisia, French.

It is impossible to get rooms anywhere. Much building is going on. All in brick and stucco on steel girders. It continually reminds me of Rio: the heavy-laden, tropical-odored sea air; the modern balconied architecture and the mingling of the occasionally exotic, dark-skinned, sensuous, slant-eyed women and strikingly handsome boys.

Little dark-skinned Jews from the Yemen, with Arab caps, wind in and out among the café tables, selling papers. Against the completely contemporary and highly intelligent background of Tel Aviv, they seem as alien and anachronistic as the little bearded rabbis, who look as if they changed their ideas as infrequently as their underwear — once every thousand years or so.

Lewis Brown in his history of the Jews points out that, in order to survive as a nation and retain their national identity, they walled themselves in by a tremendous and successful effort to return to the past, to the womb of their greatness. This is to me the unique and tragic fact in Jewish history: the need to perpetuate their identity, which became possible only by the renunciation of the stream of contemporary thought and life. Now for the first time in two thousand years they can retain their identity and also live in the present and the future. Looking at the young people, one senses an almost immediate and complete physical transfiguration.

I called on the Polanys, to whom Wellesley Aron had given me a letter. Asaph Goor, a Palestinian-born Israeli of Russian parentage, a graduate of the University of California and a government employee in afforestation, joined us.

They tell me that there are no Arabs left in Tel Aviv. They fled one and all on the outbreak of hostilities. Why? They were on comparatively friendly terms with the Jews for many years. The

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Jews rarely employed them, it is true, on account of the highly unionized labor conditions in Tel Aviv. But the Arabs sold vegetables and eggs. Was their departure due to cowardice or to orders from the Mufti? Probably a little of both, but mostly the latter.

Walking home with Asaph, I asked him how large a proportion of the inhabitants were refugees from Hitler's Europe. Perhaps 40,000 or 50,000, a quarter of the entire population. "Listen to this group of boys. They are talking Hungarian. Perhaps not here many days longer than you."

"I had supposed, having known the DP camps, that anyone who had been submerged in that hideous atmosphere for five to ten years would be stamped a neurotic all his life."

"No. Nine tenths of them are cured human beings. We have given them a belief in themselves; a home; a future."

"And the Irgun? I was told that it was mostly composed of DP boys whose life in the Lager had turned them into gangsters."

"That is English propaganda. The Irgun was fascist, if you want; but its leaders were patriotic and they had their own mistaken ideology. The wreck of the *Altalena*, whose hull is being salvaged for scrap iron, is the symbol of the end of their political power in Israel. The followers and hangers-on of the Irgun were toughs and gangsters. But not DP boys."

April 29. — After lunch I walked to Jaffa, one of the most ancient cities in the world. The former Arab section was completely and systematically destroyed by Hebrew bombing during the war. Yet — by intent — only one mosque was damaged. I have seen no city in Europe more ruthlessly demolished. Entire blocks were heaps of rubble, the height sometimes of a two-story building.

I continued along King George V Avenue, down King Feisal Avenue around the old fortress overlooking the port, whose arrogantly solid masonry dates from the days of Suleiman and the Crusaders. All this section of old Jaffa encompasses slums as miserable as any I have seen in San Antonio, Mexico, or Algiers. Heaps of swill and rubbish lay piled by the houses. The sewage trickled down the middle of the unpaved streets. Snotty, half-naked babies and slatternly women in filthy rags crawled in and out of the dark stinking alleys and among the wreckage left by the bombing.

For in Jaffa are still living many Arabs who remind me of the untouchables of Algiers; foul, diseased, smelling, rotting, and pullulating with vermin and corruption, slinking about the streets, flat-footed, with loose, dribbling lower lip; carrying with them their sacks of refuse, orange rinds, scraps of bread and meat; begging a coin or a half-smoked cigarette.

Yet through all this misery is filtering great

activity. Beams are salvaged from the rubble. Walls are replastered. Stores with furniture, clothes, and food are opening up in half-demolished buildings. I am told that the rehabilitation of Jaffa with its hybrid population, squalor, and filth is a serious headache for the government.

All over the town, buildings, streets, and sometimes entire sections are closed off with wire entanglements. But even in Tel Aviv many of the passages and doorways, as at 3 Yeshurun where I lodge, are walled up with sandbags.

April 30. — Lunched at the Tel Aviv Museum, where I met Dr. Haim Gamzu, the Director, and saw a very fine retrospective exhibition of Hanna Orloff. At times her work approximates arts and crafts and is pretty weak in design, and some of her portraits are frank caricatures, and mediocre. Others of her portraits are exceedingly sensitive and sculptural.

The galleries were packed with young people, eager, vivacious, alert. It suggested to me what might have been the enthusiasm of the Italian youths during the High Renaissance. Often I think, too, of the same mental eagerness, democratic simplicity, pride, and prophetic sense of fulfilling a world mission that shine through the writings of Americans at the birth of our country — particularly Jefferson and the Adamases.

Three teen-aged girls chattered in front of a piece of sculpture, following through the movement of the design with animated and caressing gestures. I caught their eyes and smiled. They grinned with a delicious look of guilty happiness, as if proud of being caught stealing forbidden fruit.

In the evening I went with Ed and Itzhak Norman to hear Paul Paray conduct the Tel Aviv orchestra with Richepin at the piano. Beethoven's Sixth Symphony. Packed crowds; wild enthusiasm; ovations. Afterwards refreshments were served with cakes, wine, and the native cognac.

2

JERUSALEM, May 1. — Where Tel Aviv is all modern — but tawdry and completely lacking in architectural distinction — Jerusalem is a jumble of many styles, brought, however, into some sort of fusion by the warm color, austerity, and fine solidity of the almost universal cut stone. I was immensely impressed by the Jewish Agency Building, wrecked during the war, but already completely restored. Johann Ratner, a Jerusalem architect, designed it. The Yeshurun Synagogue by Rubin is also very fine. The Anglo-Palestine Bank by Eric Mendelsohn and the Post Office by an English architect, Harrison, who also did the Rockefeller Museum in the old city and the Government House, have great style. All these buildings have individual distinction and are a sober and in-

telligent adaptation of the modern. They fit well into the country's background.

I never saw so many rabbis. Most of them, of course, with sweat-stained broad-brimmed black felt hats, grease-spotted and dust-stained coats, and dull, resigned, kindly, gray-skinned faces. A few of the younger exhibit, however, a pardonable touch of vanity. Great callike eyes; a cream and pink complexion; pouting lips and coquettishly combed side curls.

After lunch we walked to the National Museum of Bezalel. Dr. Schiff showed us his archaeological treasures: some Bakst drawings, and a really fine exhibition of prints: Rembrandt, Jean Calot, Delacroix, and French modernists.

A charming little drawing of Klee, done in 1911. It had an easy spontaneity; it seemed the natural idiom of this much overrated *petit-mâitre*. How often does the personal gesture or expression of the artist become institutionalized into the cold empty shell which no longer houses a living, growing organism.

I showed Dr. Schiff and the others my drawings of the Nuremberg trials and of the Dachau and Landsberg DP concentration camps. I think they were really touched when I said I wished to present them to the museum. He asked me how I could do this. I said that I had always realized they had a very real historical significance, apart from any artistic value; that I had kept this collection together, feeling that it should go to the Library of Congress or some Palestinian institution; and that I was glad it would be housed with him.

May 3. — I went sketching to Ein Karem, the birthplace of John the Baptist, with Nancy Norman, a Dutch photographer, William Van Der Poll, and a German writer, Hilda Kristeller. She told me that she had spent two and a half years in German concentration camps: Westerbork, Teresienstadt, Auschwitz, Bergen, Belsen, and Kleine Festung. She had worked for the underground, passing many women and children into Holland. She was caught carrying arms for the underground. I said to her, "There are few, indeed, who went to Auschwitz and received a subsequent transfer. You were lucky." She answered me: "My husband was killed at Dachau three days before the American liberation." Subsequently I learned that she was made an honorary citizen of Holland for her work.

I sketched in the olive groves below Ein Karem. The grass is jeweled with poppies, Queen Anne's lace, wild geranium, and a great variety of other flowers. The air, clean and fresh. Bands of boys and girls walked by singing.

In the village I heard a number of charming little boys talking Spanish together. I asked them where they had learned it, for they spoke a pure Castilian. They were Sephardic Jews from Turkey and Jugoslavia, where their ancestors had been living

for four hundred or more years, since their expulsion from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella.

May 4. — From my window I can see the low ridge of Mount Scopus, the Mount of Olives, the cedars behind the English Cemetery, and the Hebrew University. The windowpanes of my room have many small holes in them, pierced by spent shrapnel.

I watched the liberation day parade from the wooden grandstands on the Jaffa Road. For an hour the troops marched by. They looked as tough and seasoned as the soldiers from the English Eighth Army or our own best divisions which I had seen in Africa or Italy; yet different. During the hour-long parade — with two exceptions, a driver and a wounded man — no soldier smiled at the crowd that cheered and clapped continually. Pride, exultation, tension, a tremendous overflow of physical vitality. But it was not the haughty overbearing pride of Russian and German troops. It was the almost mystical look of dedication, sublimation, of the young boy approaching confirmation. The men were occasionally out of step, but as they passed the reviewing stand, their muscles knotted and stiffened as they saluted; their shoulders twisted back and their eyes stared out in rapture.

Mr. Samuels, my guide, said to me, "When the Arabs attacked us in the old city we had one Bren gun, which we fired from window to window. The soldiers were armed with sticks. With our present equipment we could have been in Bagdad or Bokara. The Arabs were well officered, but cowards, and ran at the least excuse."

3

May 7. — To the Rebareles Yeshiva, an advanced or fanatical Hasidic synagogue. The holy scholars and rabbis draped in their black and white woolen or silken tallithim — which reminded me of a painting of Chagall's — stood or sat, shouting, wailing, or chanting their prayers. Some beat the desks and tables with their heads; others jerked forward in frenzy, as if in the act of copulation. Most of them wore the long familiar gray or black caftans, with wide lapels. Some had velvet coats, crimson, yellow, or plum-colored. Usually they hung their fur hats on nails and placed on their heads the little black skullcaps — the yarmulka. These fur hats or streiml originated in Poland during the Middle Ages. At first, as a mock crown of thorns, they were intended to ridicule the Jews. Now they are made of thirteen skunk tails, as emblems of the thirteen Jewish articles of faith.

Later we went to a Rumanian Yeshiva where the behavior was more orthodox. The music seemed Gregorian.

In a Hungarian Yeshiva the Kohanim, or those of the priestly caste, in the ceremony of Duchaning,

were blessing the community; the tallithim spread over their heads; their hands extended in front of them. This is only done by the Cohens, the aristocracy of the descendants of Aaron, of the tribe of Levi.

In the street Mr. Samuels said, "See this lovely creature approaching us. She is a Hungarian. That charming coiffure is a wig. For she was of course a virgin when she married; and she shaved her head to make herself palatable and acceptable to her husband. She wears that wig, the shaytel, only on the Shabat, or on other holidays."

At the Café Wien I talked with Gershon Agronsky, the editor of the *Palestine Post*. "There are four strata of people in Israel," he said. "The young generation, who were born here and fought in the war; who grew up with Hebrew as their language; who 'belong.' They are at the core of those impulses which will mold the coming type in Israel, as they will mold its history. Then there are the foreign intellectuals and professionals; Germans, Americans, English, who bring with them the culture and background of their native lands. Such are the scholars, Dr. Schiff, Moshe Gordon, and Dr. Haim Gamzu. They cling to their language and traditions, since these are part of their personal identity. Thirdly, there are the immigrants and DP's, whom one can sometimes recognize by the persistent look of tension in the eye, the wasted or bloated frame, the yellow skin. Lastly there is the remnant of medievalism and the Orient: the Hasidic scholars, the Yemenites, Algerians, Persians, and Kurds. This element is largely concentrated in Jerusalem, which is perhaps — with Nazareth and Beersheba, both Arab towns — the most picturesque and least typical city in Israel. The first three will quickly fuse; perhaps in a generation; for they pull toward a common goal, united Israel."

I asked him, too, how the enlightened Jew feels about the orthodox and religious zealots.

"The government need take no steps to liquidate or even modify these elements," he answered. "They are fast disappearing. Perhaps as rapidly as in New York. Fifty years ago they were the dominant element in Jerusalem, socially and politically. The government will hasten the process of disintegration by cleaning up the unsanitary quarters; and eventually by new housing and the hopes of a better life. For my own part, I look upon their gradual disappearance with nostalgia and regret. They may be counted as the few idealists and mystics in a material world. They want nothing of the world's goods; and if the meditation, study, and prayer of a lifetime will result in the correct transposition of a comma in the Talmud, their work on earth has been to them fruitful and justified."

"I have nothing of the mystic in me," I replied. "Like all Americans, my approach is pragmatic. When I think, however, of Raphael Soyfer, Max

Weber, or of the many Jewish artists and intellectuals whose fathers were rabbis, I cannot feel that retrogressive religious mysticism is the only answer to materialism and mammon. In his search for salvation, does not the Jewish mystic shut out the world — much as did the medieval Christian hermit — as a necessary evil? He looks only inward to find his God and happiness. Retrogression has been occasionally a historical necessity. But creative vision will always be seen through eyes that are focused on the future."

4

May 10. — I reached the Nvey Eitan Kibbutz about six o'clock in the evening, on the bus from Afula. The Khamsin had been blowing for two days from the desert. The temperature touched 100 degrees Fahrenheit. Rachel Kolin Langsam met me and led me to her "home." She and her husband are one of four families, each owning a single room in the small, low, tin-roofed cottage.

In the little white-plastered room were a narrow bed, two chairs, a table, and a combination bureau and wardrobe, with a few bits of glass on the shelves. There were a few snapshots of their three small children, pinned to the walls; and a graphophone, plugged into a corner. On the porch outside were stacked two or three canvas-backed chairs. There were electric lights but no running water.

The children sleep and attend their classes in separate dormitories and study rooms. Rachel took me to the men's showers and somewhat rudimentary toilets in an outbuilding. When I had washed, she introduced me to her husband and brought in supper from the communal dining room.

We ate black bread and fresh butter, canned sardines and canned herring, cream cheese, jam, stewed apples, and tea. Later we sat out on the mosquito-infested lawn with friends of the family, and chatted in broken German and Hebrew until eleven o'clock. Rachel served hot tea and cognac. I was drugged with fatigue. Too tired to sleep.

The next morning we breakfasted in the communal dining quarters. She then walked me about the Kibbutz, showing me the new air-conditioned dining hall, the motor pool, cow sheds, chicken coops, and children's quarters. I made drawings of some of the babies sleeping in the out-of-door nursery. I left for Ein Harod, the large processing Kibbutz and artist rest-house, before lunch.

At Nvey Eitan are about ninety families. The 180 adults live in some thirty-five small houses. The hundred children are housed in their own dormitories and nurseries. Most of these Jews come from Cracow and have been living here eighteen years. The children go to nursery schools until six years old, when they begin their serious studies. The adults work from six till eight, when they breakfast; from nine till twelve, when they dine and rest; and

again from three until six, when they bathe and have supper. Each member gets a ten-day holiday a year. Rachel works in the hospital; her husband drives a tractor.

Perhaps 60 per cent of the farming in Israel is worked by Kibbutzim. One reason is that agriculture here is more highly mechanized than in any other country except the United States. Private owners on small farms could not successfully compete with them.

I asked Rachel about the immigrants. One is apt to forget that about 200,000 of them — that is, one person in every four — came here during the war year, the first year of Israel's national life; and that perhaps 400,000 — one person out of two — have come here during the past fifteen years. She said, "Of course they raise serious problems. Most of them have lived in cities and are not inclined to make over their life in the country. Others are not sympathetic to communal ownership and would prefer working for their own profit. Still others are physically unfit and ignorant as farmers. Those who are inclined to try the experiment are given a year's training, when a final decision is made."

Rachel told me that when they first came to Ein Harod the country was wild and had never been under cultivation. The tall Palestine thistle grew eight feet high and choked out vegetation. The Arabs had never seen motors and ran in fear from automobiles. For years they shot at and ambushed the Jews. Those were hard times. Now the Jews get on well with the Arabs, who very slowly adapt themselves to Western standards. I asked Rachel what they most needed. She answered — as has everyone — "More settlers and more capital. With borrowed money and more workers this country could support twice the population. Of course the immigrants are a grave problem. But we shall meet it. We must offer asylum to all the Jews of the world who would come here. And quickly. Before the next war. For then it will be too late."

The Kibbutzim are to me the most interesting thing in Israel. They supplied the core of the crack fighting troops, which saved the nation. Here you see the faces — lean, hard, tanned, self-reliant, intelligent, sober; yet full of faith, hope, and confidence — that are the promise of the future of the country and explain the success with which to date the young state has met its prodigious challenge. Many farmers in America could not stand the austerity of Rachel's life. In certain ways it is as creative and satisfying as that of her aunt, Helena Rubinstein.

5

May 12. — I visited the Al Hamei Tiberia baths a mile below the walled-in town of Tiberias. Here was a melting-pot of the Jews of four continents. Hasidic elders in long yellow and black or rose-

colored striped gowns; European Jews, speaking English, German, or Yiddish; Druse women, squatting in the shade, eyes and mouths hid with white burnouses; tattooed Bedouins from the desert; city Arabs in Western dress with thinly veiled faces; Yemenite women in close-fitting embroidered black trousers, tucked into long GI woolen stockings; Yemenite men with flowers embroidered in wool on white vests; Sephardic Jews from Turkey or Persia; soldiers; boys and girls in the universal khaki shorts or slacks and khaki shirts; and the attendants in short white togalike gowns and green aprons above their brown legs and sandaled feet.

Inside, swathed in sheets and resting on marble slabs, the bathers talked in Yiddish, Rumanian, Polish, German, English, and Hebrew. In the hot sulphur pool an old fat white-bearded Jew held on to the rail, bobbing majestically up and down and quite immersing his fine, heavy-featured patriarchal and hirsute countenance. He looked for all the world like some old Greek sea god or Poseidon; or a kindly, heavy-lidded and venerable porpoise.

The heavy walls of cut stone circling the old Roman city, and the bastions and towers built by Tiberius, are still standing. He, too, unquestionably bathed in the hot sulphur Al Hamei Tiberia baths. To the casual traveler these walls are the only enduring symbol, in these parts, of the splendor of Roman civilization. Like the petrified footprints, or bones, of huge mastodons, these skeleton vestiges of the tremendous energy and life drive of former civilizations are to me very dramatic.

What dynamic drive the Arabs must have had! How can one explain their architecture and achievements in mathematics, war, medicine, and the humanities in terms of the apathy, filth, disease, degradation, and laziness of their descendants? I have felt the same way in attempting to measure the furious thrust of the Spanish conquistadores in some lazy, half-buried Guatemalan town, rotting away in apathy, pellagra, and undernourishment.

May 14. — In the very old synagogue in Safed, the elders were preparing for the Feast of Lag b'Omer at Meron. Here many hundred years ago was buried the miracle worker, Rabbi Simon ben Yochai, author of the *Zohar*. Another American (an unorthodox Russian Jew from New York) and I were invited in to hear the singing. It struck both of us that there were no young, Westernized Jews in the synagogue. Everywhere one has the impression that religion here has less hold on the people than in any Catholic community in America. The old men were very polite and friendly. They invited me, as a special honor, I am told, to take the roll of parchment with the torah from its little closet and present it to the reader.

At a guess, my acquaintance tells me one out of ten Jews here is strictly orthodox. In New York it may be one out of a thousand. What probably

broke down the ritualism in the U.S.A. is the necessity of doing business and taking money on Saturday. Here, for instance, no food is cooked on Saturday, although it is "kept warm" in the kitchen. In my apartment house at Tel Aviv the electric lights in my room were cut off Friday night.

6

NAZARETH, May 15. — I wandered about the streets of Nazareth with my bags, looking for a place to sleep. An all-Arab city, with only Jewish soldiers. A young Arab, Hanna Jurban, insisted — much against my inclination — on taking me to his home and introducing me to his mother, aunts, sisters, and four brothers. Half the Nazarenes are Communists, easily propagandized on account of their present unhappy economic plight. Two of Hanna's brothers argued with — or rather attacked — me quite bitterly. When, in reply to their questioning, I told them that Wallace was a politically discredited man, they retorted, "That is because you only read the capitalistic, bourgeois press. You will hear from Wallace, the greatest man in America." They asked me about free education. — "But in Czechoslovakia even if I visit it for two months I am given the best free education and my expenses are paid," and so forth. As to the Marshall Plan: "And you know what Marshall is doing in Lebanon? He is sending them nothing but fountain pens and typewriters, to get rid of your surplus stock. Will that feed us?" They were, however, all deeply interested in the prices of U.S. articles, particularly shoes, safety razors, automobiles, hotel rooms, food. Their hatred against the Jews occasionally blazed out. "For us May 15 was a day of sadness. But we shall fight again." I have seldom seen greater disillusion and frustration.

May 16. — Left Nazareth early after visiting the sacred churches and underground cave where Mary and Joseph may have lived on their return from Egypt. In Haifa I lunched with Harry Beilin of the Foreign Office the following day.

"Three years ago," I said, "when I was told that the English were afraid to allow greater immigration or concessions to the Jews in Palestine, because they dreaded a Pan-Islamic uprising that would threaten war in the entire Orient, I always answered that two first-class motored divisions could police the entire country. I felt then, as events have shown, that the Arabs were about as dangerous as so many North American Indians in modern mechanized war. The English must have known that a strong and friendly state of Israel was the best guarantee for the protection of their interests in Asia Minor. How could they have been so stupid?"

Beilin answered, "Many believed, and Bevin believed, in the myth of Arab superiority. He

actually thought that when they left the country on May 15, it would be overrun in two weeks, and that the English would be recalled by the 30th."

"But why, then, did he not do all that he could to strengthen the Jews during the Mandate?"

"Bevin — and the English Foreign Office, which still on certain questions thinks in terms of 1750; that is, where the Empire is concerned — felt that they could handle the Arabs if they were victorious. The Jews would be tougher bargainers."

It is tragic to think that the English of Churchill's *Their Finest Hour* should have shown themselves so morally corrupt, so unchivalrous, ungenerous, and politically stupid, as they did in their behavior toward the most democratic and intelligent people in Asia.

After lunch I went by bus to visit the old walled city of Acre. The bastions about Tiberias looked in places seven feet thick. But the walls surrounding Acre, inside the moat, were about thirty yards wide; the bastions, angled out into the moat, were another seven meters in depth. There is a brutal massiveness about these Norman strongholds. Yet it was the same race that built the French cathedrals. Or was it? The Crusaders were fighting robber barons. How much of the inspiration of the cathedrals came from Italy and Byzantine culture?

May 21. — Jean Norman had made appointments for me to do portrait sketches of Meskin and Hanna Rovina of the Habima Theater.

I made a fine drawing of Meskin and showed it to him. "It is all right," he said; "but you have made me look twenty-five years younger." He is about fifty; entirely bald, with a heavy, bulbous, intelligent, and sympathetic face. He was quite the grand old man, but jovial and friendly. He had played twice in America. I asked him what he thought of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne and of Helen Hayes. He couldn't recall their names and did not seem interested.

Hanna Rovina has a sensitive, rather tragic face. She told me that the Habima had started in Russia twenty-five years ago. They had always acted in Hebrew, although they had been trained by Stanislavsky in the tradition of the Russian theater. "You have fine actors in America," she said, "but no theater."

I understood what she meant when I visited the Habima that night. The stage settings were very simple and the actors were costumed in long flowing robes. The play was based on some Bible story. The groupings were splendid, formal, and constantly shifting and regrouping. Both the scenery and the studied, nobly statuesque and dramatic groupings reminded me of Giotto. I felt that here was material for a whole series of mural paintings.

May 22. — The PIO got me a plane to fly down to Sdom — the Sodom of Genesis — on the Dead

Sea. As we approached the Dead Sea the sullen landscape became more terrifying in appearance. The black crust of the earth was split with broad chasms. Canyons, barrancas, arroyos, dried-up rivulets, wriggled and zigzagged in all directions. One would suppose that not a living thing, a lizard, a bird, a plant, could suck nourishment or moisture from that torrid, salty, sun-baked clay. The earth was totally without color, but ranged from a dead black to every tone of gray and dirty white, by the edges of the sea.

After lunching with the soldiers I did sketches of two uniformed girls in the transport corps. Both were born in Jerusalem of Russian parents. Hester Segal had high cheekbones, black hair, and a dark skin. She was broad-nosed, with slant hazel eyes, a wide sensual, proud mouth, the corners easily flickering into a charming smile. A good deal of Tartar in her I would suppose. I jokingly asked her if she had killed any Arabs. She answered quite casually, "In Jerusalem."

The other girl was named Arna Mer. She had a fine low forehead, extreme delicacy of feature, a small mouth, honest, dark blue eyes, and a broad column of a neck, set on ample shoulders. She was a red-cheeked, yellow-haired Valkyrie, a Wagnerian Nordic. Like many of the girls in uniform, she wore shorts and worked barefooted.

May 23. — The PIO took me to the improvised set of buildings on the outskirts of the town which constitute the Foreign Office — to a reception for Moshe Sharett, who had flown in from Paris two hours earlier. There were about a hundred members of his staff and the Foreign Office, gathered in a small garden. He spoke to them off the record, very informally, for an hour. This gifted man was born, I believe, in Russia but came here as a child. I am told he speaks with absolute fluency his native Hebrew, Arabic, Russian, Polish, English, French, German, and Turkish. He has a look of deep and gentle intelligence. He smiled frequently. The listeners laughed continuously at his anecdotes. It was very nice the way he seemed to gather them into his confidence.

7

May 24. — This last week many trees have burst into bloom: hibiscus bushes, the beautiful cobalt-violet jacaranda, which must have been imported from Central America, and the feathery old-rose blossoms of the tamarisk trees. But the flowers are mostly gone from the meadows, and the fields are a seared yellow where the crops have been mowed. I took off for the Lydda airport at 6.30 A.M.

My visit to Israel has been uneventful; certainly much less exciting than the stay in Germany during

the Nuremberg trials or the year in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy during the war. Yet it has cleared for me many Jewish problems. It makes me feel that every anti-Semite ought to be sent down here for a month. He would probably return an anti-Semite; but his prejudices would get some pretty rough jolts. A visit here destroys once and for all the myth that Jews are a type apart — physically or morally. Whenever we contrast a Jew with someone else, we isolate him as a species and begin to attribute to him characteristics. When we see him with a Nordic, we don't say, "Nordics have qualities that differentiate them from other people." We say, "All Jews have special characteristics." Actually, of course, there is far more difference between certain Frenchmen than between most Frenchmen and most Jews; far more difference between certain Americans or Italians than between most Americans and Italians and most Jews. At the end of a few days here, with the multiplicity of types, we entirely forget that they are *all* Jews, and we begin to distinguish between the Russians, who came first and are the best-looking, the most intelligent, the aristocrats; and the Poles, who came after the First World War, the sturdy, broad-cheeked, tough Kibbutz workers; and lastly those who came since the last war, the Germans and the Sephardic Algerians and Orientals, the lowest and the least assimilated types.

I think it would be just as important for Jews to visit Israel. It might rid them of some of their inferiority complexes, their overcompensation, and other neuroses. For the qualities that most characterize the younger generation, which was born here, are self-confidence, faith, manliness, and pride — the pride that never has to shout or boast or bully.

And all this of course implies another lesson that it's well to hold in mind — the speed with which physical environment and spiritual drive can create type.

But for me the real excitement has been to watch in its early germination a social and moral experiment in government. Other nations have professed, but Israel is putting into practice, asylum, without prejudice as to origin, to all Jewish victims of religious persecution. They boldly proclaim: We must, we can, and we will integrate them all into our national ideal: the Algerian, the Yemenite, the Oriental, the Russian, Polish, English, German, African, or Chinese.

And they have done this during their first bitter war year, during the throes of the creation of a new state, at the rate of one quarter of the total population the first year, without any wealth or housing facilities or capital resources; relying of course heavily on the hope of American help; but even more on the spiritual faith that burst into flame in the concentration camps of Europe.

Secrecy

For five crucial years (1940–1945), L. A. DuBRIDGE was Director of the Radiation Laboratory at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Since 1946 he has been President of the California Institute of Technology. In both capacities — first as a director of applied science and now as the head of one of our greatest centers for the development of pure science — he has had to contend with these three factors which are so often confused in fearful thinking: the freedom of the scientists, the safety of the nation, and the secrecy of armament. This article of his will help to clear the air.

SCIENCE AND NATIONAL SECURITY

by L. A. DuBRIDGE

1

THE strength of any nation — for peace or for war — is critically dependent on the strength and quality of its laboratories of pure and applied science. In 1940 there existed in this country a large, active, and well-trained body of scientists, working for the most part in university laboratories. There existed also a strong group of industrial laboratories, manned by engineers and scientists working on the applications of scientific knowledge to new and improved industrial products. Finally, the military services operated a group of laboratories devoted to the development of military weapons and techniques.

With the coming of war, our military laboratories were, of course, greatly enlarged and multiplied and our industrial laboratories were diverted to military problems. The university scientists were mobilized, largely under the Office of Scientific Research and Development, in newly created weapon development centers located chiefly on university campuses and operated by the universities under government contract. It was from these university laboratories that many of the most spectacular new weapons and techniques emerged: radar, the proximity fuse, rockets, the atomic bomb.

The university scientists actually deserted their basic science for the duration of the war and became engineers. They stopped their search for new knowledge and began applying their knowledge to the immediate task of winning the war. No one will deny that they were extraordinarily successful. Scientists *working as engineers* made a great contribution to victory.

Science helped win the war because it was strong before the war. The nation's supply of scientists had been built up over many years under peacetime conditions. And it was built up not in laboratories devoted to military weapon development, but in university laboratories devoted to pure science.

Unless we want to fight the next war solely with the weapons of the last (a sure way of losing it),

we must restore our laboratories of basic science and resume the training of new scientists. Without these men and the new knowledge which they will in the meantime discover, there will be no more *new* weapons of science. We must avoid hiding behind a Maginot Line of atomic bombs.

We have a triple task to face — the maintenance of pure science plus the maintenance of two fields of applied science, military and civilian. These three tasks cannot go forward side by side in the same laboratory under the same conditions. Military research requires military organization and military secrecy. Industrial research involves industrial organization and a modest amount of trade secrecy. Pure science tolerates no imposed organization and no secrecy. And unless pure science thrives, all applied science must eventually die.

How can we establish the conditions under which pure science will thrive?

There are two essential requirements: freedom and financial support. Freedom of the individual scientist to pursue his own line of research without interference, to reach his own conclusions, to publish his results and discuss them with others — this is the *sine qua non* of a virile science. On no other basis can it move ahead. It progresses only through the combined and coördinated efforts of many men in many laboratories.

That is why science has always flourished most fully in universities where the atmosphere of freedom has long prevailed. It is in the universities, too, that fresh young minds are continually coming in to ask new questions and carry on the never ending search for truth. The pursuit of basic science and the training of new scientists are closely tied together.

Unless we as a nation are willing to guard and cherish the freedom of science as vigorously as we defend freedom of speech and freedom of the press, we might as well stop pretending that we want a strong science. One of the gravest mistakes made

by Hitler, and more recently by Stalin, is the purge of scientists who espoused scientific theories which were said to be contrary to the party philosophy. Why on earth should we copy them!

The costs of scientific research are very high in comparison with the funds available in hard-pressed university budgets. But they are minuscule when compared with the national defense budget or with the funds for the development of weapons.

The Federal government is currently spending close to a billion dollars a year on weapon development. But it is spending less than one twentieth of this amount on pure science. And the distressing thing is that this money is coming almost entirely through agencies primarily devoted to military problems — namely, the National Military Establishment and the Atomic Energy Commission. A free science cannot develop if it is forced to compete for funds with battleships and atomic bombs; or if it must prove its worth solely in terms of military weapons; or if in the eyes of the public it comes to be regarded as primarily an agency of national defense and subject, therefore, to military controls and military secrecy.

2

JUST how science suffers when it is dependent on our military program may be illustrated by the problems the Atomic Energy Commission has had to face. By the terms of the Atomic Energy Act of 1946 the AEC is charged with responsibility for the development of atomic energy for both military and peaceful purposes, and for the encouragement and support of basic research in nuclear science and allied fields. No group of men ever had a more difficult assignment. The members of the Commission and its chairman, David Lilienthal, deserve far more credit than they have received for their Herculean efforts to bring order out of a chaos of conflicting requirements.

When the AEC first took over the atomic energy enterprise, it was confronted with the task of rebuilding a vast organization which had largely dissolved between the end of the war and the day the Commissioners took office a year and a half later. On V-J Day everyone said, "The war is over, let's go home." And go home they did — hundreds, thousands, of scientists, engineers, mechanics, secretaries, workers. The AEC had to rebuild from the ground up.

The Commission's first task in the field of research was in its own laboratories. Not only were many problems of science crying for solution at Los Alamos, Oak Ridge, Argonne (Chicago), and other places, but two great laboratories largely devoted to basic research (rather than the development of bombs or of nuclear power) had already been created — the Radiation Laboratory of the University of California at Berkeley, and the Brookhaven Na-

tional Laboratory on Long Island, operated under a contract with a group of nine Eastern universities. The Commission knew that a strong nuclear science requires a broad base. There must be many centers of research at many universities.

The AEC made a good start in this direction. One step was the transferring of funds to the Office of Naval Research, which had built up a nuclear physics program. At present the AEC is developing the direct support of university programs in nuclear physics, chemistry, radiation biology, and other allied fields. It has also expanded the program, initiated by the Manhattan District, of making radioactive isotopes, manufactured at Oak Ridge, available at modest cost to research laboratories. This has probably been the AEC's most valuable contribution to science to date.

In addition the AEC, noting the great shortage of scientists, wisely decided to finance an expanded fellowship program, operated by the highly successful National Research Council.

The NRC is an agency of the National Academy of Sciences, an organization comprising the top 450 American scientists. After World War I the NRC was given funds by the Rockefeller Foundation to provide advanced research experience and training to the most promising of the country's annual crop of Ph.D.'s in science. These carefully selected men and women were provided stipends to carry on research for two years at leading research centers in the United States or in Europe. An astonishingly large percentage of the leading scientists of the country, and of those prominent in the war program, got their start as NRC Fellows.

It was natural then for the AEC in 1947 to turn again to the NRC to assist in the training of the huge new crop of scientists now so sorely needed. And it was natural too for the AEC to authorize the NRC to follow its previous policies and procedures in the selection of its Fellows.

All went well at first. Over 500 new NRC Fellows were carrying on their graduate or post-doctoral studies in the universities all over the country. They were studying physics, chemistry, biology, or medicine — all fields of critical shortages.

And then a Congressional committee discovered that one of these students was an avowed Communist, and the storm broke. Charges of "incredible mismanagement" burst into print.

To understand the public's reaction, we must go back and analyze the relation between secrecy and national security.

One cannot build a strong base of fundamental science in this country under a blanket of secrecy. Since a strong basic science is essential to national security, secrecy imposed in this area runs directly contrary to national security. And here is the heart of the present AEC trouble. In its activities directed toward the practical development of nuclear energy, secrecy is imposed by law. In its sup-

port of basic science, secrecy is neither necessary nor desirable; in fact, it is impossible. The AEC is in for continued trouble, unless or until the public and the Congress more clearly understand the duality of function and of policy under which the Commission must operate.

Developing atomic weapons and nuclear power plants simultaneously is in itself a tough problem in applied science. It becomes immeasurably tougher because some of the secrets of the military field intrude into the power field — where open nonsecret development would speed up the program and bring additional industrial resources and talent into the picture. However, since even the industrial aspects are still applied rather than pure science and must go forward in large laboratories under close AEC supervision, the secrecy problem here is not insurmountable.

But to apply these same secrecy conditions to a large number of university laboratories, which are seeking knowledge rather than developing devices or techniques, impairs or destroys the freedom essential to the full flowering of creative science.

3

THE most difficult and most exasperating of all the phases of the secrecy problem is that concerned with what is called personnel security. When an agency employs persons to work on a project involving national security, each person employed is required to undergo investigation by the FBI and a security clearance. Naturally and properly, we wish to take no chances with vital national secrets.

It sounds very simple. There are just two difficulties: —

1. How do we draw the line between what are vital national secrets and what are not?
2. How do we decide whether any given person really can be trusted with such secrets?

Obviously only a tiny fraction of the vast area of basic science can be classified as secret. Scientific information always has been and always should be freely published. However, a piece of information which might assist a potential enemy in designing a specific weapon or military technique must be classified.

But where do we draw the line? We do not think of classifying scientific data on the properties or behavior of steel for fear a potential enemy might use such data in the design of a gun. Should we classify the nuclear properties of the element iron for fear such data might help a rival design a better case for an atomic bomb? There are many who answer this question with a yes, on the ground that if there is any risk at all of helping a rival design a bomb, we should not take it.

But wait! That same information if published might materially assist a *friendly* scientist or engineer to make an important advance in our own art

of making bombs — or of making steel. More important, it might lead to an important advance in our knowledge of atomic nuclei. We might thus gain far more than we lose by publishing this information. Does the risk outweigh the possible gain?

All of this bears directly on how to answer the second question — of who may safely be entrusted with secrets. Every human being is some security risk. How do we judge for which ones the risk may be regarded as negligible?

Of course, if a man is to be employed to work in the bomb design division at Los Alamos, we must have him thoroughly investigated by the FBI. The FBI investigation involves an inquiry into the candidate's present and past activities, associations, affiliations, and *political opinions*, and also those of his relatives and friends. If there is significant "derogatory information" in his record we will say no — even if the information is only a hint that the candidate becomes carelessly voluble at cocktail parties.

But suppose the man is to be employed at Brookhaven National Laboratory, where most of the work has only the remotest connection with bomb design or manufacture. Should we require the same clearance procedure? At present we do. There has been some attempt to arrive at a less rigid type of clearance than the Los Alamos. But a satisfactory policy of "partial clearance" has not yet been achieved.

And now consider the case of a candidate for an NRC Fellowship — who is not to work near any secret information at all, but who is to study at a university laboratory. Shall such a student be subjected to an FBI investigation? The AEC said no.

Here are a few of its reasons: —

1. No problem of security is involved, for no secret data are in question.
2. If the NRC Fellow should ever in future be employed by the AEC, he will then first be cleared, if secret work is involved.
3. The Army's own Veterans Administration did not require FBI clearance or even a non-Communist oath before awarding a GI scholarship.
4. NRC's long Fellowship experience and success seemed adequate assurance of a well-directed program. The AEC did not see the necessity for government interference.
5. Because FBI investigation includes inquiries as to political opinions, no one wanted to have this procedure injected into the determination of fitness for an educational appointment. Education and politics, it was felt, did not mix.

So the AEC went ahead with its program, allowing the National Research Council to select its people as before, and taking part itself only to the extent of paying for the Fellowships.

Then someone discovered Hans Freistadt. This young man was a veteran. He had gone through the University of Chicago on a GI scholarship given him without demur by the Veterans Administra-

tion. He had never come near an "atomic secret," and at the time he was noticed, he was studying the theory of relativity at the University of North Carolina. But he admitted to being a Communist.

Why all the hullabaloo? Clearly because most people assumed that "atomic secrets" and national security were involved. And perhaps also because people just don't like the idea of "giving government money to somebody who believes in the overthrow of the government."

But the question is more important than one of money. We must recognize that in extending FBI investigation to nonsecret fields we are playing with fire. We are getting pretty close to the Gestapo type of purge of persons whose political opinions are not "right." If a single person, in an FBI investigation, casts aspersions on the character or associations of the man being investigated, this goes down in the report under the head of "derogatory information." Would you like to have your job or career threatened by the aspersions cast by your worst enemy — *who would remain anonymous?*

The hysteria over submitting nonsecret workers to FBI investigation has appalling implications. The government grants money to hundreds of worthy students. The AEC-NRC program is only one of many. The U.S. Forestry Service, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, the Soil Conservation Service, the Weather Bureau, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the National Bureau of Standards, the Bureau of Labor Statistics — and many other Federal bureaus and departments, as well as hundreds of state bureaus and departments — pay out government money in scholarships to outstanding students. Shall all these thousands of students undergo FBI investigation, in order to find one or two goats among the sheep?

We can, of course, require a loyalty oath and a non-Communist affidavit. The AEC immediately agreed to do this in the future. But what a shallow and meaningless thing that is! It will eliminate the naïve men like Freistadt, who openly admit their Communist ties — and still claim they are loyal citizens. But will a really dangerous Communist Party member hesitate to perjure himself by signing such an oath if he thinks it worth while to do so? Certainly not!

The sensible procedure in nonsecret fields is to leave out the FBI and make only the normal inquiries as to a man's ability, honesty, and integrity. And if in the course of its continued vigilance the FBI does discover disloyal Communists, let suitable legal action be taken.

Let us not destroy the AEC Fellowship program and the AEC's other activities in support of science and the training of scientists for false security reasons. It will only *endanger* national security — and be harmful to a free America besides.

It has been suggested that the support of basic science and the training of scientists should be taken

out of the hands of any agency concerned with military matters. But the development of certain areas of basic science is important to these military agencies. They need the contact with science and they need more scientists.

The public and the Congress must understand this. But they must not force these agencies to adopt the same procedures in dealing with university laboratories that they must follow in their own secret military laboratories.

There is, however, one solution to most of our difficulties which is readily available as soon as the public demands it. This is to remove the necessity of science depending for its financial support solely on military agencies, or solely on any agency whose primary interest is in applied science.

There are three sources of support for scientific research: (1) individuals or foundations, (2) industry, and (3) the government.

The individual and the foundation were nearly the sole support in the pre-war years. Generous as this support was in many cases, it was inadequate then and it is even more inadequate today.

Industry, of course, is helping — now more than ever before; more, it is hoped, in the future than now. Stockholders could insist on it!

But the support of science is a matter of national interest in many ways: national defense, public health, natural resources, better living conditions, and so on. Government has clearly a responsibility. The state governments have long been a major support of science through the state universities. This support has rapidly increased in recent years.

What about the private universities? And the universities in the poorer states? Here we get close to the controversial question of Federal subsidies to higher education. That form of support we may wish to reject because of the concomitant Federal control.

But through the mechanism of scholarships and fellowships, and of the research contract, we have the proved instruments for fostering science (and other fields too) without bureaucratic control.

A plan for a science foundation to utilize just these instruments was presented in 1945 by a Commission appointed by President Roosevelt and headed by Dr. Vannevar Bush, and a bill to create such a foundation was introduced in the Congress. It has now passed the Senate but not the House, after struggling along through Congressional committees for four years.

In this plan lies the hope for a free and virile science. But the public and the Congress must acquire a better understanding of what science is, how it operates, how it can and how it cannot contribute to national welfare and national defense, if the proposed Science Foundation, like the Atomic Energy Commission, is not to become entangled in a network of misguided or politically inspired restrictions that will render it ineffective.



Author and editor, long expert in his knowledge of Central Europe and in particular of Yugoslavia, HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG paid an extended visit to that country in the spring of this year and there observed the effects of the schism between Tito and the Kremlin. He has returned to his post as editor of Foreign Affairs with constructive ideas as to how we should deal with Tito and with Yugoslavia.

TITO AND STALIN

by HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

I

A PAPER in Belgrade recently printed a cartoon showing a lighthouse enveloped in mists and assaulted by waves, yet flashing steady beams of light east and west. The lighthouse was marked "KPJ," signifying the Communist Party of Yugoslavia, and the waves were named impartially "Imperialism," "German Fascism," "Cominform Resolution," "Rumors," and "Lies." This is how the Yugoslav Communists see themselves today — the beacon light of pure Communist idealism, equally menaced by Western capitalism and Stalin's corruption of Marxist Leninism.

They lay great emphasis on the word "equally," for though their old propaganda cocoon is torn they still cannot face a flight into the light of full reality. Since they defied Stalin's orders, their formal excommunication from the established Communist church has been announced; other members have been forbidden to have more than the bare necessity of intercourse with them; and Moscow has launched a campaign of invective and a systematic program of economic strangulation aimed frankly at destroying them. (One figure will reveal how drastic the boycott of Yugoslavia is: Russia has cut trade both ways by seven eighths.) Yet the retorts of the Yugoslavs, bitter as they are becoming, never fail to devote at least an introductory paragraph or two to their old bugaboo, the aggressive intentions of the capitalist West, before going on to discuss in detail the injustices they now have to endure from their former comrades in the East.

The shattering truth is nevertheless becoming harder and harder to ignore. What the Communist faithful in Yugoslavia had learned would be the world's greatest good, would now be for them the greatest evil: the spread of Communism to the West would be a disaster for their regime comparable only to the assassination of their leader, Tito. Specifically, if power in Italy ever passed to the Cominform agent, Togliatti, he would snap

into place around their necks the last vital segment of Stalin's iron collar. They then would indeed be transfixed; Tito and whoever did not rat on him would be killed; and Yugoslavia would become another mute Bulgaria or Rumania.

I wondered what thoughts must be running, then, in the minds of the Belgrade students parading past Tito on May Day. In that morning's *Borba*, the Communist daily, they could have read a speech by Mosha Pijade, Tito's ideological mentor, denouncing the Stalin-dominated governments, parties, and press, in a vocabulary reserved until recently for Churchill and Truman, for their "dirty slogans," "narrow nationalism," and "bossy" imperialism. The cheerleaders kept them chanting "Tito, Tito, Tito!" (And back from the Pariser-Platz and the Piazza Venezia came dead echoes: "Hitler, Hitler, Hitler!" and "Duce, Duce, Duce!") Yet there in their hands were the banners of Stalin which they had been given to carry, and that inscrutable visage went bobbing along past Tito in company with the portraits of Marx, Engels, and Lenin.

Stalin thus is still recognized in Yugoslavia, but as an historical figure. As a living force, as a patron and ally, he is being methodically eliminated as the police take down his pictures in the *kavanas* and railway stations — not all at once, but according to schedule. And Mosha Pijade, who told me that the theoretical bases of the position in which the Yugoslav Party finds itself will be carefully developed in the coming months, can be counted on to do this in the manner to cause the maximum of grief to the friends of the Soviet Union everywhere.

On its side, Moscow is also preparing its position and case with great care. Every conceivable propaganda measure is being taken to justify and supplement its main weapon against Yugoslavia, the boycott. In all the states under Soviet control Tito's name has been removed from boulevards

and workingmen's clubs, and his only mention in the slogans of the May Day marchers in the various capitals was on a level with their references to Blum, Bevin, the Ku Klux Klan, and (a particularly favorite target) the late Secretary Forrestal. All the local "traitors," from bishops who try to hold on to their sees to peasants who try to hold on to their land, are branded as "Tito diversionists." Emigrant groups have been subsidized to publish journals especially to attack Tito — *The New Fight* in Prague, *Forward* in Sofia, *Under the Banner of Internationalism* in Bucharest.

The intensity of the anti-Tito campaign shows the importance which the Soviet leaders attach to it, and hence to what they are attacking. Stalin's life is not directly involved, as Tito's is; but the stakes for him are also very high. At first the struggle, then secret, was for the possession of Yugoslavia. Now it is open, and not just for Yugoslavia but for the right to determine Communist orthodoxy. For Stalin, this means the right to hire and fire all Communists everywhere.

A formal schism has thus been opened in the Communist world. What makes it worse from Stalin's standpoint is that out of it is developing what of all things he must most have wanted to avoid — a heresy with a natural, universal, and permanent appeal. The mortal sin is the notion of *equality and independence* — the equality of Communist Parties, the independence of Communist states.

2

WHY did this heresy happen to arise in Yugoslavia? How did the Kremlin ever manage things so badly that evidences of a sentiment which is rigorously extirpated from Soviet society should suddenly be allowed to appear above the monotonous gray surface of the outer Muscovite sea? And how are the heretics able to hold their own and flash their signals from their lighthouse to restless Communists not only in neighboring lands but far afield, east and west?

Apparently Moscow precipitated the showdown with Tito without apprehending how it might turn out. The Politbureau has had to deal with many rebels in the past — Trotsky, Tukhachevsky, Bukharin, and the rest. Trotsky fled, and was punished. Others were seized in their homes or voluntarily inculcated themselves; but whether they capitulated or not they were punished just the same. Tito, however, was a rebel of a sort new in Communist experience, for he had a base of power and operations outside the Soviet Union. The men in the Kremlin thought that he nevertheless would capitulate and submit to quiet punishment, or at the worst would flee and be overtaken by an assassin's bullet. They were unprepared, not for his rebellion but for its success.

In other words, something went badly wrong

with the Soviet espionage system, although the circumstances under which it was operating could not have been more favorable. The Cominform was established in Belgrade itself. Shoals of Soviet diplomats, army officers, engineers, trade delegates, and agents of all sorts had been swarming through Yugoslavia for three years. Were they so imbued with the doctrine of Soviet omnipotence that they could not recognize discordant realities under their noses? Or were they too stupid to understand them, or too frightened of Moscow's displeasure to report them?

Whether the Soviet leaders were improperly warned by their field agents or were merely contemptuous of the warnings, they did not hesitate to treat Tito as though he were a simple satrap, holding office at their pleasure. When their orders and reprimands brought arguments and reproaches instead of compliance and apologies, they issued their writ of excommunication and waited for Tito to slink away or be expelled by his colleagues.

Instead Tito replied, in effect, that nowhere in original Marxist doctrine could anyone point out to him a statement that the Kremlin was to be supreme and its judgments accepted as infallible by all the Communist faithful, any more than, for example, non-Catholics find evidence in the Scriptures satisfactory to them that the Pope is to be supreme over all Christians and his directives accepted by them as infallible. Tito's Party almost unanimously followed him. All at once the struggle for temporal power became a shocking schism in the Communist church.

From the start the Communist leaders in Yugoslavia had felt that they bore a different relationship to Moscow than did those in other parts of Eastern Europe. Yugoslavia had been neither an ex-enemy nation like Rumania, Bulgaria, or Hungary, nor a subdued and then "liberated" nation like Poland or Czechoslovakia. As she did not pass under the occupation of Soviet troops, and as she possessed an open sea frontier to the west, her leaders would be in a position to evade, if they wished, the bear hug which enveloped the others.

The Communists had not participated in the coup which brought Yugoslavia into the Allied camp; but when Hitler attacked the Soviets, Tito collected his Partisans, made war against the Nazis and against his anti-Communist rival, Mihailovitch, and in the end won with very little help from outside, Russian or other. The first Soviet military mission did not appear at Tito's headquarters till the spring of 1944. The Lieutenant-General in charge found himself in unfamiliar terrain in the mountains of Bosnia; and as Tito flitted from one forest nest to another he came to look on the Russians as "excess baggage." The victories of the Partisans, until the Red Army made contact with them just prior to the capture of Belgrade, were exclusively their own. Their political

successes, of course, were not. These originated largely in an obsession of Winston Churchill's that a tool must be found for Allied operations in the Balkans, and in his naïve hope that he could pry Tito away from Communism to serve as that tool.

Tito thus came to be considered officially a fighting ally — the only one in all Eastern Europe, once Greece had fallen, apart from Mihailovitch's forgotten Chetniks in the Serbian mountains and the divided but continually resurgent underground in Poland. When the fighting was over, he thought he retained his status as Stalin's colleague — an admiring junior colleague, but not an agent, not a messenger boy.

The absence of any other leader in Eastern Europe with pretensions to the same status only increased his determination to maintain it. Enemies of Mussolini used to recall that he "led" the March on Rome by arriving there in a sleeping-car the morning after. Moshe Pijade recently took malicious pleasure in pointing out that neither Tito nor any of his colleagues "arrived by aeroplane after the victory, with pipes in their mouths." This was a crack at three pipe-smokers, Hungary's Rakosi, Bulgaria's Dimitrov, and Czechoslovakia's Gottwald, who distinguished themselves during the war by speeches over the Moscow radio calling on their countrymen to revolt. Togliatti came to Italy from Moscow by aeroplane too, and Thorez flew to Paris escorted by Red Army fighters.

This does not mean that Tito was or is anything but a fervent Communist. He first saw Russia as an Austro-Hungarian prisoner in World War I. When the Revolution came he joined the Red Army, afterwards became a Party agent in Western Europe (his assignments included service in France during the Spanish Civil War), and in 1937 was put in charge of the revolutionary struggle in his native Yugoslavia. At that time the Yugoslav Communist Party had been outlawed for years and hardly existed. By 1941 he had built it up to a membership of about 12,000. Of these not more than a quarter survived the guerrilla fighting. As the Party today has 470,000 members, the proportion enjoying the prestige of being "old" (that is, pre-war) Party members is a fraction of one per cent.

Almost none of the Yugoslav Communists, therefore, have known any leadership but Tito's. More than any other Communist Party in the world the Yugoslav Party is the creation of one man. In this respect also, then, Tito's position is quite different from that of the agents sent in from Moscow, by aeroplane or otherwise, to form and then seize control of the "popular fronts" which were the steppingstones to Communist (and Soviet) rule in Rumania, Bulgaria, Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia. Tito's followers are as fervent Communists as himself; but they look first to him, and only through him to Stalin.

Did Tito ever reckon consciously on the fact that

he is Stalin's junior by more than ten years (he was born in a village near Zagreb, in Croatia, May 25, 1892) and ordinarily — if anything in the life of Communist leaders can be called ordinary — might expect to outlive him? His exploits, plus Churchill's admiration and an extraordinary publicity build-up in American magazines, have made his name and face more familiar to more people in the world than those of any other Communist leader except Stalin himself. Did he ever speculate that if not the power then at least the glory of being World Communist No. 1 might some day be his?

In any event, he had no expectations of being asked to play second to anyone in his own country. Some members of the Yugoslav Government-in-exile in London had been browbeaten by Churchill into coöperating with Tito; but they quickly served his purpose (as other sanguine or desperate liberals served Communist purposes in other countries), and he had disposed of them. He now ruled as supreme in the Yugoslav Government as in the Yugoslav Party. He was "secundus inter pares" and Jugoslavia was an independent Communist state.

3

How Tito hoped to remain Stalin's independent collaborator, and how Stalin set about bringing him to heel, and how both failed, is documented in the extraordinary correspondence exchanged between the U.S.S.R. and Yugoslav Communist Parties in the spring of 1948. The capstone was the famous Cominform resolution announcing to the world that the Yugoslav leaders "have placed themselves in opposition to the Communist Parties affiliated to the Cominform Bureau, have taken the path of seceding from the unified socialist front against imperialism, have taken the path of betraying the cause of international solidarity of the working people, and have taken up a position of nationalism."

These documents, which throw more light than we have had from any other source on the innards of the Communist political system, would certainly not have been made public if that could have been avoided. But each side was forced to publish its share of the correspondence to explain the shattering event and to justify its own stand.

Not enough attention has been given the significant fact that Moscow felt obliged to rebuke Tito as far back as 1945. At first he had probably been looked on as a precocious scholar and forgiven a certain amount of cockiness. It was inconceivable that the schoolboy might one day reject the master's teaching and even presume to give him lessons. Yet Tito did something very much like that in a speech at Ljubljana in May, 1945, and awakened Stalin's wrath for the first time that we know anything about.

Tito was then demanding Trieste for Jugoslavia.

He felt that the Soviets were not supporting his claim strongly enough, and attributed this to their desire to strengthen Togliatti in Italy. "It is said," declared Tito, "that this is a just war, and we have considered it such. However, we also seek a just end. We demand that everyone shall be master in his own house. We do not want to pay for others. We do not want to be used as a bribe in international bargaining. We do not want to get involved in spheres of influence."

Moscow took this to be, as indeed it was, a warning that Yugoslavia's interests were not to be used as small change in Soviet bargaining. Moscow informed Belgrade that such things "could not be tolerated," and particularly Tito's failure to differentiate between the policies of the U.S.S.R. and "the imperialist states." On June 5, 1945, the Soviet Ambassador presented the following categorical instruction: "Tell Comrade Tito that if he should once again permit such an attack on the Soviet Union we shall be forced to reply with open criticism in the press and disavow him."

The first threat of excommunication!

Also in 1945 another disagreeable incident occurred, involving Milovan Djilas, one of Tito's closest collaborators, who was reported to Moscow as having remarked that officers of the Red Army "were from a moral standpoint inferior to the officers of the British Army." This harked back to the time when the Red Army, having helped liberate Belgrade, behaved as though they had captured a hostile city. Tito tried orally, and also by writing to Stalin, to explain away the alleged statement. Stalin was not appeased.

The next friction we know of (or rather suspect, for it is not set forth in the correspondence) occurred in September, 1947. At the second meeting of the Yugoslav People's Congress in that month Tito presumed to lecture the Communist Parties of other countries — and by implication those of France and Italy especially — for their lack of militant programs and leadership. This must have annoyed the Soviet leaders enormously, not only because they were about to discard the principles of organization and action which he advocated, but also — and this was really unforgivable — because he assumed that he had an international role in addition to that as a national leader. Probably it was at this point that they decided definitely to get rid of him.

Moscow would also have found confirmation for the suspicion that Tito aspired to operate on his own internationally by observing his negotiations with Dimitrov, the Bulgarian Premier, for a Yugoslav-Bulgarian Federation. Stalin had given his blessing to the project, but he was far from pleased with the enlarged version concocted by Tito and Dimitrov in 1947. The grouping they now proposed had the appearance of a Balkan and Danubian Federation, and would have been too power-

ful and potentially too independent to suit Moscow. In January, 1948, Dimitrov issued an abject apology. Tito probably escaped a similar public humiliation because there were plans for dealing with him more conclusively.

The formation of the Cominform had recently been announced. To the gratification of the Yugoslavs, its headquarters were fixed in Belgrade; they took the choice of their capital as the center for Communist intrigue as a great compliment. Looking back, one wonders whether the choice was not made with the deliberate intention of bringing the full and unified weight of the Communist world to bear on the Yugoslav Party at a time when Moscow was getting ready to purge its leader. Also, there would be advantages in having in existence a façade of inter-Party coöperation to mask Moscow's autocratic operations.

In the end, Tito's colleagues did not succumb to this pressure. Only two members of the Yugoslav Politbureau, Hebrang and Zhujovitch, became contaminated; and Tito expelled them from the Party when the dispute with Stalin came to a boil, and later put them in jail, where they still are. The fact that all but two remained faithful, despite the pressure organized through the Cominform as well as directly, does not indicate, however, that Moscow had not hoped otherwise. Both the creation of the Cominform at the particular moment and the location of it in Belgrade seem to have been at least partially for the purpose of isolating Tito in preparation for decapitating him.

4

BESIDES letting us in on the secret of why, basically, Stalin decided to purge Tito, their letters record specific complaints which reveal (most encouragingly to us) that many human weaknesses supposed to be sloughed off automatically in the inhumanly well-ordered Communist world do somehow persist.

For one thing, the profit motive seems not to lose its urge with the advent of Communism. Much friction developed between Red Army instructors and their Yugoslav colleagues because the former were paid so much better. A Lieutenant-General of the Yugoslav Army received 9000 dinars a month; a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Red Army on mission in Yugoslavia received 30,000 dinars (out of the Yugoslav treasury, of course). Yugoslav civilians were similarly disgruntled. In Belgrade I was told that the Yugoslav Government had paid the Soviet engineer supervising the construction of the Sava River bridge 50,000 dinars a month, plus house, servants, food, automobile, and so forth; in comparison it pays its own Cabinet Ministers a third of that amount (although with similar perquisites, I noticed).

Then there were complaints about the fact that

Soviet supplies were charged to the Yugoslav Government account at far above world prices and exports to Soviet Russia were credited to it at far below world prices. Even more bitter things are said about this in Belgrade today than are contained in the published letters. The Yugoslavs now openly call the series of transactions between the Soviet Government and their own by the name that the Bolsheviks save for describing practices of the imperialist Powers — exploitation. Another subject for Yugoslav jibes was a much publicized Soviet gift, just after the war, of 500,000 tons of wheat. The Yugoslavs now maintain that only 50,000 tons were actually received, and that it had been stolen from them in the first place by the Nazis, captured by the Soviet troops, and merely shipped back to them after some delay. They say the Russians admitted privately that this was the case, but suggested that it would be nice to call the wheat a gift and magnify it ten times.

Many promised supplies, some of them paid for in advance, never reached Yugoslavia. Considerable equipment came for the Yugoslav Army, but significantly it was not accompanied by replacement items, so that the troops thus equipped remained dependent on the Red Army. (This is a serious weakness in the Yugoslav military position today.) Heavy machinery was promised and eagerly awaited, especially that needed for building smelting mills and for drilling for oil. It did not arrive; but Yugoslav copper, manganese, lead, and other products continued pouring, in increasing quantities, to the Soviet Union and to the industries of East European states which work for it. A thousand carloads of iron ore would go to Czechoslovakia, and back would come, not machinery to enable the Yugoslavs to commence the construction of a truck factory, but a truck.

Supporting the specific complaints and counter-complaints of the two Governments — or, rather, of the two Parties, for the Governments were too unimportant to be permitted to deal with such matters — loomed vast ideological recriminations. I think today that they were largely shadowboxing. At its heart the dispute was for power.

Tito had made a Five-Year Plan for industrializing the country. Stalin's conception of what the Yugoslavs should busy themselves with in those five years was very different. It fitted Soviet Russia's national interests but not, Tito thought, Yugoslavia's. Specifically, he was ordered to speed up the collectivization of agriculture. Stalin interprets Marxism as allotting land workers a role subordinate to that of industrial workers; he had enforced a certain tempo of collectivization in Russia, regardless of cost, and it must be copied everywhere. Tito knew, however, that his peasants would balk, that agricultural production in consequence would fall, that this would lessen food supplies available for the workers, and that the industrialization

schedule would suffer. Besides, collectivization encountered greater obstacles in Yugoslavia than in Russia. Both land and labor were more limited, and the colossal waste which Russia absorbed could not be endured. Further, the Partisans who were the backbone of Tito's Party and personal power were largely of peasant origin. Never mind, he was told; yours not to reason but to obey; proceed with collectivization now.

To enable him to carry out his Five-Year Plan, Tito had negotiated commercial treaties with his Communist neighbors. Stalin ordered those treaties altered to suit the requirements of the Soviet Plan. Yugoslavia's role in that plan, it developed, was to give what the Soviets wanted but not to receive what it wanted.

Tito's political machine was also menaced. He had made the close-knit Communist Party, created personally by him, the heart of a larger organization, the so-called People's Front, which claimed to number 7,750,000 — half the total population (not an extraordinary paper figure, perhaps, when we remember that membership is almost synonymous with the right to work). Stalin criticized the People's Front as savoring of a popular front and "drowning" the Party. Popular fronts had served their purpose, and the time for them was past. This powerful instrument of Tito's — beyond the Party, and therefore in a sense beyond the influence of the Cominform — must disappear, or at least be divorced from the Party and relegated to the background.

Thus the clash of interests, national and personal, could hardly have been more direct. Stalin of course understood this perfectly and called for a showdown. But, to his amazement, Tito's psychology proved to be as primitive as his own, his aims as concrete, his methods as crude, his hand as steady in aiming at the heart of a comradely foe.

5

THIS hard core of material interest inside the ideological wrappings of the dispute was revealed clearly in a talk which I had in Belgrade with one Communist leader who could not restrain his overflowing resentment when he let himself think back to how the Yugoslav Communists had been fooled. I had asked him when he first realized the way things were going. Friction with Moscow began as far back as 1944, he replied. "But in those days," he went on, "we were childish. We were far too idealistic to doubt the perfection of the Soviet Union. Stalin! — he was a true Communist, the perfect Communist! He would never treat other true Communists unfairly!"

But when, exactly, had doubts on this point begun to arise?

"After the establishment of the Cominform we saw that there was no intention of letting us run

our own country. All through history Serbs and Croats have worked for others — well, we were to continue! We were to dig our coal and ores, but we were not to be allowed to build plants to smelt our iron and make it into steel and then make the steel into machinery. We were not to build hydroelectric plants to change the primitive life of our peasants. We were not to build concrete highways, and make trucks to use them, and drill for our own oil to run the trucks. No, we were to send our wealth abroad, just as we always did. We were to be exploited and poor. We were to be a colony.”

He paused and then continued still more fiercely: “That was all the use our capacity to work and our will to work were to be to us! That was what our resources were to mean! That was to be the final reward of all our revolutionary struggles against the Turks and the Austrians and the Magyars and then the Nazis — to keep our muddy roads, to walk on them in our peasant *opanchi* and to step aside when the Russian engineers motored past us, just as we used to have to do when the Turks rode past us on their mules!”

Here, I thought, was the secret Stalin did not know. He could not conceive how hot the blood of nationalism, or perhaps more accurately of independence, runs in Yugoslav veins. All through history invaders have come looking for profits from the wheat of the Banat, the pigs of Kosovo, the copper of Trepce, the tobacco of Macedonia, the iron of Bosnia, the lead and manganese and other wealth hid in the mountains or growing on the plains. In latter times the exploiters did not need actually to occupy the land; each of the Great Powers made one of the Balkan States its protégé and played it against the others for profit. The Yugoslavs saw, almost too late, the old game beginning again, with Big Brother Stalin taking the place of Little Father Tsar and Hapsburg Emperor and Comité des Forges and Banca d'Italia.

Above all, Stalin did not realize how important this fanatical love of independence could prove in the special circumstances in which Tito had come to power. He ignored the fact that many Yugoslav Communist leaders were patriots who, having tired too early of the effort to lift their country “out of the mud” by the tedious development of constitutional processes, had rationalized their patriotism into Communism; and who, if their search for all the impossible things they expected to find along the Communist road were thwarted, would tend to rationalize their Communism back into patriotism again.

Tito, however, knew all this very well, counted on it, used and is using it. Whether or not he himself shared the same internal evolution is doubtful. The origins of his Communism (he was a metalworker at one time) were much more orthodox than the peasant origins of many of his associates and followers. But whether or not a fury for na-

tional independence possessed him to the same degree as it did them, a will to personal independence and power did; and in the almost universal adherence to the concept of national independence he found the backing necessary to make his declaration of independence from Moscow and its agency, the Cominform, a success.

Can he survive? Yes, unless he is assassinated (and though the security measures to protect him are very conspicuous, there is reason to suppose they are not absolute), or unless there is an economic collapse which Stalin could exploit to create a civil war.

When one mentions these matters, the question arises whether Tito is more or less popular since the break with the Cominform. I think the bulk of the population cannot help liking his assertion of Yugoslav rights against Soviet Russia's, even though they know they have no share in saying how those rights will be used and administered. As a national spokesman, Tito has merits in their eyes that he did not have before; as a Communist leader he is as unacceptable as ever.

6

THESE events are, or should be, instructive for us in appraising Stalin's tactics. They seem to confirm that, in his present estimate of world forces, he can afford to practice revolutionary Communism according to the principles of Marx, Engels, and Lenin only when immediate Russian national aims are served thereby. He is limited by the pull of “nationalist deviationism” in Eastern Europe and by the impossibility of tolerating any kind of nationalism except Russian.

The Tito affair made this fact plain, and it has been highly disconcerting to Communists everywhere. In 1882 Engels wrote that “the proletarian international movement can come only among independent countries.” Stalin's amendment of this of course has the greatest repercussions in nations like France, Italy, and Germany, where national characteristics and traditions are strongly developed and where the revelation that local Communist Parties do not serve an international cause so much as they serve a foreign national government places a heavy handicap on Communist recruitment. Presumably Stalin would not have adopted a line which makes the position of his lieutenants both there and in the Communist-controlled countries of Eastern Europe so much more difficult unless it had seemed to him imperative for reasons of his own and Russian safety. In this light, his institution of the “hard core” policy appears a matter not so much of expediency as necessity. We should understand and advertise this fact; the more widely it is known, the smaller the core.

Nevertheless we would be wrong to expect dra-

matic results in countries where the Communists are already in possession of the whole state apparatus. The East European peoples, for example, are being called upon to work, produce, and suffer in accordance with plans drawn up to suit the needs and increase the power of the Soviet Union. They detest it. The sharper the outlines of their allotted role become, the greater their opposition to it; and this will continue to be the case at least until a generation reared wholly by Communist rules and in Communist ignorance becomes dominant. But although this situation may, and I believe does, influence the Soviet Union's appraisal of its strategic position, and hence its global policy, it does not directly endanger Moscow's local rule.

In other words, we cannot count on seeing Tito's example followed in neighboring countries (except, perhaps, small and isolated Albania). For reasons already explained, Communist hierarchies there occupy quite a different relationship both to Moscow and to their own peoples; and, of course, mass revolution against them is materially impossible. Our gratification over the split in the Communist world must be for other and more general reasons.

In Yugoslavia itself we shall be under a temptation to try to exploit Tito's present difficulties too directly and too quickly. We may properly desire to see him survive his revolt against Stalin and continue developing and expounding the ideological bases for it. But we should avoid requesting his political or military help or offering him ours. The first would lower us in his eyes, the second would embarrass and actually weaken him. The most that we should do is recognize that he holds some sort of intermediate and independent position between the Cominform bloc and the West, and deal with him realistically on the basis of his continuing to do so. This does not exclude, of course, urging him to take the side of peace in all current questions where his influence can be important — for example, in Greece; but it does exclude bargaining our goods or credits for specific political acts by him.

Nor should we act as though we hoped to find in Tito an eventual ally. The opponents of our opponents are not automatically our friends. Tito could not make his regime a democratic one even if he wished; and there is no sign he so wishes. On the contrary, he claims to be a "better" Communist even than Stalin, and his state remains a police state in which a small minority enforces its will on the vast majority by force and fear. He could not change the essentials of that regime and survive.

In terms of political realism we are justified in allowing Yugoslavia to draw a certain amount of economic support from the West. We can properly soften our export license program to the point where, in addition to importing consumer goods,

she can secure enough American capital goods to keep Tito's industrialization program from bogging down, throwing his workers out of jobs, and producing an economic collapse which Stalin might be able to develop into a revolution inside the Yugoslav Communist Party. In return we can buy copper, lead, manganese, or other Yugoslav products, either for current use or for stockpiling.

Our purchases will not be enough, however, to pay for the capital goods that the Yugoslav Government would like to get from us. The question of credits thus arises. We should judge whether or not to permit them by two considerations, one positive, the other negative. We have an interest in keeping Yugoslavia independent; and we have an interest in avoiding assistance that might help to build up a war potential there which could be of use to some successor of Tito's who might be Moscow's puppet.

Bearing these cautions in mind, we return to the fact that the Tito heresy is one of the most important potential limiting factors to the spread of Communism which have appeared in thirty years, and that we, practitioners of the theory of equality and independence between nations, can properly hail its appearance and emphasize its meaning. The Communist leader who last year was advertised as the staunchest of all Communist leaders outside the Soviet Union is this year revealed as being prevented from working first of all for the interests of his own people as he conceives them, or even for the interests of international Communism as Marx and Engels conceived them. He himself gives evidence that he was asked to place these behind the national and imperial interests of the Soviet Union as conceived by Stalin. The longer this concrete demonstration lasts and the deeper its significance is rubbed in, the harder for Communist leaders to appeal successfully for mass support on the basis of the Cominform dogma.

The Yugoslav Communists themselves recognize their historic role and glory in it. To quote again the man who is preparing the doctrinal basis of the Tito heresy, Mosha Pijade, the conception that Communist Parties and states must assert their independence from Moscow's direct control has "an extraordinary practical and theoretical importance for the whole international revolutionary workers' movement of today, and for its further development." The initiators of the Cominform resolution, he says, had no conception, when they set the wind blowing, of the kind of tempest it would prove. And he quotes the following warning by Engels, written to Kautsky in 1882: "The victorious proletariat cannot impose on any people happiness and at the same time not undermine their own victory."

How much more, we can add, when they impose unhappiness.



An Atlantic Story



A Houston, Texas, lawyer, DILLON ANDERSON in the June Atlantic embarked with "The Revival" on a series of short stories about two meandering Texans who live by their wits but don't always win. This is the second in the series. Mr. Anderson says that, as a lawyer, his working time is spent largely in keeping other people out of trouble; that writing stories in his spare time helps to keep him out of trouble.

THE TUNNEL OF LOVE

by DILLON ANDERSON

As the ferryboat eased out of the Bolivar slip, I and Claudie got out of our Ford and went forward to watch a school of porpoises playing ahead of us in Galveston Bay. It was a blistering July day, and the heat waves dancing on the water between us and Pelican Spit made the quarantine station there look like a bay scene painted on loose canvas.

From the Texas mainland to Galveston Island, the ferryboat took us no more than a couple of miles or so; but as we drove away from the slip into Galveston, it seemed that the distance might as well have been a lot farther. We had left the smoke and steam and dust of places where money was being made, and in no time at all we found ourselves breathing whiffs of Sen-sen, witch hazel, fresh popcorn, and all the other gaudy smells of places where money was being spent. This easy climate began to agree with us right away.

That afternoon when we were having beer and pretzels and hard-boiled eggs on Murdock's Beach, I counted our money. "Look, Claudie," I said, "we are down to eight dollars, and we would be worse off if I had not made a very sound bet yesterday on that little black quarter horse. Why don't you be quiet awhile and let me do some thinking?"

Claudie, who hardly ever talks much anyhow when he eats, just went on chewing. With the last hard-boiled egg, I blotted up some mixed salt and pepper from the newspaper it was wrapped in, and right where the salt and pepper had been, I read: —

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Going concern operating from trailer house has opening for partner with an automobile.

It was signed "Professor E. Ludington Pye, Buccaneer Hotel, Galveston." I passed the paper over to Claudie and he cut out the notice with his pocketknife. The Buccaneer Hotel was standing there right across the street.

I and Claudie bought shaves and shoeshines in the hotel barbershop, and marched up to the mail desk where a nice clean-looking blonde was polishing her fingernails. She said that Professor Pye did not exactly live at the hotel; he just used some of the facilities, including the mail department. She thought he might be along any time.

We waited, and pretty soon we saw a very fancy character come into the lobby. I could tell that it was the Professor the minute he walked in. The mail lady pointed us out to him and steered him over to us. He was a thin-faced, thin-flanked fellow of around forty, with a sharp look about his face and head. His black hair was long and parted right in the middle. He wore shell-rimmed glasses which were hooked onto a long black ribbon that ran into a little sprocket of an affair pinned onto his lapel, and his coat and pants did not match. This two-tone effect impressed Claudie, but I thought from the first that the pants that went with his coat had simply worn out.

I showed him the ad and told him my name was Clint Hightower. He said, "Who is this big fellow who seems to be here with you, Mr. Hightower?"

"That is my associate, Claudie Hughes," I told him. There is a program all over the country of calling people who work for you "associates." It is supposed to make them work harder for the same pay.

"What is your proposition, Professor?" I asked

him, not wishing to waste a lot of my time unless this citizen had something good.

"First," he said, "I want to know what your line of business is; what kind of experience have you had, Mr. Hightower?" He blew on his glasses and polished them with a silk handkerchief; then he tucked the handkerchief into his coat sleeve and looked at me through the lower part of his glasses.

"Well," I said, "I have tried not to limit myself."

"Can't you be more specific?"

"All right," I answered, "I have tended bar, I have sold fire extinguishers, patent medicine, and lightning rods, and I have tuned pianos. I have written, but I have not chiseled, tombstone epitaphs, and once, in Des Moines, Iowa, I won a hog-calling contest. I have sold Jewel tea and trained Tennessee walking horses."

The Professor said, "But . . ."

I went on: "I can organize a union and I can call a square dance. I was a consulting statistician in the Department of Agriculture at one time. I can read the Morse code. I can play a mandolin, and I can preach a fair sermon from either the Old or the New Testament. I do not do manual labor. My friend Claudie here handles that for me and sings bass." Claudie cleared his throat.

"What," the Professor asked, after a little pause, "are your present engagements?"

"We can be had on the right basis, Professor Pye, but from the way you have been talking, a body might suppose that you had the automobile and we had the trailer. You're asking a lot of questions for a man who is nothing but stranded."

The Professor put out a lot of guff about offers he had from sedans, convertibles, station wagons, and such; but when I squeezed the water out of this talk, I found that he was just trying to make the best trade he could with us. He finally admitted that his wife — "a preacher's daughter at that," he said — had taken his car the week before and gone back to her mother's in New Orleans.

It was getting late in the afternoon when I and Claudie took the Professor in our Ford to a trailer camp down on the West Beach where we looked over his place of business. It was an old gray trailer house with two entrances; it was equipped with a coal-oil stove, two beds, a cot, and a little cage to hold the Professor's pet coon, Julius. On one side of the trailer house was painted a large outline of a human head, all divided into sections labeled Pity, Kindness, Ambition, Love, Religion, Hope, and several other worth-while topics. Under the head, in big red letters running the whole length of the trailer, the words PHRENOLOGIST INSIDE were painted. We walked around and on the other side was a sketch of a camera on a tripod, with the words PHOTOGRAPHER INSIDE in big letters below.

"Which," I asked, "did Mrs. Pye do?"

The Professor had a way of not answering questions right away, and it was not until he had adjusted his glasses and fired up an underslung pipe that he said, "We alternated, Mr. Hightower, but I always preferred the chair of phrenology."

"What did you usually do?"

"Photography."

"Well," I stated, "you can have your phrenology full time if we team up. I believe Claudie can handle the photography."

It was growing on me that once you let this fellow know where decisions were made, you had him. By this time, his manners were along the "excuse me" line — a little like those of a funeral parlor attendant. He sidled up to ask the next question, and said, "What would be your part?"

"Psychology," I said. Then I looked over the trailer for enough space to spell it out.

When the Professor explained his plan to leave in a day or two with a traveling carnival show, I didn't waste any more time; I agreed that I and Claudie would join up with him. The carnival was going to follow the cotton-picking season north across the State of Texas.

The next day I painted my psychology sign on the rear of the trailer and went to the public library to check up on my new job.

2

Two days later we hooked the trailer onto our Ford and drove behind the red carnival trucks and cars to Richmond, Texas, where the rich overflow loam of the wide Brazos bottom had produced a bumper crop. The cotton gins were running twenty-four hours a day, and money was plentiful.

The first afternoon in Richmond we watched the carnival folks set up their concessions near a grove of oak and pecan trees on the riverbank. I was about to put the trailer right in the big middle of it all when we were told very harshly to get the hell out. That was how I first found out that the Professor was not with the carnival in the way I had thought. He hadn't even made any arrangement with the head man, Mr. Flick, who owned some of the concessions and had an interest in all of the rest. It turned out that the Professor's plan had just been to mooch along on the carnival crowds by setting up the trailer as near as possible to the carnival grounds.

We parked across the street from Mr. Flick's operations that first night, but we were so close to the show that we were getting as much of the bright lights as any of his concessions. After a little while he came over to speak to us. Mr. Flick was a smallish fellow with a big face and a loud voice, and he had a very peculiar accent that I was never quite able to button down. He was wearing a double-breasted suit with wide lapels and padded shoulders. He talked without taking a black cigar-

holder out of his mouth, and he talked a great deal. He was going to sue us; he was going to enjoin us; he was going to have the sheriff of Fort Bend County after us; and as he talked, he kept taking a little comb out of his pocket and combing his hair. I never cared for a grown man who was always combing his hair.

I waited for the psychological moment to speak, while the Professor and Mr. Flick fussed and argued. It all boiled down to this: Mr. Flick wanted us to go away or else give him a 25 per cent cut in our take. The Professor said he did not wish any entangling alliances with anybody's carnival.

When the talk got pretty loud, Claudie came out of the trailer. Claudie is pretty dumb, but he is a very large citizen, and that night in the bright glare he looked as big as a skinned mule.

"Claudie," I said, "Mr. Flick is not being very nice to us, I'm afraid." Claudie gave Mr. Flick a very ugly look.

"What's the matter?" he asked without taking his look away from Mr. Flick.

"Well, it's this way," I explained, while Claudie stood there sort of hovering over Mr. Flick. "We don't care if some of our customers do business with Mr. Flick's carnival, do we? But Mr. Flick, here, is sore at us because some of the carnival's customers might be doing business with us."

"Sore, huh?" Claudie made it sound like one word.

"I am not bothered by this big oaf," Mr. Flick said, and here he made his mistake. Claudie, of course, didn't know what an oaf was; but Mr. Flick said it in the same way you would say some of the few things that Claudie will not allow himself to be called at all. Claudie latched onto the scruff of Mr. Flick's neck with his right hand and with his left hand he caught Mr. Flick by the seat of his pants. Claudie lifted him right off the ground and started moving away fast with him, while Mr. Flick's arms and legs waved about in a very helpless way like a beetle's legs when he is turned over on his back. I stopped Claudie as soon as I could and sent him back into the trailer. It took the Professor and me quite a few minutes to quiet Mr. Flick down and stop him from talking about several very rough programs he had in mind for Claudie. Then I made my move. I said: "Tell you what we'll do, Mr. Flick; we'll give you 10 per cent of our take if you will let us set up this trailer anywhere we want in the carnival layout."

Mr. Flick argued a little, but he was going to agree. When he did, the Professor said he wanted his side of the trailer right in front of the Ferris wheel, so that the first thing the riders would see as they came down would be his PHRENOLOGY sign.

"Hell," said Mr. Flick, "I can't build the carnival around your trailer."

"Mr. Flick," I answered, "don't make me have to explain that to Claudie."

"Well, all right," he said, "and which concession do you want opposite your psychology racket?" He sounded a little sarcastic, I thought.

"I'll take the Tunnel of Love," I said. "Not the front where they buy tickets and start out on their ride. I want the rear where the riders pop out into the open after the first half of the ride and before they go back into the tunnel for the return trip. In that minute of daylight in the middle of the ride, I want them to see my PSYCHOLOGY sign."

It was on this basis that we joined the carnival.

3

OUR business in the trailer prospered almost from the very first. Claudie learned to work the Professor's camera a lot sooner than I expected. The Professor helped pose the customers, and Claudie got so good that he could develop a finished print of a family group in about the same length of time that it took the Professor to tell someone in the group that he possessed the most amazing bumps on his head that the Professor had seen in his life-long study of phrenology. We hardly ever let a customer get away until he had been given the full course. Then we pooled our take, gave Mr. Flick about 10 per cent, and divided the rest three ways.

Cotton was bringing nearly thirty cents a pound that year, and the Professor found many chances to turn up unsuspected talents in men and women and children. He saw in the least promising prospects such ordinary futures as writing poetry, serving in the legislature, or teaching school. He saw heads of future generals, admirals, ranchers, governors, and even a few Texas Rangers among the members of the families of these farmers who only came around in the first place to get their pictures taken. One child's head showed that he could even write a whole Sears Roebuck catalogue if he set his mind to it, and the Professor took three dollars from a farmer for finding enough bumps on his son's head to make him Secretary of Agriculture when he grew up.

People preferred photography or phrenology and it took some selling to get them into my department; also, it turned out that the couples on the Tunnel of Love hardly ever unlooked each other as they rounded the bend near the trailer. But there was a better tone, as a rule, to the customers who came to me on their own hook. I was the only one in the trailer who gave them a chance to express themselves, since you do not talk while you are having your picture made; nor did the Professor listen to them while he was feeling the bumps on their heads. I picked up many a two-dollar payment simply by paying close mind to what they said and telling them how sorry I felt about it. Naturally, most of my customers were women.

After a week in Richmond, we started working our way up the Brazos Valley following the peak

of the cotton-picking season as it moved north in the bottom land along this Texas Nile.

When we got to Waco late in September, Mr. Flick made a deal to set the carnival up for a two-week stand in the old Cotton Palace Exposition Grounds. Our customers here stood in line on three sides of the trailer.

It was in Waco that Claudie got in a crap game with the bearded lady and her brother-in-law and lost nearly all the money he had made. I was never so disgusted with Claudie in my life. I spoke to him about trusting people he did not know, but he said that it had not seemed to him like real money; it had been so easy to make.

"You country hick," I said. "You trout head. Your mind has not improved a bit since you left the Alabama wiregrass country where you came from. The trouble with you is that you cannot get used to money that has not been dug out of the ground with a hoe and a plow."

Claudie just looked down at a place where he was rolling a little pebble around with the toe of his shoe, and I went on: "In this work we are relieving these country people of their cash without having to do any manual labor, and it's too much for you. You just can't stand it."

"Don't your conscience ever eat on you for taking their money?" Claudie asked.

"No," I told him, "it certainly does not; it might even be that the fun they have at the carnival is worth more to them than the money they spend on it."

"Well," Claudie said, as he walked away toward the freak shows, "I had a whole lot of fun in that crap game."

4

WE LEFT the Brazos at Waco and went on to Fort Worth, where we found a stand in the north part of town near the stockyards.

The first afternoon we were there, I was sitting in the trailer listening to a champion rodeo rider that the Professor had brought in. He had picked up some bumps on his head by being thrown from bucking horses and this fact had naturally upset the Professor's study. The champion was talking about his troubles with a girl he'd been two-timing, and I was listening to about every third word as I sat there looking over his shoulder at the couples going by on the Tunnel of Love.

Then it dawned on me that I was not hearing him at all. One of the two-seater cars had come out in the open from the Tunnel and swung around for the return trip, and there was only one person in it. She was the prettiest redheaded woman I had ever seen in my whole life, and she was looking right down at our trailer all the time she was in sight.

I said something to the champion about the

tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive, and let it go at that. When I finally got him to leave, I could see the beautiful redhead coming my way from the exit of the Tunnel of Love.

By the time she reached the trailer house, I was as wide-awake as I had been for weeks. She was tall, slender in the waist, and right willowy in the way she walked; but in front and behind she was billowy, too, in ways that the plain cut of her gingham dress did not begin to hide. She almost passed by, but after she had taken one full look at the trailer house, she came to the entrance where I was sitting. She was as pretty as a lilac bush in full bloom.

I asked her to come in, and for some reason my hands and feet began to feel bigger and heavier. All at once I felt sorry that I could not do a death-defying tightrope act before we got down to psychology. She said, as she sighed and sat down, that she knew she had come to the right place. She had a way of meeting my look with her wide, greenish-gray eyes; and instead of looking down or away, as most women will do, she would hold on until I found myself looking away first.

"Madam," I said, studying her strong, well-shaped hands and the plain band on her ring finger, "please tell me how I can help you. The charge will be two dollars."

She did not look away until she said, "I have been missing my man in many ways. Do you think you can help me?" With this, something inside my chest vibrated like the other end of an arrow does when the bull's-eye has been hit.

"Here," I said, "is your two dollars back, lady. This one is on the house."

"But I haven't given you two dollars yet," she said; and there I sat, holding out my two one-dollar bills and feeling as numb and tingly as I do in cold weather, or when I hear "Mighty Lak a Rose" played on a violin cello. She continued: "I am a lonely woman, and with winter coming on I know I am going to miss him more than ever."

"How far away is this man of yours?" I asked her in such a brittle voice that it sounded like somebody else. I was hoping he might be in Siberia or Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

She hesitated, a kind of peculiar smile flitted across her face, and she said, "Right now he is in the front part of the trailer with his hands all over some big blonde's head."

"Mrs. Pye," I said, getting up from my seat after a few slack minutes, "this is where a word must be said to the id."

"The what?"

"The id," I explained.

"Sit down," she said, as she leaned across the table toward me. "Tell me some more."

I could not tell whether I had my heart in it any more or not; but going on, as she looked at me, was easier than trying to figure out what I might

do instead. So I went on: "To a psychologist, when you want to do something, that is your id; when you know you should not do it, that is your superego; when you decide to do it anyway, that is your ego."

"When you do not do it," Mrs. Pye cut in without looking away, "that is sometimes your own fault."

"Your psychology begins, Mrs. Pye," I replied, "right where mine leaves off. You must know that my id ran off to the woods with yours as soon as you came in. Don't you think we'd better head them off?"

Then, before she answered, I swung back into my routine. "You may follow the id when you shouldn't, and may never get caught; still you do not win."

"Why?" she asked, and her long roan lashes were steady above the even look in her eyes. She was winning the argument all right.

"Because," I went on, "you spend the rest of your life dodging the punishment that you know is coming to you for going against the rules. Your subconscious is always on your trail; it is a lot like the Northwest Mounted Police. Every noise in the night — every hoot owl, every tree frog, and every loud clap of thunder — all these are threats of punishment. That is the guilt complex, and it was discovered in Topeka, Kansas, where it is easier to get psychoanalyzed than it is to get a bone set or a tooth filled."

Mrs. Pye said, "Do you mean they have discovered in Kansas that 'the wicked flee when no man pursueth'?"

"Ma'am?" I said. Then I looked outside, and there was the Professor coming around the trailer with Julius the coon on his shoulder. As he came in, I said in a too loud voice, "That will be two dollars, please."

The Professor drew in a quick breath, gulped, dropped Julius, and finally said, "Eula!"

Mrs. Pye said, "Oh, Exeter!"

I said to myself, "That answers one question. Now I know what the 'E' stands for in E. Ludington Pye."

The Professor kissed her; then they kissed each other, and I saw that they were both in dead earnest. Mrs. Pye then opened a little paper sack and took out some persimmons she had brought along for Julius, and I could see that here was a real reunion. I stepped out of the trailer into the glare of the carnival lights; they were bright against the purple dusk settling along the high ground over to the east of the Fort Worth stockyards.

When the Professor and Mrs. Pye came out a few minutes later, they said that they wished to drive into Fort Worth right away to talk things over. I offered to handle any cases that might come up in the Professor's department that night, and

this seemed to please them both very much. When Claudie came out, I called him over to one side and took some pains to explain to him what was going on. He grinned and said he was awful glad to see what a nice thing had happened to the Professor.

Mrs. Pye cried a little and told us that she had sold the Pye automobile and spent nearly all of the money on some sick relatives. She cried some more, and then admitted that she had put most of the money on some very slow ones at the Fair Grounds Race Track in New Orleans. I could see that this was the guilt complex. We all stood there looking at each other; then Mrs. Pye said to the Professor, "Wouldn't it be just like old times, Exeter, if we only had a car to go into town?"

"Why don't you take our car?" I asked.

This made them both very happy, and they were about to leave when Claudie went over to the car and took his gray foxtail off the radiator cap. Then he allowed as how he hoped there were no race tracks in Fort Worth.

"Don't mind my friend's jokes," I said to them. "He wants you to go in the car, I am sure." Then I turned to Claudie and said, "Don't you, Claudie?"

While I was still looking at him, Claudie replied, "Yes, I guess I do." Then, when I turned to look at Mrs. Pye again, Claudie added, "But not very much."

Mrs. Pye smiled a nice, big, elegant smile at Claudie and said, "There's one thing, though — we ought to have your registration on the car, just in case we get a parking ticket."

While I was looking for the papers, Claudie fumbled around awhile, then he said, "Can't you all get in touch with us if you need the papers?"

Claudie does not understand law points like this at all, so I said, "Please don't pay him any mind; he is only the ox that treadeth out the corn. Here are the keys and here's the registration."

Then Claudie remarked, "Maybe you ought to leave us the papers on the trailer, Professor Pye. We might be spoke to by the law for overparking while you are away."

The Professor did not hesitate; he gave me the title papers on the trailer, and they left. I turned to Claudie and cautioned him about his manners. I pointed out to him that he did not begin to understand female psychology. I could tell that he was doing his best to follow me, but it has always been hard to keep Claudie's mind on one thing for very long. When I had finished, he said, "The right tire on this trailer is flat."

"You better fix it the first thing in the morning."

"I'll have to wait until the Professor comes back," Claudie said. "The jack is in the car."

About two weeks later, I and Claudie were sitting in the trailer discussing our past and our future. We still had a flat tire, since we had not seen anything of the Professor or Mrs. Pye or the

car. It had been raining for two days, and there were no signs of the rain letting up. We were breathing smells there near the Fort Worth stockyards that were strictly different from the holiday scents in Galveston. The carnival had pulled out the day before, and we were very lonesome in the trailer. For a long time I and Claudie sat there looking out at the vacant block where all the lights had sparkled and all the laughing people had milled around while the carnival was there.

"Claudie," I finally remarked, "after the carnival has gone away is a bad time to be at the place where the carnival was. Where all those people were happy and gay around the Kewpie dolls with pink and purple feathers, there are only empty popcorn bags and puddles of water. Down where you see those guy wires, they stood in line for a chance to chuck lopsided baseballs at the rag dolls, and . . ."

"But nobody ever hit enough dolls to win the gold watch and chain," Claudie put in.

"Please," I said, "I have not finished. . . . Over there to the left, where that blonde in pink tights wrestled with the boa constrictor, you can't see anything but the rear end of a vacant garage. The glitter is gone with the carnival. The echoes of the steam calliope don't ring out any more against that row of billboards, and the Tunnel of Love has gone to Oklahoma. It's getting so dull and quiet around here, Claudie, that I wish to get the hell out right away."

"How?" Claudie asked in his dumb, vacant way.

"Now, Claudie," I cautioned him, "you almost brought up that subject that we agreed not to discuss any more." I and Claudie had agreed that we would not talk any more about our car or Mrs. Pye and the Professor, or even Julius the coon.

That night we turned in fairly early, as there was nothing else to do and the rain kept pouring down. Claudie was soon snoring, but I stayed awake for a long time, since somebody had to do some thinking about the subject which I and Claudie had agreed not to discuss.

The next morning Claudie had bacon and eggs ready on the coal-oil stove when he came to wake me up. He brought me my coffee, already saucered and blown. The weather was nice and clear, and a fresh norther was blowing. In the middle of my second cup of coffee, I stopped and said, "Claudie, I have a real plan for us."

"Good. What is it?"

"We need a partner with an automobile. We have only a trailer. Where is the ad that we answered in Galveston?"

Claudie produced it and did not say a word.

"Here is a dollar," I said. "Take that ad into town and get it run in the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*."

Claudie grinned and said, "I already did." Then he produced the classified section of the paper for the day before; and, sure enough, there it was. It read just exactly like the one we had read in Galveston, except Claudie had got the heading a little mixed up. It was headed: "Psychologist wanted."



THE SINGING DARK

by ELFORD CAUGHEY

THERE is no silence anywhere
Either side of death —
No stint of breath
That does not make some little stir.

Remember? Under those dark trees
We paused to say, "How still!"
Then field and hill
Rang with a thousand melodies.

We heard a host of unseen things
In unrelated keys
Play symphonies
Like an orchestra of harps and strings.

A cricket scraped his rasping bow,
A lonely tree toad fluted;
Some disputed
Katie's guilt. From high and low

Pin-point singers hummed their song.
No, no silence there,
It was the ear
Not listening, and we were wrong —

And wrong to fear that death might bring
Silence to conquer sound
When grass and ground
Shelter in shadow those who sing.

Markup

The United States has been selling the United Kingdom three times as much as it buys from that country. But when, after the war, British exports to America began to rise, Englishmen were encouraged to hope that they could "close the gap" by finding an increasing market for their goods on our side of the Atlantic. ALEX FAULKNER, the American correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, shows what American taxation and the snowballing of markups have done to destroy those hopes.

WHAT WE DO TO BRITISH EXPORTS

by ALEX FAULKNER

I

EVER since the war ended, the British people have had it drummed into them that they must export or go bankrupt. They have recognized that, in order to survive, they must send out of the country a good part of the things they make, and that their most important export target is the dollar area. This area includes Canada — which outranks the United States as a purchaser of British goods — and other parts of the Western Hemisphere, plus Japan and the Philippines, in addition to the United States. But the last has been accounting for about a third of Britain's dollar-earning sales. It is therefore clear that upon success or failure in selling to the United States a very great deal depends.

Plodding along on no more meat than three medium-sized lamb chops or the equivalent a week, the British have done without most of the inducements that keep the American worker busily pursuing the symbolic bundle of hay.

To the land which has more automobiles than any other in the world they have sent their neat Hillman Minxes, their handy Austins, and their sporty MG's. Austerely clothed themselves, they have dispensed their new woollens, their tweeds, and their decorative fabrics abroad. Their fine chinaware and cutlery, their linens, and Scotch whiskey (that might have braced them for the ordeal) have gone in exchange for the currency without which they cannot import materials and foodstuffs that make their economy tick.

These figures tell the story: —

AVERAGE MONTHLY SALES TO U.S.

1938.....	\$ 6,800,000
1946.....	\$11,800,000
1947.....	\$16,000,000
1948.....	\$22,000,000

Comparison with pre-war figures shows that Britain's post-war exports to all parts of the world have more than trebled; so this record of achievement is roughly in line with what has been accomplished elsewhere. It is nonetheless encouraging.

During the first half of 1949, however, the direction was reversed: month by month the average of export sales to the United States declined. In Britain it is being anxiously asked whether this is a trend that will be kept up, or merely a temporary decline provoked by the American recession and the failure of British prices to keep pace with it.

To Englishmen there are two possible angles of approach. One is this: Fundamentally, is the United States prepared to accept the proposition that it is desirable to spend a small but effective portion of its national income on British goods? The other: Does Britain produce goods for which a much larger sale could be found in the United States if her marketing methods were improved?

The British realize that Americans may decide that they want to "keep out foreign goods." Senators say they are receiving three or four times as many protests against "cut-rate foreign imports" as they were receiving last year. The Tariff Commission is receiving twice as many complaints as it did last fall from manufacturers who feel that they are suffering from foreign competition. Similar reactions have been felt at the Department of Commerce and in the Economic Coöperation Administration.

The *Wall Street Journal* takes a different view. There is no stouter defender of American interests than this paper, but it has no doubts that restriction of imports is undesirable. "We must buy abroad if we expect to sell abroad," it said editorially recently. "The ECA merry-go-round should not and cannot last much longer. If increasing imports can do damage to employment here, so can shrinking exports."

Experience shows that as soon as any British article achieves some measure of success in the United States, pressure is applied to Congress and to the Tariff Commission by American interests which conceive themselves to be injured and which demand tariff protection.

A good recent example was the offer of an American manufacturer to buy up the American rights to a British invention for \$1,000,000, with the object

of preventing its introduction in the American market, where it would compete with his own product. The British manufacturer refused, because he is convinced that he can make more money by selling his device to American consumers.

In spite of these difficulties, a healthy measure of international trade is desirable. The sum being spent on British goods represents such a small part of the American national income that expenditures, even if they were doubled, would hardly upset the American budget. At the same time, exports are of sufficient importance to the American economy to make it seem unlikely that Americans will make it impossible for foreigners to buy them.

2

IN May, 1948, the British Government appointed Mr. Neville Blond as United Kingdom Trade Adviser in the United States and Canada. His task has been to search out fresh openings for British trade, by discovering what mistakes have been made in the past and by looking for opportunities to meet American requirements without treading on the toes of American domestic enterprises. In little more than a year nearly 5000 projects for speeding up the flow of British goods have been submitted to the authorities in London, and most of them have received approval.

For instance, a small British manufacturer may decide that it is essential for him to establish a stock of his wares on this side of the Atlantic in order to be able to fill orders as they come in, instead of being forced to put off buyers with the explanation that delivery will take several weeks. He may need a little money for promotion in the United States and for the improvement of his distributing organization. But he cannot get dollars for any of these undertakings without the approval of the British Treasury.

At this point the Trade Adviser recommends the project, and in exchange for his pounds the exporter receives an allocation of dollars, which he can put to work in the desired manner. As an example of how this sort of thing pays, there is the case of a sock maker who sold 28,000 dozen pairs in this country in 1947. Last year, aided by a dollar allocation which enabled him to build up his stock on this side of the Atlantic, he sold 110,000 dozen pairs.

At the other end of the scale are arrangements like the one made with the Cabot Company of Boston, which is now building a carbon black plant at Ellesmere Port on the Mersey River. The factory is the first to be installed in Europe under the ECA Investment Guarantee Program. It will have an annual output of 8000 tons, which is a quarter of Britain's yearly carbon black requirements. At present the United States is the main source of her supplies of this product, and it has been esti-

mated that by transferring some of the production to the United Kingdom, Britain will avoid the expenditure of something like \$2,000,000 a year.

Speed is of the essence, and some of Mr. Blond's records might serve as a model for businessmen who take a dim view of government efficiency. For instance, when it was decided that the sale of British books might be greatly increased by establishing in New York a British Book Center through which supplies could be furnished to bookshops all over the country, the whole scheme was put into effect in exactly five days, the only part played by the authorities being to make the necessary dollar exchange available.

Some twenty or thirty British publishers not already directly represented here are contributing to the enterprise, and warehouse stocks of their books are being built up. The New York shop of Batsford's, the well-known London bookselling establishment, is the headquarters of the undertaking. Later it may be feasible to open other centers in important American cities. It is a remarkable fact that 14,686 new books and new editions were published in Britain last year, compared with only 9897 in the United States. In view of this much greater British output, which includes many technical works not available here, it is felt that there is room for a considerable expansion of British exports in this field. Last year their value exceeded \$4,000,000 and it is hoped to double this figure.

In the case of books, import duties are less of a barrier than they are in other categories, but many British publishers cannot understand why Americans, with their passionate interest in the free interchange of ideas, do not follow the British example and make all books duty-free.

As a result of his work in the United States, Mr. Blond has a strong conviction that there are certain types of British goods which Americans are ready to buy in much larger quantities than they have ever bought before. He also believes that these goods should be brought to the attention of the American public in the best tradition of American salesmanship, making sure that they meet American requirements with regard to both style and quality, and seeing to it that the prices fit the American mood in a period of recession and careful shopping. This does not imply that British prices must be lower than American prices for comparable articles. It does mean that the unusual quality which is the strong point of many British products will be of no avail if the price is sky-high and, to the mind of the American shopper, unreasonable.

Few people not engaged in exporting and importing realize how the "snowballing of markups" works to the disadvantage of the exporter. It is a system of calculating middlemen's percentages not on the factory price of goods, but on a total which also includes such charges as freight and duty.

Consider some of the difficulties. The factory

price of a Ford car made in Detroit and now selling in New York for \$1519.65 is \$1005.48, or about two thirds of the retail price. The New York price of the Anglia, a Ford car made in England, is \$1398, but it is doubtful whether the manufacturer receives as much as half of this sum, because in addition to the dealer's profit and the handling costs, which also have to be met in the case of the American-made car, the British-made one has to bear the burden of freight charges and of import duty (\$86.46). This helps to explain the declining sales of British cars, at a time when American-made cars are becoming more readily obtainable. The British ones do not stand a chance unless their price can be reduced very much below the prices of American popular models.

Fortunately for the British export trade, the United Kingdom has many products to offer the United States which do not have to compete with such mass-produced things as automobiles. But everywhere the markup is a difficult hurdle. Scotch whiskey, American consumption of which has, like the Index of Industrial Production of the Federal Reserve Board, been going down since the start of the recession, is landed in New York at about \$16 for a case of twelve bottles, or approximately \$1.33 a bottle. By the time the import duty, the Federal excise tax, the state tax, the importing agency's fee, the wholesaler's profit, and the retailer's profit have all been paid, the price is nearly \$70 a case, and about \$5.75 a bottle.

One importer, Sir Robert Appleby, reported that a British wool damask for curtains which was landed in New York for \$6 a yard sold in a leading department store for \$18 a yard. The same store was selling a comparable American fabric, not greatly inferior in quality, for \$5 a yard. Jack Straus, President of Macy's, in a statement made when he returned from a trip to England not long ago, said that his shop was ordering fewer British goods because the prices were too high. He gave numerous instances of articles whose cost (before any retail profit) by the time they reached New York was as high as the selling price of similar articles obtained from American sources.

British exporters know they ought to bring their prices down, but present labor and other costs, and the disadvantages of the socialist Government's bulk-buying of raw materials — for which at the moment British firms are in many instances paying much more than American firms in a position to take advantage of the decline in commodity prices — are among the factors which make this very difficult.

British exporters are also beginning to learn something about the complexities of the American marketing system. Philip D. Reed, Chairman of the International General Electric Company, summed them up very well when he said: "The American buyer expects to be sold goods. Unless

the product, its price, its convenient availability, and the advertising behind it contribute to arouse interest and desire to buy, he just won't play. Americans as individuals will not seek out and buy imported products which have not been sold to them simply because they realize the need to balance our external account."

To the British exporter the highly developed American sales system is slightly terrifying. He is bewildered by the elaborate planning and the careful timing that go into store buying, which calls for prompt delivery of any article ordered, followed by equally prompt replacements if it sells well. With the use to be made of every square inch of shelf and counter space decided upon in advance, and promotion arrangements, including advertising, worked out in the most careful detail, failure to keep step with the parade can make an exporter very unpopular. If he is late, his goods may not be accepted, and it is unlikely that he will be trusted again. If he has not built up a stock in the United States, it can be very difficult for him to do his part.

Although American jobbers make profits that are extravagantly high by European standards, they perform an important role in searching for outlets and keeping them well serviced. It is also recognized that most American goods go through similar channels, and that there is very little discrimination against the foreign product (although there is often a slightly higher charge in view of the greater risks involved).

Sometimes the middleman can be eliminated by developing individual organizations, by working with importers who deal directly with retailers, or by undertaking to manufacture in this country, as the Guinness Stout people are now preparing to do.

All these are technical problems for the exporter to tackle and solve if he can. He may feel that the risks are too great to make the effort worth while, or he may feel that high taxation at home and all the austerities and bureaucracies of life in post-war socialist Britain render any profit that he may make worthless. Occasionally it is evident, however, that if there is sometimes very little profit to be gained from exports, there is at least the possibility of increasing production, and thereby reducing prices for the home market.

The response of a great many British manufacturers, and of the British people generally, to the Government's repeated appeals for a great export effort has been on a high patriotic level. To date, the American authorities and many individual American businessmen have adopted an extremely helpful and friendly attitude towards this effort, and have given it all the sympathetic support in their power. Within a year it should become clear whether it is going to succeed, and whether hard work and sanity will prove their worth in this critical area of Anglo-American relations and of world prosperity.



In Yankee from Olympus CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN showed us the decisiveness of that Great Dissenter, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. For the past three years she has been working on a comparable portrait of young John Adams, who was brought up to believe in British rights and British freedom and who in his thirties, from 1765 to 1775, worked to effect a new freedom on this side of the Atlantic. Those ten years were the most important, the most dynamic, of John Adams's life. From the final section of Miss Bowen's book, the Atlantic has selected five installments. The first showed us the Massachusetts delegation to the Continental Congress on the road to Philadelphia in August, 1774. This shows us "John Yankee" in Carpenters' Hall.

YOUNG JOHN ADAMS

Strike for Freedom

by CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

1

FROM Christ Church belfry and Saint Peter's, from Romish chapel and Lutheran, from Presbyterian steeple to the high tower of the State House, Philadelphia's bells pealed welcome to the Continental Congress. Forty-four gentlemen, handsome in powdered wigs, knee breeches and smart black three-cornered hats, crossed the little cobbled court from Chestnut Street to the high, white-painted doorway of Carpenters' Hall. It was ten in the morning of Monday, September 5th, a fine clear day with the heat mercifully lifted and a fresh breeze blowing across the Northern Liberties. The delegates were in good spirits, talkative, friendly. They had met by appointment at the City Tavern and walked in a body through the streets while passers-by fell back, gazing in open curiosity at the distinguished strangers, often giving them greeting or salute.

The business of the moment was to examine Carpenters' Hall, decide if it was to be the meeting place of Congress. Joseph Galloway, Speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly, was expected to make a formal offer of the State House (later called Independence Hall) two short blocks up the street -- a building three times as large, very spacious and beautiful within. The question and the choice had a significance far beyond material convenience. As leader of the moderate party, Galloway's influence would be stronger in the traditional atmosphere of the State House. To him, the official home of a great province seemed the logical, dignified place for this Congress to convene. Carpenters' Hall on the other hand was a private building, belonging to the Carpenters' Company, a guild formed early

in the century and by now very powerful in city politics. To choose it as permanent meeting place would be an open concession to the mechanics and laborers, the extreme liberty men who in Galloway's view were already too influential in government affairs.

The east room was the one proposed for Congress. The door was open, the delegates filed in. They found a cheerful, small bright chamber, its walls painted a light buff, with a low, white-paneled fireplace. Morning sun poured through the big windows. There was a desk for the chairman, and rows of hickory armchairs, painted black. Made by the Carpenters, the delegates were told. Most commodious, especially for large gentlemen. Benjamin Harrison of Virginia, whose bulk was magnificent, let himself down into one.

The members settled down, the various delegations in groups together. John, in his chair between Sam Adams and Cushing, reflected that the room was certainly small. Yet its air of intimacy was not only agreeable but somehow reassuring. Looking about him, John was pleased to recognize two thirds of the faces. The Massachusetts men had done well to come a week early; acquaintance with one's colleagues gave one a sense of confidence. Not all the members, of course, had yet arrived. The North Carolina deputies were still on the road; communities everywhere continued to elect representatives.

Among forty-odd delegates, the extreme liberty men could be counted, John noted ruefully, on one's fingers: Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry; Gadsden of South Carolina, Roger Sherman of Con-

necticut, Governor Hopkins of Rhode Island. Stephen Hopkins was the veteran of this convention. Since the Albany Congress of '54, he had been shouting defiance at Britain. He was a fine-looking old man who wore the sober Quaker's dress and broad-brimmed hat; his gray hair hung to his shoulders. John had always admired him; Hopkins could be counted on to speak out when plain speech was needed.

But with so large a conservative majority against them, the liberty men were aware they must be discreet, work diligently to win supporters. They had no definite program. At most they hoped to achieve a blockade of trade with Britain, some plan of commercial nonintercourse strong enough, severe enough, to force repeal of the Intolerable Acts, a lifting of the Boston blockade and a change of the system of colonial taxation. At the worst they feared Congress might rise, in the end, having achieved nothing beyond petitions to Parliament, memorials to the King, and humble appeals to the ministers at London. Sam Adams of course wished for unutterable things, but he was wise enough to know he would not get them. John himself was mistrustful of the efficacy of a commercial blockade.

In Carpenters' Hall someone was speaking, putting a question: Did this Hall satisfy the gentlemen? . . . There was a murmur of approval, and although Duane and Jay, the New York moderates, rose to object, the motion was made and quickly seconded: Carpenters' Hall was to be the home of Congress. Mortification showed plainly in Galloway's face.

2

PEYTON RANDOLPH of Virginia was unanimously chosen President or Chairman; he bowed his thanks and walked to the desk, a plump, slow-moving gentleman of fifty-three who looked sixty in his powdered wig. Members noted approvingly that he was dressed in plain stuff of American manufacture.

Thomas Lynch of South Carolina rose next to propose as Secretary of the Congress "a gentleman of family, fortune and character in this city, Mr. Charles Thomson." In his chair by the window, Galloway started, his long upper lip drew down. Why, Thomson was not even a member of the Congress (thanks largely to Galloway's own pre-election efforts). Again Duane and Jay objected and lost the vote: Thomson was named Secretary, a messenger sent into the city to find and fetch him. Galloway glanced angrily at the Massachusetts men. This morning's work, it was plain, could not have been accomplished without much preliminary maneuvering out of doors. In future he must be more watchful. There was small doubt who was behind this sinister choice of both Hall and Secretary.

Peyton Randolph, calling for order, requested

the delegations to stand in turn while their credentials were read. The two New Hampshire men were first, with Major Sullivan as spokesman. Sullivan was tall, muscular, owed his military title to the local militia; at home he was known as a successful and highly disputatious lawyer. The New Hampshire deputies had been elected, Congress heard now, by eighty-five deputies of the several towns, meeting at Exeter. Their instructions were "to devise, consult, and adopt measures to secure and perpetuate their rights, and to restore that peace, harmony and mutual confidence which once subsisted between the parent country and her Colonies."

Massachusetts came next. Once more the phrase was repeated: "*The restoration of harmony and union most ardently desired by all good men.*" . . . This Congress, John Adams reflected drily, did not lack reminders concerning its essential purpose. *Harmony and union.* . . . Much water had run under the bridge since the writing of the various instructions, early in the summer. The past two months had seen tarrings, featherings, riots, ugly disturbances throughout the continent. The political temper had advanced. On the journey from Boston, John had been surprised, at first, when the Tories gathered to bid them Godspeed. But what other position could a Tory take? Either the Congress was an act of rebellion and should be broken up (something no royal governor felt powerful enough to attempt), or the Tories must take the position that Congress was gathering for pacific purposes.

Rhode Island. . . . Connecticut. . . . The delegations rose in their turn. Roger Sherman's gray-brown hair was cut short all round, above the ears. He looked plain, strong, unbendable as oak. Connecticut made no mention of "peace or harmony." . . . New York — now, here was a strange-sounding election! No House of Representatives, no convention of towns or Committee of Correspondence, had chosen these deputies! "*By duly certified polls, taken by proper persons in seven wards, it appears that James Duane, Philip Livingston, . . .*" New York had no instructions at all. Evidently her constituents preferred not to commit themselves to a program. . . . New Jersey. . . . Pennsylvania. . . . "*For establishing peace and harmony,*" said Pennsylvania's spokesman, sonorously.

Of them all, the fiercest instructions came from the small territory known as the *Lower Counties on Delaware*: Newcastle, Kent, and Sussex. Thomas McKean's voice, reciting them, was vehement; plainly he was enjoying himself. McKean was an old hand at conventions; he had been a member of the Stamp Act Congress in '65. He was an erect man of about forty, carefully dressed and wigged, with a slim figure and a quick, nervous way of moving. He spoke well. . . . "*For taking away the property of the Colonists without their consent.*"

For new-modelling the government of the Massachusetts-Bay. . . ."

Wonderful, thought the Massachusetts men, how the colonies hammered away about Boston, the blockade, the Intolerable Acts, the judges robbed of independence! John wished suddenly that his wife could hear these words. How heartened she would be! No matter what Congress finally achieved or did not achieve, something invaluable, amazing, had already been accomplished. These instructions proved it. The people's determination had balked at no obstacle. Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire (John's old college friend) had done his level best to prevent the election of delegates from his province. Yet here they were, two stout New Hampshire men, sitting not three chairs away.

South Carolina was last to speak. Her instructions were superb . . . "*the acts and bills of Parliament in regard to Massachusetts Bay affect the whole Continent of America. . . .*" As the words emerged, John could scarcely forbear to cheer. Peyton Randolph ordered the doors locked; the real business of Congress was about to begin. Utmost secrecy must be maintained. The members pledged themselves not to divulge by word or letter what transpired. It was suggested that a committee be appointed to discuss procedure.

3

JOHN ADAMS rose. "How are the delegates to vote?" he asked. "By colonies, one vote to a colony? Or by the poll?" (By the poll meant counting heads, with a majority winning.)

It was the question of questions, beside which all other procedure dwindled to unimportance. Congress was bound by the instructions of its constituents. Yet the various delegations by no means represented their colonies fairly as to numbers. Massachusetts, with a population estimated at nearly four hundred thousand, had only four deputies. New York with half the population had five; so did poor, small, thinly populated New Jersey. There was no guarantee that near-by colonies like New York or Maryland would not send a dozen extra deputies any day, to sway the vote for some particular measure. Virginia in all her majesty most assuredly expected to wield larger influence than some small province whose voice, so far, had scarcely been raised for liberty. Virginia was rich and powerful in her own right. Her seven delegates — with one exception — represented large tide-water plantations, shippers of tobacco to Europe and England.

Patrick Henry spoke out, for the mighty colony of Virginia. Important precedents were about to be established, he said. In the councils of America it would be a great injustice if a little colony were given the same weight as a great one.

Major Sullivan of New Hampshire was instantly

on his feet. His voice was rough, loud. "A little colony has its stake as well as a great one!" Governor Ward of Rhode Island was quick to agree. "We come," he said, "if necessary, to make a sacrifice of our all. By such sacrifice the weakest colony would suffer as much as the greatest."

The New Jersey men nodded vehemently. Benjamin Harrison of Virginia stood up. He was a large, slow, luxurious-looking gentleman, beautifully dressed in smooth blue broadcloth, his wig faultlessly curled and powdered. His plantations, as everyone knew, were immense; he had been a member of the House of Burgesses for a quarter of a century. "My province must be granted her proper share of influence," he boomed sententiously. "If disrespect be put upon my countrymen, I am very apprehensive we shall not see them at another convention."

Patrick Henry, who had listened restlessly to his colleague, sprang to his feet. "We must vote by the poll," he said. "Not by colonies! To vote by colonies will defeat the purpose of this Congress." He spoke directly to Harrison. "Where are now your landmarks, your boundaries of colonies? We are in a state of nature, Sir!"

A state of nature. Every man in the room knew the phrase, yet today it struck with most startling effect. In each mind was instantly a vision conjured up by the great John Locke: man in his original state, denizen of the forest, innocent of control. Man in his political infancy, ready to make new compacts, new arrangements of government and sovereignty. In a state of nature, man owed allegiance to none but God, and stood ready to make his "original compact" under no eye but God's. It was a concept that had demolished the divine right of kings, swept a Stuart off his throne. No one present denied its value. Yet the delegates had by no means expected to have recourse to it here in Philadelphia, and on the first day of meeting.

The room was silent, every eye on the speaker. They saw a lean man just under forty, dressed in a plain suit of parson's gray, his brown wig unpowdered, carelessly arranged. Henry's forehead was high, his brows dark and straight. His eyes, blue and very bright, were set deep in his head. About his narrow face was something burning, intense — something dedicated that left no room for self-indulgence. Henry did not pronounce his words as Harrison did, or Washington, but flatly, with a little drawl, after the manner of the frontier. ("Man's nateral parts," he had been heard to say, "are much improved by larnin'.")

Patrick Henry had been a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses a full nine years. He represented an element greatly feared, the rough unorganized democracy of the border. Yet he had won and held the respect of his colleagues. They were proud of him, of his orator's tongue, his fire,

of his extraordinary command of any assemblage — once he began to speak — be it courtroom or legislature. Now they glanced complacently around the room. Even Benjamin Harrison, about to be refuted, looked pleased. “*See now this meteor from Virginia!*” he seemed to say. “*Gaze on this bright comet from the greatest colony in North America!*”

Henry’s right hand was raised. “Let freemen be represented by numbers alone!” he said. “Throughout the continent, government is dissolved. Landmarks are dissolved!” He repeated himself. “Where are now your boundaries? The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, New Englanders are no more. *I am not a Virginian but an American!*”

For a moment he stood motionless, letting his gaze sweep the room. Then he subsided to his chair, took out a handkerchief and wiped his face vigorously. Forty-three delegates sat spellbound, hypnotized altogether. It was crazy, what they had just heard, they knew well it was crazy. An American! In God’s name what was that? *Government is dissolved.* Well, it wasn’t dissolved, not by the length of a constitution. As for landmarks and boundaries, since morning in this little room, men had become more conscious of boundaries than ever in their lives. Boundaries lay rigid between the delegations, tight, crippling as chains, well-nigh impassable. . . . Madness, what this voice had said. Yet in this madness and this man, by God there was contagion!

A chair moved, someone coughed, there was a murmur of voices. Thomas Lynch rose, for the planters of Carolina. He was in his fifties, a little heavy and slow. (“A solid, firm, judicious man,” John had called him.) “I differ from the gentleman from Virginia,” Lynch said courteously. “Something more than numbers must be considered. *Property* must be considered. A compound of numbers and property should determine the influence of each colony.”

John Jay of New York spoke next. He was twenty-nine, a slight, youthful figure. Already there was in his face and bearing something composed, thoughtful, palpably disinterested — something that commanded respect. “I cannot yet think all government is at an end,” he said reasonably. “We are here not to frame a new constitution but to correct the faults of an old one. At this point it is hopeless to determine the comparative wealth, the exact populations of the various colonies. That would be the work of months.” Let the Congress, Jay finished, give one vote to each colony. But let not this method be entered on the *Journals* as a precedent. Let it be a temporary, working arrangement.

Peyton Randolph, the President of Congress, rose behind his desk. It was three o’clock; an adjournment was moved. The delegates left their places and, filing through the door into the hallway,

went out and down the steps, crossed the little court, and walked home to dinner.

Miss Jane Port’s house was on Arch Street near Front, about five blocks from Carpenters’ Hall. Arrived at their doorstep, the Massachusetts men, pausing, could see, over the rise of ground that hid the river, the masts of a great schooner moving to the wharf. Heavy carts rolled down Front Street; there was a smell of tar. Sailors’ voices shouted from the docks.

Things had gone well today, Sam Adams said with satisfaction. Their party had won on two counts — the Carpenters’ Hall as meeting place, and Charles Thomson for Secretary. Their work out of doors last week had not been in vain. “I hope,” Sam added cheerfully, “that Mr. Joseph Galloway is enjoying his dinner. I trust his appetite is not impaired. As we parted today, I bade him a polite adieu.”

The others laughed. But how lofty and to the point had been Mr. Henry’s speech, John remarked. He had taken notes; they were in his pocket. The man’s voice was like an angel’s. Sam shrugged. Very fine, he agreed. Too strong, of course, for the Congress to swallow. Yet an excellent tonic for certain members. He hoped sincerely it would fortify those whose blood was thin.

Sam spoke pleasantly. But he looked tired, his head and hands shook. A large grease spot had appeared by the second button of the beautiful claret-colored coat; the skirts were mussed as if Congress had sat a year. “I am much concerned,” Sam went on gravely, “over this fanatic fear of our New England religion. It means more than appears on the surface. The southern men actually believe we Congregationalists have ambitions to rule the continent. I am sure of it. Something must be done, else there will be real division.”

The four agreed. Still talking, they went in the door. The dark hall smelled strongly of cabbage; it was steamy, close. Miss Jane Port, their landlady, magnificent in side curls and a high starched cap with purple ribbons, darted from a doorway and sank to the floor before them in a curtsy. Startled, the men bowed vaguely and followed each other up the stairs.

4

CONGRESS, next morning, proceeded to its business quietly, with as much regularity as if these forty-odd strangers had been meeting every day for months. Jay’s motion of yesterday was seconded: the vote would be one to a colony. No member, it was decided, would speak more than once on the same point without leave. It was resolved to name two grand committees: one to state the rights of the colonies, the other to examine and report on matters of trade and taxation.

When all this was accomplished — it took, with

other procedure, until two o'clock — Cushing of Massachusetts came forward with a proposal. In view of the seriousness of the emergency, he moved that Congress be opened tomorrow with a prayer. Such was the practice in the British Parliament and in various legislative bodies here on the continent.

John Jay spoke immediately, in strong disapproval. Who could deliver a prayer in this place — an Episcopalian, a Quaker, a Congregationalist, a Presbyterian, an Anabaptist? It was now that Sam Adams stood up. His voice was soft, his manner pleasingly diffident. He was a stranger in Philadelphia, he began. But might he suggest, for such a prayer, a Philadelphia clergyman, Mr. Duché of the Episcopal Church? He himself was of a different religious persuasion. But he hoped he was no bigot. He could hear a prayer from a gentleman of piety and virtue who was at the same time a friend to his country. He had ascertained that Mr. Duché was all of these things.

Every eye opened wide. Sam Adams, moving for an Episcopal prayer? Then it was possible the New England orthodoxy was not so ambitious, unyielding, as they had been led to believe.

The motion for Duché was carried without objection. The room broke into talk. In the midst of it there was a knock at the door. An express rider was admitted. He had an urgent dispatch for the Congress, he said. From Massachusetts. . . . President Randolph took the paper, broke the seal. Alarm showed on his face. He read the message aloud: Gage's soldiers had seized the powder stores "at some town near Boston." . . . The people had risen . . . six men were killed. All the country was in arms down to Connecticut. . . . British cannon had fired on Boston the whole night.

The room sat as if stunned. Every head turned toward the Massachusetts men. "What town?" Cushing asked. Was it Charlestown? Five hundred pounds of powder were stored there. How had the fight started? . . . In the streets? Who fired first, the troops or the people?

The messenger shook his head. He knew nothing beyond the message he carried. The room broke into talk. Horror and dismay were on every face. *War!* The word went from mouth to mouth. Congress adjourned; the members hurried to the street. Ten minutes later, the State House bell tolled muffled, and from across the city, bell towers answered one by one. All afternoon the mournful sound continued. Philadelphia was disorganized, business suspended.

The Massachusetts men had little sleep that night. Next morning, walking to Congress, they were stopped again and again. "Is it war?" people asked fearfully. "Does this mean war?"

It was a dull, warm day, the air heavy, lifeless. In Carpenters' Hall the delegates took their seats. Until this rumor was confirmed they must proceed

to their business, not be shocked into panic. But the news had most certainly raised the temper of Congress. . . . The door opened; the Reverend Mr. Duché walked slowly up the aisle. His black silk robe was bordered with velvet; a clerk behind him carried the Bible. Men looked up, it was obvious they were very glad to see him; this was a morning when every heart desired prayer. Watching narrowly, Sam Adams was well pleased. Among the southern Episcopalians were some of the warmest friends to liberty on the continent.

In the silence, flies buzzed at the windows; on the wall the sun, appearing briefly, made a sharp pattern and faded. Duché took his place before the desk, opened the prayer book, and after reading prayers, looked up, pausing; then announced the psalter for the day — the Thirty-fifth Psalm. He had a voice of great sweetness and warmth; he read slowly, with no show of dramatics: "*Plead my cause, O lord, with them that strive with me: fight against them that fight against me. Take hold of shield and buckler, and stand up for mine help.*" . . .

The effect was electric. Men bowed their heads and wept. Surely, these sacred words had been written for this day, for this company and this hour! Closing the book, Duché broke into an extemporaneous prayer. The members fell to their knees. When his voice ceased, they took their seats again, renewed, heartened.

Congress, rising in a body, gave the clergyman a vote of thanks. "One of the most sublime, catholic, well-adapted prayers I ever heard," wrote Governor Ward of Rhode Island that night, himself a Baptist. A masterly stroke, this move of the New England men, it was everywhere conceded. A generous gesture, one that would be well rewarded.

Two days later, on Thursday, a fresh express rode in from Massachusetts. The rumor of bombardment was false. Boston was safe! General Gage had indeed tried to seize the powder at Charlestown and had placed guns on Boston Neck — something the Province had been dreading for months. The countryside, aroused, had gathered its militia; twenty thousand men were ready to march on Boston. But after making sure their powder stores were safe, they had disbanded without a shot fired. . . . Philadelphia repeated it joyfully. *Not a shot fired!* No blood shed, no lives lost! The relief was profound. Joyful bells pealed across the city. Congress, released from nightmare, breathed freely and, locking its doors, talked once more of policy and peace, of "*the restoration of that harmony and union so much to be desired between the colonies and Great Britain.*"

Very shortly afterward, John had a letter from Abigail, describing the Powder Alarm, as men called it now. Already, John had heard three times from Abby, vivid letters that he kept by him; letters telling of the children — of John Quincy who was reading Rollins's *Ancient History* aloud to her;

of the cows, patient sufferers from the drought; of the meeting of towns in Suffolk County; and of Abby's great longing for her husband's return.

The political news she gave was full and explicit; John began to depend on it, he told her, above all his letters from the north, even James Warren's. . . . Royal warrants had been sent out from Boston, Abby wrote, summoning juries for the courts. Not six miles from town the messenger was overtaken by sixty liberty men on horseback who forced him to get down and burn the warrants before their eyes. . . . Governor Gage was mounting cannon on Beacon Hill, digging entrenchments, throwing up breastworks. . . .

5

THE days passed. New delegates appeared in Congress: Johnson and Tilghman from Maryland, Wisner from Orange County in New York, George Ross from Pennsylvania, and the North Carolina delegation of three. John and Sam Adams represented Massachusetts on the grand committee to prepare a *Declaration of Rights*. There were twenty-two members. They sat in an upstairs room in Carpenters' Hall and met every morning, working very hard, sometimes all day. To ascertain and express the united sense of twelve colonies on this matter of rights was difficult in the extreme. Easy enough to agree that the Intolerable Acts must be repealed, and the Boston Port Bill. After all, it was to protest these measures that Congress had convened in the first place. But when it came to political theory, to the basic principles of sovereignty and allegiance, the committee reached a deadlock. Were the colonies to base their rights wholly on the British constitution and the colonial charters? Or should they include the law of nature?

The *law of nature*, like the state of nature, was as familiar as the days of the week. The "incomparable Mr. Locke" had defined it; so had Grotius, Harrington, Burlamaqui, Montesquieu, and all the great writers on government. The law of nature meant God's law, by which man is born to liberty. By the law of nature, the right to personal liberty was coexistent with man — it was his proud, divine inheritance. No Parliament, no King, could wrest it from him. "I was very strenuous for retaining and insisting on the law of nature," John wrote afterward, "as a resource to which we might be driven by Parliament much sooner than we expected."

But the others were mistrustful. The law of nature was vague, all-embracing; it lent itself to dangerous, rebellious doctrine. In the end, after hours of debate, persuasion, and reassurance, the moderates gave in: "*The deputies declare*" — so read the clause as finally agreed on — "*that the inhabitants of the English Colonies in North America, by the immutable laws of nature, the principles of the*

English constitution and the several charters or compacts, have the following rights: —

1. "That they are entitled to life, liberty & property, and they never have ceded to any sovereign power whatever, a right to dispose of either without their consent."

Any sovereign power whatever. . . . The phrase was conciliatory; it could refer to France as well as England. After all, it was scarcely a decade since the colonies had ceased fighting France. . . . "*Liberty & property*"; in men's minds the words were complementary; one set off the other. Even Sam Adams believed it. A man had a right to his land, to his harvest that was the fruit of his toil, to his chest of clothes, his savings great or small. Rich and poor alike possessed this right, and government existed to safeguard it.

Not without reason had the Stamp Masters of '65 been forced, at peril of their lives, to chant that phrase under Liberty Tree: "*Life, liberty and property! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!*" And it was still the watchword; men were ready to die for it. To alter it by a word would require the passage of two years' time. Now, in late September of '74, some two dozen hard-working gentlemen sat at a table on the second floor of Carpenters' Hall and hammered out, line for line, paragraph by paragraph, the *Declaration of Rights* for all America. . . .

Clause 4: *What authority should be ceded to Parliament?* Should Parliament be permitted to regulate the trade of the empire, and with what restrictions? . . . The New Yorkers attacked the question as if it were new, never broached before. Two Adamses exchanged glances. John stretched his neck, fingered a stock wilted and very damp around the edges. . . . Since the year '61, he and his cousin had thrashed out this problem of parliamentary authority, laboring by speech, pamphlet, and newspaper to convince their countrymen in Massachusetts. In God's name, must they begin again at this late date to convince their countrymen in North America? A subcommittee was formed, to reduce the thing to smaller, more manageable terms. The talk commenced all over again; it spun on and on.

Long before the debate was finished — about a week, indeed, after the committees had begun their work — something happened which strengthened enormously the radical side. This time it was no rumor, no sensational tale of blood and battle. Paul Revere rode down from Massachusetts, bearing the resolutions passed by the convention of towns in Suffolk. Suffolk County was Boston's county, the heart of the Province; Sam Adams had been waiting for these *Resolves*. The scroll was long, covering many pages. Peyton Randolph began to read aloud. The room sat very quiet, recognizing instantly the importance of what they heard.

The Suffolk Resolves were the boldest statement ever made on the continent. They spoke of Britain

in terms of utmost violence . . . "the arbitrary will of a licentious minister. . . . The streets of Boston thronged with military executioners. . . . A murderous law is framed to shelter villains from the hand of justice. . . . Our enemies have flattered themselves that they shall make an easy prey of this numerous, brave and hardy people, from the apprehension that they are unacquainted with military discipline. We therefore advise. . . ."

What Suffolk County advised was even more to the point than her lurid language. Let a strong militia be formed, with every town and district "exerting utmost diligence to acquaint themselves with the art of war." The late acts of Parliament were to be disobeyed, all taxes paid henceforth not to Britain but to the treasury of a provincial independent government, hereby formed. The British-made judges were "under undue influence" and must be wholly disregarded. Clause 14 committed Suffolk County to a thorough program of commercial nonintercourse with Britain, both as to outgoing and incoming goods — "with additions, alterations and exceptions only as the General Congress of the colonies may agree to."

Four Massachusetts men, sitting bolt upright, felt their heartbeats quicken. They scarcely dared look about them. It seemed impossible that Congress would put its approval to such a statement and such a program. . . . "We cheerfully acknowledge George the Third to be our rightful sovereign," Randolph's voice went on (Ah, this might help),

"and heartily recommend to all persons of this community, not to engage in any routs, riots or attacks upon the properties of any person whatsoever; but by a steady, manly, uniform and persevering opposition, to convince our enemies that in a cause so solemn, our conduct shall merit the applause and admiration of the brave and free of every age and every country."

Randolph's voice ceased. The room burst into spontaneous applause. Men rose from their seats, hurried to the Massachusetts delegates, seized them by the hand, congratulated them. In the general confusion, nobody noticed Galloway and Duane, silent in their corner. Congress passed a vote of full approval, entered it in the *Journals* as unanimous — over the stringent protest of Duane and Galloway. "For Congress to countenance such a statement," Galloway said furiously, "is tantamount to a complete declaration of war." Overruled, he and Duane wrote out personal certificates of disapproval, signed them, and exchanged the papers.

And while these loyal gestures to empire were making, four Massachusetts men, the plaudits of Congress ringing in their ears, walked out of Carpenters' Hall and home across the city in the afternoon sunshine, almost overwhelmed with joy. "One of the happiest days of my life," John wrote that night in his diary. "This day convinced me that America will support Massachusetts or perish with her."

(To be continued)



DAY

by WALTER DE LA MARE

WHEREFORE, then, up I went full soon
And gazed upon the stars and moon —
The soundless mansion of the night
Filled with a still and silent light.

And lo, night, stars and moon swept by,
And the great sun streamed up the sky,
Filling the air as with a sea
Of fiery-hued serenity.

Then turned I in, and cried, O soul,
Thank God thine eyes are clear and whole;
Thank God who hath with viewless heaven
Drenched this gross globe, the earth; and given,
In Time's small space, a heart that may
Hold in its span all night, all day!

GI Slums

Unsanitary housing, shacks without toilet facilities and running water, the choice of living in trailer slums or commuting 75 miles twice a day — here are some of the reasons why our Army, Navy, and Air Force personnel are finding home life impossible. AGNES E. MEYER has made an intensive study of the conditions under which we expect the members of our armed forces to live; and the social chaos which she found, makes the blood boil. Encouraged by the Atlantic, Mrs. Meyer, who is the wife of the Chairman of the Board of the Washington Post, is now carrying forward a series of investigations reaching to the roots of the American Community.

WHY MISTREAT THE ARMED FORCES?

by AGNES E. MEYER

I

DURING two years of almost constant travel throughout the country in the war years, I saw army camps, naval stations, and airfields, as well as factories of every description, whose orderliness, discipline, and efficiency made me proud of our country. But from those scenes of technological skill, perfect coördination, and expert leadership I walked out into a social chaos so appalling, inhuman, and disgraceful that I was ashamed of our country. Of course, there were exceptions. Some army installations and some of the new factories were not perfection. Occasionally I found communities, especially in the later period of the war, that were struggling heroically to provide the war-workers or the military personnel with the basic amenities of life. But as a rule I lived day in, day out, in war centers where whole populations were deteriorating physically and morally.

Belatedly government and voluntary agencies did what they could to improve the worst situations. But we never learned how to handle either the mobilization or the demobilization of the home front. When the war ended we were socially as unprepared for peace as we had been for war.

What was the basic reason for this disparity between the expert management, the conservation of human and material resources, that characterized our military installations and factories, and the disregard for human values, for individual dignity and common ordinary decency, that so often prevailed at the very doors of these institutions?

The contrast between our efficient camps and factories and the social chaos that surrounded them during the war was due to the fact that we are technologically the most expert nation in the world but we haven't begun to learn how to apply that technological skill to the solution of our social problems. We are a confused people because we are split personalities. We have forgotten that democracy must live as it thinks, and think as it lives.

The split in our civilization between science and society, between the disciplined expert and the undisciplined civilian, between mechanical efficiency and social drift — in short, between authority and freedom — this is the gap that yawns wide between our military institutions and the people as a whole. The tensions, irritations, and open hostility which exist wherever the armed forces and civilian communities come to grips are just one manifestation of this split that runs through our whole culture. It will never disappear until both sides realize what creates the impasse. The military accuse the civilians of "apathy," the civilians speak contemptuously of "brass hats." Unless both groups realize why their mutual prejudices are so deep, it is futile to make a purely moral and patriotic appeal to them to coöperate with each other.

To reconcile the military and civilian mentality, our military leaders must accept their social responsibilities; and the civilian population, not only near the camps but throughout the nation, must develop more efficient methods of self-government. Both the military and the civilian leaders have the difficult task of bringing our technical and social sciences closer together. Since we shall be obliged to protect our country with armed might for years to come, long-term planning for intelligent, co-operative endeavor is essential to the safety of our country and of Western civilization.

How then are we to begin the process of successful military-civilian coöperation? How are we to overcome the mutual distrust that now exists between these two radically different attitudes and disciplines? How are we going to achieve mutual understanding as a basis for constructive action?

Let us begin our analysis with the social responsibilities of the military. The greatest cause of friction in the military zones has long been the problem of housing for married personnel.

Our war experiences, our urban slum areas, and

the present lack of decent homes for military personnel in many of our communities have shown us again and again that there is no other single factor which can undermine family life and the whole social order more thoroughly than bad housing conditions. In several camp communities during the war, babies died like so many flies, children became ill or warped in character, families were broken up, delinquency and crime were encouraged merely because perfectly decent Americans were forced to live like cattle.

According to the reports on the present military housing situation gathered by the President's Committee on Religion and Welfare in the Armed Forces, those same conditions and those same results can still be found in many of our camp communities. Unsanitary housing, shacks without toilet facilities and running water, and frightful trailer slums are in use: thousands of officers commute as much as 75 miles twice a day because there is no place to live near the military establishments. Here are some of the comments from army, navy, and air force commands: "Ten people lost their lives in army structures last year." "Army personnel live in houses that are unsafe and unsanitary and pay exorbitant rents for them." "The divorce rate is staggering." "We send men out to fly complicated airplanes with troubled minds."

If during peacetime the armed forces are not going to provide adequate housing for their married career personnel, they might as well fold up and forget about national defense. For the married men are precisely those most important to the armed forces. Junior officers and key noncommissioned officers, the professional cadre upon whom the commanding officers must rely for the training of the recruits and for the whole discipline and morale of the ranks, are resigning in droves, and the reasons most frequently given are intolerable housing, the danger that the family might break up or the children suffer permanent harm of a physical or emotional nature. The navy receives hundreds of requests every month for such hardship discharges, and the air force estimates that 59 per cent of all married enlisted personnel are dissatisfied with their living arrangements.

We are spending huge sums to train new recruits to take the place of the married officers who resign. If the replacements have to face the appalling hardships of their predecessors, they too will resign as soon as their tour of duty terminates. This is sheer waste of energy, talent, and money.

But even more important is the question of morale, for this turnover of officers is bound to undermine our whole military organization. I think it was Napoleon who said that an army cannot march on an empty stomach. It is becoming equally clear that a peacetime army cannot live without housing any more than it can march without food. If we try to build up a military force by

breaking up family life, we shall soon have neither an army strong enough to defend this country nor a country that is worth defending.

And into this morally rotten situation we have the hypocrisy to send chaplains to preach the sanctity of marriage and the basic importance to society of family life. It would be far better, if we have to choose between the two, to save the chaplains' salaries and use the money to build homes. For as one navy chaplain said: "The primary obstacle to normal, decent living in the navy is lack of adequate housing facilities."

It is equally futile to preach about coöperative military-civilian relationship when the competitive scrambling for the small amount of available housing space only serves to strain relationships between the two. Cupidity and rent gouging inevitably become the order of the day. The military are enraged by civilian profiteering, and the civilians are indignant because the armed forces are throwing their whole community into disorder.

This horrible impasse cannot be blamed on either of the two groups. The local commandant and the local civilian officials are helpless however hard they may try to alleviate the human suffering that is now a commonplace in their environments. Help must come from the top echelons of the armed services and from Congressional legislation.

2

FOR the first time our military leaders are responsible for a large peacetime system of national defense. The fact that they have not thought through this totally new situation and the social responsibilities it entails can be demonstrated in many ways. The very form of the military budget reflects a lack of serious concentration upon the housing problem. For the fiscal year 1950 this budget carries an item of \$430,000,000 for all construction needs, depots, airfields, administration buildings, and family quarters. That housing is not a separate item is in itself revealing, especially in the light of the fact that the total sum allotted to over-all construction represents only a small portion of the funds required to meet the present housing shortage.

But Congress will have no confidence in a request for adequate funds for military housing unless the estimates for the combined forces are made by people who know what they are talking about. The Army Engineers claimed that it would cost \$20,500 to build a 1080-square-foot row-house until the Bureau of the Budget paired down their estimate. Why, then, could the Atomic Energy Commission build excellent family quarters for \$10,000, just about half as much?

Moreover, each of the three services computes its estimates on a different basis, each service has a different program, and each has a multiplicity of agencies concerned with housing. Only a combined

drive for housing funds, based upon careful estimates and sound principles of administrative procedure, can convince the Congress that housing is a basic need of military preparedness. Therefore, it is essential that a team of expert housing consultants be appointed to unify the housing policies of the three services and to draw up a long-range housing program for the military establishment. Obviously the number of housing units now needed cannot all be built at once. But it should be possible to determine the maximum appropriation that can be expected annually and then to formulate a five- or ten-year construction plan.

Let us also call the attention of the National Military Establishment to the fact that since their total budget of \$14,765,000,000 was voted by the House of Representatives, the costs for food and clothing, for steel and other construction materials, have decreased at least 10 per cent. Why can't a building program for the combined services begin at once with the enormous sums that will be saved next year in the purchase of all supplies?

If the military began a bold and vigorous building program, it would speedily change the attitude of private capital in the adjacent communities. Local contractors and builders have been reluctant to finance construction projects for army posts that only too often proved to be temporary. A military building program would assure the local businessmen that the near-by installations were to be permanent. Then private capital would not only feel safe in entering the field, but probably would put in competitive bids to take over as much of the program as it could get.

For the rapacity which many communities have shown in their treatment of military personnel is due largely to the uncertainty of military plans and to the lack of a long-range policy by Congress on military defense. If a town gets the feeling that a camp may be moved, the desire to profit while the going is good seizes upon everybody. Therefore, stability in peacetime military installations is a prerequisite for stability in military-civilian relations. With adequate housing for married military personnel, constructed by public and private coöperation, the most fundamental cause of friction between the peacetime armed services and the civilian communities would be eliminated.

3

THE local communities also have a long way to go before they can handle with maximum efficiency the numerous problems that arise when vast numbers of young recruits are added to their normal population. With the exception of small towns or cities, most American communities have enough public and private education, health, and welfare agencies to meet any problems, provided these activities are skillfully coöordinated with one an-

other, with the Federal and state agencies, and with the efforts of the numerous voluntary national organizations.

This reorganization cannot take place in a vacuum. There must be a visible hub where all people, including the soldiers and their families, can go for help, and where the wealth of local community services, whether public or private, can be put at the service of the individual without loss of time or energy. The big communities can save themselves much work and save the soldiers many a heartache if they will establish a Community Service Center similar to the Veterans Centers of the post-war period, where the soldier can go for information or advice and where the citizens or agencies that want to be of help to the soldier can find out how best to do it. At the head of this Community Service Center should be a skilled director to keep the competitive agencies and talents coöperating smoothly and harmoniously, a man who knows the city, its facilities, and their functions, and who can direct applicants to the proper agency.

The two main objectives must be to help local civilians and military families work out a satisfactory program of living and to make them feel that they are not alone in this struggle. These objectives can be greatly facilitated and community initiative reinvigorated by an efficient clearinghouse or Service Center, situated not in some courthouse basement but in attractive quarters on Main Street where everybody can readily find it.

Unless the communities make such efforts to create an orderly government, all the endeavors of the U.S.O., the Red Cross, the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., and other national voluntary organizations are just so much froth on a seething cauldron.

Another major focal point for improving the coördination of community welfare services is the public school. When thousands of young married officers and privates invade the local community, it means that the school population is rapidly multiplied. We still have 395 school districts where the children of warworkers and military personnel are exposed to fire and health hazards in overcrowded temporary shacks, some of which Senator Neely recently described as "too poor to be used for any animal." Now more families are pouring into these distressed school districts. "It is only reasonable," said Senator Magnuson, "to require that maximum attention be given by the Federal government to school districts where the Federal government itself has the greatest responsibility."

The bipartisan bill before the Congress, sponsored by ten Senators, authorizing a first year's appropriation of \$150,000,000 for school construction in these areas, should be passed at once. We are now reaping a harvest of crime and delinquency because the schools were shamefully neglected during the last war. But buildings alone will not solve the problem of education in the hurly-burly

of these military zones. Their moral atmosphere can only be fortified if all the religious, recreation, health, and educational resources are combined to make the school a community center with a varied program that will help not only the children but their parents to lead happy, useful, socially integrated lives. The prime objective — a decent standard of living for the whole community — will not have enough driving force behind it unless we Americans recognize that a stable, orderly society is the *sine qua non* of any practical and cultural achievement.

An efficiently organized community is the only protection against the greatest menace with which camp communities are eternally faced. A big military establishment brings a sudden influx of wealth to the adjacent cities, towns, and villages. And wherever big sums of money are at stake, there the forces of evil collect like vultures over carrion. These evils are three in number and they always go together — prostitution, gambling, and liquor. The power and reach of these underground forces are appalling. An illustration of their long arms is the fact that the Nevada legislature not long ago voted to legalize prostitution. Fortunately the governor had the courage to veto the bill.

Don't let anybody tell you that since prostitution cannot be eliminated it is best to segregate it in certain areas. During the war the Public Health Service, coöperating with state and local authorities, closed houses of prostitution near all the big encampments, and after a short period the venereal disease rate dropped markedly. If you condone the existence of organized prostitution, the gambling and liquor rackets also spring up right and left. The whole community then becomes infected with vice, greed, and moral corruption.

During the war, I saw such communities in which the city officials, the army public relations officials, even the churches, were dominated by vice rings. The only time my veracity and good will were openly attacked was when seven clergymen whose town I attempted to clean up by a detailed description of this hell-hole were inveigled — and the local Congressman was inveigled — into publishing a letter in the *Congressional Record* stating that I was a liar whose poisonous pen had bespattered the fair name of their beautiful city. Such an attack could not be ignored. Fortunately I had as usual understated the conditions. So I wrote a real description of what went on in that city, ending with its V.D. rate, which was four times our American average per thousand, and put the article into the *Congressional Record*. I never heard from the seven clergymen again.

One of the many statements given me during the war by experts on the subject of organized prostitution was that of Mayor William F. Devlin of Seattle, Washington, a former police court judge, who fought and won a tough battle to clean up his city: "It is

my contention that houses of prostitution should be closed. It is the only solution of the problem. I am mindful of the fact that many people, even some in authority in military and civilian life, are not of the same opinion, but I have yet to find the experienced man in the medical or military field who has studied this problem who takes a contrary view.

"Because of the money involved, every apparently feasible argument will be used by the profiteers to prove why houses of prostitution cannot be closed, all of which are based not upon the merits or demerits of the case but upon their interest in the continuation of the practice. That leads us to a very difficult problem, namely, that good, law-abiding people are often deceived by these arguments. Such people even pass on these specious arguments to others in the belief that they are true.

"I hope that in this battle to control venereal disease by closing the houses of prostitution we shall be making a permanent contribution to the Nation's program, for in my opinion what is good for the soldier is good for the civilian too. While this problem is vitally important now, the attack on it should be a permanent program carried on to make a better civilization after the war."

You cannot achieve a solution of this problem without enforcement by an honest police force that has the power to control prostitution in taverns, dance halls, and on the streets. Nor can you rely on the military V.D. rate as a sign that the situation is under control. That rate, thanks to penicillin, has been lowered everywhere except in the military installations near the Mexican border. The only defense is a well-organized community that is eternally vigilant and ready at all times to defeat the scavengers that profit from vice.

4

THE best answer to destructive social influences is wholesome recreation that will keep down the number of street-corner soldiers — the boys who just hang around because there isn't a single thing for them to do. The first requirement is plenty of attractive, clean eating places where sanitary conditions are under constant inspection and the food is decent without being exorbitant in price. Don't let the men get disgruntled because they spend most of their leisure time standing in line for a meal.

The management of the local U.S.O. facilities is the next most important item. During the war the efficiency of this organization was very uneven. I have been in big U.S.O. buildings that felt like morgues. The troops hated and avoided them. Unless the people in charge of the U.S.O. recreation quarters like their work, know how to win local coöperation, and put their whole souls into the job, the investment is a dead loss. There must be gaiety, life, music, dancing, cheerful sitting and

sports rooms in these buildings, and particularly a friendly welcome, if they are to be what they should be: the favorite and the most respectable meeting place for the soldier on leave and the young girls of the community.

Above all, the U.S.O. must categorically forbid the breaking up of its recreation halls into Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish Centers. To introduce this divisive influence is deception of the public which supplies the funds for a United Service. In one community where this dishonesty was permitted, the GI's showed more sense than the weak-kneed authorities who wanted to separate the religious groups. The Protestant U.S.O. happened to be the biggest and the most cheerful. So the three groups all congregated there and also admitted the Negro recruits although the city was below the Mason and Dixon line.

The U.S.O. and possibly also the Red Cross should face the fact that the many small Southern towns near big military installations cannot create an adequate, varied, and successful recreation program for huge numbers of soldiers. They just can't afford it. Therefore, these communities should get the highest priority and the finest, most varied equipment furnished by the U.S.O. or any other organization. Otherwise the boys are sure to take to drink in these impoverished communities. And bad liquor at high prices leads to endless trouble.

I also recommend an idea of great value which was carried out during the war by the Y.W.C.A., an organization that deserves the highest commendation for its practical social pioneering. When the soldier's wife and baby come to see him or to join him, they arrive with no accommodations and little money. Sometimes it takes several days before they can find the head of the family. With crowded hotels and exorbitant room rents, these poor women are stranded unless somebody holds out a helping hand. To take care of these helpless mothers with small children, the Y.W.C.A. set up hostels where they could spend one or two or three nights. The children could be left there under supervision while the mothers were looking up the soldier husband or rushing about to find permanent quarters. I know nothing that was a more humane contribution to those first awful days of getting adjusted to a new, strange, and overcrowded community and to good relations between the town and the post.

In all of these problems of adjustment to new social conditions, special consideration must be given to Negro recruits and their families, especially in the South. I have seen Negro troops, nurses, and other personnel spend their whole three days' leave trying in vain to get transportation.

And don't forget that in towns where segregation of our Negro fellow citizens is unavoidable, they also want to eat and to have a good time. The armed services are now meeting the problem of segregation in an honest manner within the military establishments. The treatment of our Negro troops outside the post is just as important to the bettering of race relations. If, for example, the local communities are unwilling or unable to establish adequate transportation for Negro soldiers, then the camp commander should supply extra buses for them.

In other words, in this as in all other civilian efforts to make the enlisted personnel feel at home, the local community must have the constant coöperation of the local military commander. I found during the war that a few of our post commanders understood how to work with the local community leadership. Most of them did not.

All three military services should be given systematic training in the social aspects of camp-community relationships. West Point, Annapolis, and the air force commands should establish educational programs, conducted by our most practical sociologists, in the importance of the social environment to peacetime military operations. Had this been done at the close of the war, our military leaders might have learned more quickly that you cannot dump several thousand families on an already overcrowded community and expect a happy ending to the story. It only makes the armed forces look silly when local camp commanders get the townspeople together, as they sometimes do, and call them a lot of grafters. Rapacity, greed, and profiteering are inevitable when houses are few and applicants are many.

Military leaders should remember, and our country and the Congress should remember, that neither the military personnel nor the local communities are responsible for the fact that they have been forced upon each other, nor for the unsanitary housing to which both the native population and the invaders are now condemned. During the war unhealthy, inhuman, and indecent living conditions could be excused. They can't be excused in times of peace. The armed forces might just as well make up their minds right now that they will never achieve good relations with the civilian population until housing is accepted as the social responsibility of the top military commands and the Congress. The fact that this vital question is being thought through and that a program of construction is being carefully planned will immediately bring more efficient local coöperation into play and transform the atmosphere in every military area throughout the land.



An Atlantic Story



Artist and writer, PATRICK MORGAN teaches art at Phillips Academy, Andover. His painting time he divides between New England and Canada; he has had a number of one-man shows — the most recent, the exhibition of his paintings at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. This story is his fifth contribution to the Atlantic and we take pride in the fact that "The Heifer" (July, 1948) has been reprinted in *The Best American Short Stories*, 1949.

THE CAR THAT BALKED

by PATRICK MORGAN

IT WAS no longer an entirely new car, of course. Still, it was a good one." Hyacinthe rested the scythe on a low branch of the apple tree, mopped his forehead, and took from his shirt pocket a package of cigarette paper and a little yellow bag of tobacco. Apparently we were to indulge in a conversational interlude. The sun was hot, and I moved into the apple tree shadow.

"This car belonged to a man from the South shore."

In our parish, stories of the South shore had to them a distance — a distance of fancy that outstrips any measure of land or sea. The South shore is scarcely ten miles away, and the forest there smells also of spruce. The same sort of people live out similar lives. They hitch an old horse, or possibly still an ox, to the plow, and plant the ordinary grain in their fields. They harvest their lives under the same rugged dispensation of the North, yet they inspire tall stories.

From this exotic shore, then, came a car bought brand-new by some local character. "He was a *commis voyageur*," said Hyacinthe, "who sold here and there along the road, and consequently traveled much of the time. His car was almost his store."

I wanted to say something about mobile units but my French restricted me. I made a gesture instead, signifying mobility if not units.

"His affairs often brought him to the North. He could put his car right onto the St. Simeon ferry, and on this shore he sold as far as Mille Vaches. His selling covered broad territory."

Mille Vaches was some fifty miles up the North shore. I had driven there once and found that stretch of country unwholesome. What towns there

were, were jerry-built without tradition, and the townspeople had little pride in the land to which they had but recently come. This folk was the human residue of new industry. The industry had moved on. The people had settled on the cleared land and now earned money by working on the roads that would carry new people in the wake of advancing industry. "I have been there," I said, "once, but I did not care much for that country and still less for the people."

"It was *justement* from that country and of those people that the girl came," said Hyacinthe.

"What girl?"

"The girl they found in the car with the *commis*. They were parked off the highway up an old lumber road. Beside them was a bottle with some *whiskey-blanc* still in it, unbroken. I do not think that stuff can freeze."

"No, I do not think so either. But the people, were they frozen?"

"Yes. Luckily. They were both frozen, so they could still be accorded proper burial. It might have been much worse since they were found at the time of the thaw this spring. Some people maintain that the car had been there since the snowfall last November; others believe it might be only since the New Year. With so much snow in one season, how can one be sure?"

"I don't suppose one can."

"After the burial certain things began to declare themselves about these two. The *commis* had a bad character already discredited on the South shore. The girl was known there too. It seemed she traveled often with this man, to help, perhaps, with the selling. She held a not entirely virtuous

reputation. If you understand, Monsieur, what that implies. I myself do not," he added, and I believed him.

For our parish did not support anyone of untire virtue. Once there had been an inroad of such an individual, whose stay was cut short by the combined and immediate action of the village *curé* and the young doctor. In less than a day they had run her out of town, and together on the station platform this physician and this metaphysician had witnessed her start back to the city, where harlotry was no concern of theirs.

Hyacinthe reached down the scythe and began to sharpen the blade with a flint stone. "So," he said, "it was this car that I wish I had bought."

"But, Hyacinthe, you cannot drive a car, can you?"

"No," he said. "Yet for a car so nearly new, it sold for temptingly little. I might have borrowed the amount, then learned to drive. But maybe I am better off." He put the flint stone in his trouser pocket and began to cut again. The long, easy strokes laid the grass in orderly swathes. He always managed to have a passage clear for the next stroke.

I tried to think of him in a car, driving. I imagined he would talk to the gearshift as he did constantly to his horse: "Species of obstinate cog-wheels . . ."

2

SINCE his father's death, Hyacinthe had taken over the land that the father and uncle had inherited from their father. The uncle, no longer young, helped part-time. This gave Hyacinthe a chance to work certain days for pay, elsewhere. He had little need for cash, except to implement his dreams of owning a car, for nearly everything he had was made at home or bought by barter. His clothes, his wife had woven or knitted of the wool from their sheep. His *bottes sauvages* were made by the cobbler, a neighbor, who accepted payment in potatoes. He grew his own pipe tobacco, and only invested in cigarette-makings as a luxury when he worked for pay. He had never had much cash at one time, certainly never enough to buy a car.

"Maybe I am better off," he repeated as he came back up the orchard, sweating. "No one has been able to drive that car, regardless of experience."

"Was it of an unusual make?" I asked.

"No, it was not unusual, except that it had been cursed."

"Except that — what?" I said, wondering if I had quite understood.

"Except that it had been cursed," he repeated. "Not by the fact that it had acted all winter as the tomb for those two corpses either. Their death may have been a result of this curse. But it was by no means the cause. Besides, about the dead, I am not superstitious," he added firmly, then spat.

The car, Hyacinthe explained, was sold to pay burial expenses for the dead *commis*. It was bought by a young man of the neighboring parish. Hyacinthe said he knew him and that he was a good hand with engines. He put the car in order, for which the bill had run high — over fifteen dollars. Consequently, with this expense as well as the time spent, Hyacinthe thought I could imagine the young man's disappointment to find he had a car of no service. After going a short distance the car could not be driven further.

"Something," I said, "must not have been in working order," and suggested maybe the carburetor was too technical a contraption for the young man to adjust.

"It was no mechanical defect," Hyacinthe repeated. "After a short distance the car would not seem to hold the road."

"The steering wheel, perhaps," I said.

"Nor that either, for it was not that the car sought to take the ditch. But, rather, that one sensed it would simply not respond. As is the case with some horses," he added.

"Horses often have a will of their own while machines do not."

"But this car has been given a terrible curse by the priest on the South shore. That is why the young man knew it would not hold the road."

"So what did he do?"

"He had nothing left to do but to sell it. By then, however, the whole parish knew the shortcoming of the car and he could find no market for it. I could have bought that car very cheaply."

"Then you would have had a car terribly cursed that you could never drive, even after taking lessons. It is just as well you had no cash, I should think."

"Still, it was an opportunity. One which the mechanic who works at the village garage took. Do you know him?"

"Yes," I said, "if it is Paul." Paul was intelligent and had initiative. He had served an apprenticeship in Quebec, earned money there besides, and now had married and settled down in the village across the street from the garage. "Could Paul not run this car either?"

"You do not understand, Monsieur. No one could run it. Paul, however, who is not only a good mechanic but smart as well, has thought out how to overcome this matter. Of course, he will check the engine first, to make sure. Then he is going to do what I might have done, had I bought the car and been smart. He is going to ask *Monsieur le curé* to bless the car and thereby end the curse that now renders it useless. It may happen that *Monsieur le curé* will be unwilling to *démancher* what the other *curé* has done. It is too soon to know if the car was a real bargain or not."

"Yes," I said.

"Indeed," said Hyacinthe, "everything depends on the *bon Dieu*. Does it not?"



The Atlantic Serial



Robert Dean Frisbie went to Tahiti in 1920, a young veteran of the First World War drawing a veteran's disability pension because of his weak lungs. It was his intent to submerge himself in the slow, delightful current of the island life, just as it was his aspiration to write books of escape. But he was often at odds with himself and sometimes in difficulties with the white authorities. It was Frisbie's good fortune to become fast friends with JAMES NORMAN HALL, and the friendship served him as a beacon in the dark days after the death of his native wife, Nga, when Frisbie found himself alone with the care of their children. A Fund is now being raised for the four Frisbie children, and to it Mr. Hall has contributed the royalties he received for this three-part serial. The Atlantic will be glad to forward the contributions of others who are in sympathy.

FRISBIE OF THE SOUTH SEAS

by JAMES NORMAN HALL

16

I RECEIVED from Frisbie an undated letter written at Suvorov sometime after the hurricane that almost swept away the island.

DEAR HALL: —

As my friend Dr. B., Ph.D., would say: "Describe your material culture." I will describe Suvorov's and the Frisbie family's, now that I've had time to look around a bit. Suvorov's may be dealt with in a word: Bones. It is, in sober truth, the mangled skeleton of the atoll that was. Most of the land the three white men were surveying when the Frisbie family arrived in January is now under the sea or in the bottom of the lagoon. A fragment of Anchorage Island remains, and here I poke around among the debris.

I am really glad that I lost all my household goods. I could have salvaged some of the junk, but, except for a few essential things such as pots and pans, I let it lie. I feel lighter in body as well as in spirit, having lost or discarded the odds and ends that weigh a man down as though they were Christian's burden.

More than anything else I am glad that all my old manuscripts are lost. There must have been a million words of them: monstrous children begotten often enough when I had mistaken the heat of madness for flashes of genius. Now all of the humpbacked, pigeon-breasted, deaf, dumb, mute,

blind-and-halt idiots are gone. Always there was the temptation to borrow from them. When my well-known creative genius lagged I would graft a malformed leg from one of the old children onto a newborn babe that might otherwise have turned into a well-formed offspring, but must now rest forever in the Museum of Monstrosities.

While scrambling over the piles of rubbish where once grew Suvorov's jungle, I would now and again spy a typewritten sheet of paper, all but illegible. Stooping, I would pick it up and read, perhaps, *Ages Long Ago: A Romance*, by Robert Dean Frisbie. I would then drop the paper with a slight feeling of regret, all but lost in a stronger feeling of danger. This paper belongs to the past. Let the past be forgotten, lest it fasten its cumbrous fingers on the future.

But, alas, your letters went with the manuscripts. I had a collection of well over a hundred of them. I used to read them over and imagine that we were together talking as we did in the old days on your veranda at Arué, with a couple of Sarah's tall frosted rum punches on the little table between us. I did find one packet of six letters, of various years. Each of them had something special to tell me, here on Suvorov. In one of them you wrote, "You are two men — Ropati and Robert Dean Frisbie," and you went on to suggest that I suppress the R.D.F. and invite the Ropati.

I believe that I am more than two men — three or four, perhaps. But, Hall, Ropati is the only one that counts. If I die before you do I want you to remember Ropati and forget the others.

17

SOME time after this, Captain Andy Thomson picked up the Frisbie family and carried them to Manihiki atoll, in the northern Cook group. Lionel Trenn, an old friend of the three of us, was then Resident Agent on Manihiki, but shortly after Frisbie's arrival there, Trenn was transferred to the island of Mangaia, in the southern Cooks. Frisbie's next letters were written from Manihiki.

TAPUAIKAHA MOTU, MANIHICI

I don't know what day of the week it is, nor what month, and I am not entirely sure of the year. However, the fishing is fine, and we had a nice fresh rain-bath this morning.

Tapuaikaha Islet is one of about five acres, three miles from Tauhunu Village, on the southwest reef. Johnny [his oldest daughter] is in the Village and I am fretting for her return. Trenn built a house on this islet and we have taken it over since he left. It is nice and lonely. Our only neighbors are sea birds, and land crabs scuttling around in the bush, now and then stopping to poke their eyes out and wave their claws around as though they were semaphoring. The wind moans in the trees, the sea birds squawk, the land crabs click their claws, the reef combers thunder away day and night. Remember the last verse of the poem you sent me from the low island in the Tuamotus?

These are the voices of Roatu:
The roar of the surf on the reef;
The wind in the fronds of the palms,
And the shouts of the children at play.

That's how it is here. The voices of the children are those of Johnny, Jakey, Elaine, and Little Nga.

Lord knows why I am living here except, I suppose, that as the years go by I find it more and more impossible to live among people. I am not working. I have done no work for six months and feel not the slightest desire ever to work again. I am at peace with the world and myself, and am quite content to catch a fish, read a book, smoke a pipe, and teach my children their three R's. But I'm not doing so well with the latter and this worries me. I am not so certain as I was of my competence as a teacher.

My conscience troubles me only with respect to the children, not at all with respect to the indolence of Author Frisbie. I remember that there are thousands of books written every year, some of them as good, perhaps, as I could write. I was not stirred from my tranquillity even when I received

a radiogram from Ober (there's a wireless station here). The message read: "Weeks says Island story superb. Serializing. Ober." Now if Ober had added: "Instead of cash, *Atlantic* sending you boat — exact dimensions Captain Slocum's *Spray*. To be named ESCAPE." ! ! ! ! The exclamation points tell better than words could do what the nature of my reaction would be.

I greatly enjoyed your letter about your schooner voyage with Nancy to the Gambier Islands. I've no doubt that she is a swell little daughter and was a perfect traveling companion. She may be nearly as fine a daughter as my Johnny. Hall, why in heck do we want to write mediocre books when we can create Number One daughters? We don't write, primarily, to make money; our secret hope is to perpetuate ourselves a little way on into the future. Well, haven't we, with our children? *Caramba!* With Nancy Ella and Johnny we have achieved immortality! Why try to win a sham importance through authorship? I tell you truly that every time my work is accepted I feel more than a charlatan — a downright cheat. When I read my work in print I blush to think that I have foisted such tripe on the public. I believe that the only book I could produce without a sense of shame would be one like that I planned years ago. If I bared my soul it would not be a printable book, but I would feel an honest man.

This letter was of the kind I liked most of all to receive from Ropati: when he was at ease and "looking inward" with a kind of amused detachment of spirit. It increased my longing to see him again in the flesh. We continually planned for meetings but something always interfered to prevent our paths from crossing. Nevertheless, we kept our friendship warm and bright by means of letters, although many of them went astray. He finished the one above quoted on the evening of the same day.

This morning I wanted only another helping of Lotii, if that is the plural. Now I am worried again. Why? Because Johnny is back from Tauhunu Village and I am reminded that I have duties to fulfill. Because I am so fond of Johnny she makes me miserable. I know that she should be in school somewhere and I can't send her. She is much more of a European or an American than I am. She has naturally nice ways, fine perceptions, and a sense of integrity. I haven't. The other children are little savages like their dad. Jakey and I get along fine because all we care about is fishing, eating, and sleeping. I don't think he cares a whoop about aesthetic things. When I am enjoying the changes of light and color on the lagoon or palm fronds glinting in the moonlight, I don't mention it to Jakey. Elaine, I think, will have Johnny's capacity for becoming civilized, if ever she has a

chance to learn what civilization is. Little Nga, like Jakey and Papa, will probably remain savage.

My Johnny is nine, so your Nancy must be twelve. Hall, every year for you is one to the good. Nancy is catching up with you; you're not leaving her behind, alone and lost. And Conrad is now sixteen, almost a young man. You should worry! But *I* should, and do, because my children are so much younger. Of course, I am much younger than you are, but my health isn't so hot. However, Andy will soon be coming north again. The moment I see glorious old Andy's gold-toothed smile there will be nothing wrong with my health.

18

CAPTAIN ANDY was one of the few friends that Ropati held in his heart of hearts. He was an unusual kind of South Sea schooner captain. An American by birth, he had been sailing the tropical Pacific since his middle teens. He had gone to sea as a boy, so his formal education had been scanty. Melville said that whaling ships had been his Harvard and Yale; copra schooners — the *Tagua*, the *Tiaré Taporu*, and various others — provided Captain Andy Thomson with his education, and well he had profited by it. He was endowed with a fine mind, and more than thirty years of omnivorous reading during his long sea voyages had given him a wide range of interests; but he was no bookworm. A superb seaman, Andy was loved and deeply respected by his Polynesian sailors, who know what first-class seamanship amounts to. But why do I speak of him in the past tense? He is still hale and hearty, still going to sea, and his stalwart sons, by a Rarotongan mother, have followed his profession. Early in 1943, Ropati and his children returned with Andy from Manihiki to Rarotonga.

In August of that year, my wife and daughter, Nancy, went to California to see our son, Conrad, who was in school near Santa Barbara. Failing other means of transportation, Colonel James M. Quinn kindly and generously granted them passage on a troop transport from the island of Bora Bora, in the Leeward Society group. Colonel Quinn was then in command of the U.S. Army troops occupying the base built at Bora Bora immediately after the Pearl Harbor disaster. Many troop transports, hospital ships, tankers, supply ships, and the like called at Bora Bora on their way to and from islands in the Western Pacific.

I felt lonely in my now empty house and had written Ropati about it.

RAROTONGA, November 10th, 1943

There are only two cures for the kind of loneliness you speak of: reunion with the family, or alcohol. I can sympathize with you. Every time I have been away from my family I have wallowed in the depths of depression, particularly in the

hours of the early morning, upon waking and finding myself alone — no kids neatly dressed, faces washed, hair brushed, to say "Good morning, Papa!" But, Hall, what fools we are! In reality, we are suffering from an unacknowledged form of egotism. If you are like me, you imagine that your children are crying their eyes out for you; adding to their nightly prayers: "And dear Lord, please send me back to my papa!" The chances are that our children don't give us two thoughts a day, or a week. They are going to parties and picture shows, having a wonderful time, free from the inhibiting influences of their dads. I am speaking here only of myself; no doubt it is different in your family.

Just now we are living in a pretty little house in Arorangi Village, not far from Andy's place. We have no servant. Johnny and I do the cooking and the other children help with the housework. Johnny is getting to be a big girl now, and she has a mind of her own. At the present moment she is doing the family ironing. Like her dad, she is restless and wants to be on the move; but the restlessness is chiefly due to the fact that there is no picture show here. She became addicted to the vile habit of movie-going when she was with me in Fiji. I wish I'd never taken her to Suva. Imagine the effect upon the mind of a child whose life, until then, had been spent on Puka Puka.

Did you ever try writing a novel that you knew in advance was worthless? That's what I'm doing now. Not in the hope of buying the boat. Why think of that any longer? I need food for the family, and store teeth for the dad to eat his share with.

Three years later this novel, published by Doubleday, Doran & Company, appeared under the title *Amaru*. I recognized it at once as a story that Frisbie had tried to write a dozen years earlier. Either he had salvaged that old manuscript from sodden wreckage on Suvorov, or he had remembered enough of it to do what he had resolved never to do again: "graft a malformed leg from one of the old children onto a newborn babe." The result was, as he had feared, another exhibit in the Museum of Monstrosities.

About this same time in 1943, George Weller, an American war correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News*, arrived at Tahiti to recover from malaria and poisoned feet, contracted in the jungles of New Guinea and Bougainville Island. He had come via Rarotonga, where he had become acquainted with Frisbie. He gave me some disquieting news about Frisbie's health and a touching account of his relationship with his children. Johnny, he said, although only ten, was the responsible head of the family and looked after her younger brother and sisters far better than her father was able to do.

In January, 1944, I followed my family to Cali-

fornia and remained in the U.S.A. until the early autumn of 1945. During this time Ropati and I lost touch, and it was not until the end of the year that I heard from him once more.

NAVY DISPENSARY, TUTUILA, November 25th, 1945

Off and on, I've been in hospital since the first of last April. Three times I've been so close to death that I know what it is like to die. They have given me seven blood transfusions, and I have lost count of the plasma and dextrose. The trouble has not been definitely diagnosed. I get better, as I now am; then, without warning, I become dizzy, faint, and lose as much as a gallon of blood in one hemorrhage. The only thing that really worries me is the fate of my children if I die. It is appalling to think of my beloved Johnny becoming a little whore on the streets of Pago. They don't make daughters any finer than Florence Ngatokorua (Johnny) Frisbie.

Oh, for the peace and stillness of Puka Puka. This dispensary is a madhouse. Think of it! Every day at noon they turn on the radio and it blares on until ten at night. And they play nothing but the awfulest tripe. I really believe that Bob Hope, Charlie McCarthy, *et al.* are causing my hemorrhages. Oh, Hall, I gotta get out of here!

Johnny and Jakey have just returned from a voyage around the Samoan group. They had two nights ashore at Swains Island. Their report makes me determined to go there. I saw it for a day in 1935. Lord give me strength to make it once more!

Frisbie had come to Samoa from Manihiki, in a Navy plane, at a time when it was thought that he was dying. The children followed him later, also by plane, a great adventure for them. As with so many thousands of island children, the war had completely altered their way of life. Children who had never seen a ship larger than a copra schooner became suddenly familiar with great ships-of-war, submarines, tankers, troopships, hospital ships, to say nothing of aeroplanes. They lived as did their parents, in a kind of daze, not knowing which was reality: the old changeless life in which from birth to death their horizons were the same circles of sea and sky, or the new life suddenly foisted upon them when so many were shunted from place to place and from island to island as the necessities of war demanded. In the case of the Frisbie children, it was their father's health that demanded these changes. He was in a precarious condition throughout this year, sometimes in hospital, sometimes living in the village of Samatau, thirty miles from Apia. From this latter place he wrote, on March 31st, 1946: —

I have been fairly well for two months. I find it possible to work for about three hours every other day. When I am strong enough it is important

that I help Johnny with her book. We expect it will be finished on her birthday, July 19th. I will then make a clean copy for her and mail it in August. So, what with being somewhat weak and my attention concentrated on transitions, chapter subjects, topic sentences, and general editing for Johnny, I have had no time to work on my own. However, *Dawn Sails North* is half done, and I expect to finish it between September 1st and December 31st. Now that I am again a teetotaler, I find that, even with my hours curtailed, I can do more and better work than formerly. But of course it is Johnny's book that interests me. Hall, Johnny is making the grade where I have failed, as a writer. Recognition of this fact has given me a new lease on life. I mean to live on, now, to see her grow and develop. She's young, of course, only thirteen, but shows wonderful promise as a writer. Her story is the simply told story of her life. In the first chapter she repeats what her mother told her of her birth in Tahiti. Then, in Chapter Two . . .

Ropati went on to outline Johnny's book, chapter by chapter. He rejoiced in her odd English expressions, in the way she mixed English with Puka Pukan speech. She was not yet able, of course, to think in English, but that would come. Meanwhile, here she was, about to publish her first book when only thirteen years old. Her life was all before her, and starting a career of authorship so early, she would go far. If anything should happen to him, Johnny would be able to support her brother and sisters by writing. If this first book were a success, and it would be, plans were already made for the second. It was to be a child's book called *Jerry, the Small Breeze*, telling of the dangerous and exciting adventures of a cat's-paw of wind, always trying to escape from the Big Wind who would swallow him whole. In the end the Big Wind catches him, and he finds that the frightful Ogre is no more than a great company of little breezes like himself.

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I RECEIVED one other letter from Ropati, in 1946, written from Samatau.

I am still here, living on a diet of milk and oranges which is doing me more good than all the doctors and their panaceas. They nearly killed me in Pago. Johnny is with me just now, working on her book. We don't know just where and how to end it. Maybe something will work out, like my conveniently dying to bring it to a proper climax. I have met here an English woodcut artist who is writing a book about his six-month voyage through Polynesia, to be illustrated by himself. I could have given him some pointers about where to go

and what to see, but his attitude toward me is so plainly and obviously contemptuous that I snapped into my shell like a hermit crab. He regards me as a sort of beachcomber author, wearing a tinsel halo of "Romance." Why is it that I haven't the personality of an author? I suppose it's because I am not respectable. No one but you, myself, and Johnny takes me at all seriously.

Enough of this. I'll hope to receive a good letter from you by Andy, with all the news from Tahiti, particularly news about yourself, Sarah, Nancy, and Conrad. Wouldn't our children be surprised if they knew of the deep and genuine interest taken in their welfare by their fathers' old friends? Or perhaps they would think it quite natural. I haven't seen Conrad and Nancy since they were little more than babies, and you have never seen my youngest three. If only I could go to Tahiti, sit on your veranda, and dispute with you the privilege as to who does the lion's share of the talking! Here I feel spiritually blighted. It is only keen interest in Johnny's book that keeps me going.

Hall, we've *got* to meet once more, somewhere, somehow.

I, too, longed for this meeting. World War II had ended, but instead of the expected renewal of trade in the Pacific, steamship lines resuming their old schedules between continents and inter-island services being re-established once more, the great Mother of Oceans seemed to have expanded to what she had been in the days before Wallis and Cook and Bougainville had explored her solitudes. Personally, I liked this, although the all but complete dearth of shipping was attended by a good deal of inconvenience to people living, supposedly, in the twentieth century. I had often feared that the world was shrinking to the size of a withered orange, and with the tremendous advance made in aviation I had expected it to shrink still more, after World War II. Just the contrary happened. There was far more shipping — in the eastern Pacific, at least — one hundred years ago, in the days of the whaling ships, than there is today. As for planes, in so far as French Oceania is concerned, they might never have been invented. Americans, who take it for granted that the whole world is air-minded, should visit French Oceania, supposing that they could find some means of coming here. The Polynesians of a thousand years ago had better methods of communication. Nevertheless, letters did occasionally — and still do — reach their destinations, sometimes in the same year in which they were posted. A letter from Ropati, from Letogo, Western Samoa, and dated January 6th, 1947, reached Tahiti in May of that year. I was then in the U.S.A.

Years ago when you returned from Iceland, having failed to write the book for Harper, you told

me that a man is a fool to take money in advance for work. I have been guilty of that same foolishness. I accepted a \$2000 advance from Doubleday, and not a day's peace have I known since. I am continually worried lest *Dawn Sails North* fail to come up to scratch. For the past two months I have written virtually nothing. Now, in desperation, I am moving the Frisbie family back to the Cook Islands. If we can get to Mangaia, the setting of Part III of the story, I believe I can finish the damned thing, after a fashion.

Johnny's book, *Miss Ulysses from Puka-Puka*, has been with the *Atlantic Monthly* for the past six weeks. I'm afraid it's a washout, due to the fact that Robert Dean Frisbie, mortal enemy of Ropati-Tané, did too much meddling with it.

We have been living here on a cattle ranch where they have horses to ride. There is a picture show twice a week, and a pretty good school. The kids have been very happy, but I'm a sick man, Hall-Tané. I hope to last two or three years longer, for their sakes, but I think it unlikely. I have never recovered from all those hemorrhages. Six months or a year in the U.S.A. might help. I could turn myself over to the Navy doctors in Pago Pago; and since I am a "veteran" of World War I, they would be obliged to send me home. But where could I leave the children? There is no one this side of Puka Puka that could, or would, take care of them should I leave, or die. This is why I want to return *soon* to Rarotonga. Should I die here, Johnny's immediate fate would be ghastly. From the Cook Islands the children will at least be able to return to Nga's relatives on Puka Puka. They will lose all that I have been able to give them in training and schooling, but at least they will be able to live as healthy savages. Who knows? The Puka Pukan kind of savagery might be far better for them than the "civilized" savagery prevailing in the world today. Certainly, they would not be living under the frightful conditions of the waifs and strays in Europe.

Hall, I am so weary and weak. If only I could get my old energy back! I enclose a snapshot of myself and the four children. Aren't they a fine lot? Do you wonder that I'm proud of them?

Here is some good news and I am not able to enjoy it as I want to. *Amaru*, the story that you have not yet written me about, has been translated into Swedish. I have just received a copy of the Swedish edition, the finest job of printing that I have seen. The paper is exquisite, the type attractive and clear. It is a far better job of book-making than they do in the U.S.A.

Now for the second item of good news. Madame Gazel, wife of the French Minister to New Zealand, is translating my *Book of Puka Puka* into French. She found a copy of it by chance in the library of the cargo steamer in which she sailed from San Francisco to Auckland. Having learned my where-

abouts, she wrote, asking permission to make the translation, which I gladly granted. In another letter received from her recently, she writes that the work is nearly finished. And she further says:—

“As a writer you show true talent. The whole life on the small island of Puka Puka is depicted in an amazingly vivid way. I seem to know Mama, old William, Sea Foam, and the other characters. You have the same talent of the *raccourci* which I admire in our French writer Colette, describing a scene or a character in a few words.

“What a pity that you have not written more! But it is never too late to do this, and I have hope of being your translator once again. I cannot tell you how great a pleasure the work gives me.”

How's that? I have talent. I am being translated into the foreign languages, including the Scandinavian. I'm a bit surprised about *Amaru*. I didn't think that was so hot. But if Sweden likes it, far be it from me to complain.

The photograph enclosed was the first I had seen of Ropati's children and the first of himself since one he had sent me in 1929 when *The Book of Puka Puka* was published. There was a woeful contrast between the Ropati of 1929 and the one of 1947; it told me, far more poignantly than the letters had done, what he had gone through. His hair was still thick and dark, but the face was that of a youthful old man. It was haggard and drawn, with an expression upon it of deep suffering. But in his eyes there is a look of pride as he sits in the midst of his children with his arms around the shoulders of Little Nga and Johnny. The children are sturdy, healthy, bright-faced youngsters, a family that any father might well be proud of. Jakey and Nga show more of the mother's blood, Elaine and Johnny more of the father's. Ropati had described them so well in his letters that it seemed to me that I would have known them for his children even though he had not been sitting with them and I had come upon the photograph by chance. Johnny's face in particular interested me. I could well understand why she was the very apple of her father's eye.

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I WAS again in the U.S.A. nearly the whole of the following year. My daughter, Nancy, was married in Santa Barbara on April 5th, 1947. I sent an announcement of the wedding to Rarotonga. Some months later I received the following letter:—

Hall, I wish I might have been there, but it's just as well that I couldn't come. What would I be doing in a church named All-Saints-by-the-Sea? As far as that goes, how did *you* manage to get in, even for the marriage of your own daughter? But

I must have been there in spirit, even though I didn't know the wedding was forthcoming. Now that the announcement has come, I have pictured the ceremony down to the small details.

I wish I could, somehow, give Johnny three of my years and make her seventeen. Her book will soon be published by the Macmillan Company. If it sells well, maybe Johnny can stake her dad to a trip to the U.S. Six months up there would do me a lot of good, and I want Johnny to have it, to straighten out her sense of values. Lord! but I do want her to go north. It seems to me that the past fifteen years of my life have been lived solely for her. She is a strange and remarkable girl, Hall. She is very beautiful, I think, and not in the least vain or self-conscious. She is modest, self-reliant, and has a strong sense of responsibility. She takes care of the house, does all the cooking and three quarters of my typing. I am writing this letter, but she does most of my correspondence. In a month or two she should be pretty good in short-hand; then I can lie back for good and dictate my next book. Her tastes are like mine, and so she helps me a great deal in my writing. She is able to sense the moods I try to express and helps me to do so.

In fact, she is the only interest I have in life just now, so I find little pleasure in writing about anything else. But this doesn't mean that I do not love the rest of the gang. I dote on them. They mean just as much to me as Johnny so far as love goes; but from Johnny I have intellectual companionship as well.

I'll write again when I have finished *Dawn Sails North* for good and all. It has been impossible to write letters the past two years. When I try to, a sort of blocking psychosis sets in and I am unable to think clearly.

Anyway, old friend, I hope we may meet once more, this side of the Stygian Creek.

I returned to Tahiti at the end of 1947, and found a letter from Ropati written less than a month before, and mailed in the Papeete post office.

DEAR HALL:—

I came with Andy on the *Tiaré Taporo*. We both thought you were home again. I know how you will feel when you read this letter, and you can imagine how I feel writing it. I went as near to your house as the bridge over the little stream on the west side. I sat on the parapet for half an hour, but I couldn't go into the house without you there.

Andy and I have been here for about three weeks. He couldn't wait, of course, and we learned that you and Sarah would not arrive until around New Year's.

Tahiti was like a “Lost Island” to me, after an absence of fifteen years. Of course there were the

same glorious mountains. Most likely they look no different now than they did when Polynesians first saw them, a thousand years ago. They are not even conscious of the human insects living on the fringe of lowland around the coast. I found no friendly fellow insect except good old Spies. All the rest were *fonctionnaire* insects; Papeete seems to be crawling with them. I don't wonder that they want to get away from France, but the Tahitians must be fed up, having to pay for their transportation halfway around the world and to support them after they get here.

I walked along the waterfront. It was good to see the copra schooners and cutters still moored there. I saw two or three tolerable small boats, but I'm no longer interested in them.

I hate to leave this note, but you'll know we've been here, so I guess I'd better.

A few months later I received a letter from Captain Andy, telling me of the Tahiti visit and how Ropati had wandered aimlessly along the streets of Papeete, looking for a few old friends. "With Nordhoff, Jones, and Russell dead and you not there, Ropati was like a mute at a funeral. His health is none too good, but he has been taking better care of himself lately. His eldest daughter, Johnny, has grown up to be a lovely girl. Some day I hope she'll marry a first-class fellow who will make her a good husband. She deserves the best."

Ropati's last letter was written from Rarotonga, in September, 1948. The greater part of it was concerned with Johnny's book, which had been published earlier in the year by the Macmillan Company under the title *Miss Ulysses from Puka-Puka*. He then mentioned his own manuscript that he had been so long in finishing.

After working two and one-half years on *Dawn Sails North* and producing a minor *Moby-Dick* — or, anyway, a book nearly as long — Doubleday compelled me to delete 250 pages and add more plot. Having advanced me money, they had me by the what-you-call-'ems, and I couldn't, with honor, refuse. So, if you read *Dawn Sails North* — and I can't recommend it — bear in mind that it's not the book I wanted it to be.

After these many years I've taken your advice and am reading Chaucer. I didn't suppose I could, but I'm surprised to find how easily I learned his English. I still read Proust. Recently I finished Volume VII, *The Past Recaptured*. It was my fourth rereading of the whole work. Now I'm going to give my set to a friend and keep on with Chaucer. It looks as though I'd gotten mixed up in my reading, going from the twentieth century back to the fourteenth. You know how I feel about Proust, but I have to admit that there's more health in a page

of Chaucer than in the whole seven volumes of Proust. And health is what I need just now.

21

ONE day late in November, 1948, I went into Papeete to do some errands. There was a crowd of people on the waterfront. I learned that a wireless message had been received only an hour before, announcing the arrival of a U.S. Navy plane coming from Samoa, and bringing the French Inspector of Colonies to Tahiti. The plane, routed via Rarotonga in the Cook Islands, was expected at any moment. We soon sighted it, far off to the southwest. It made a beautiful "landing," so-called, in the lagoon, and the pilot boat went out to bring the passengers ashore. Among them was my old friend George Weller, of the Chicago *Daily News*.

When I recovered a little from my surprise and pleasure at seeing him, Weller said: "Hall, I've bad news for you. Robert Frisbie is dead." He had no details, for the plane had remained at Rarotonga only long enough to refuel. He had not seen Ropati's children, but had met my friend Lionel Trenn, whose hastily written letter George had brought.

Weller was obliged to go with the Inspector of Colonies to call upon the Governor of Tahiti. During his absence I went to the park by the waterfront to read Trenn's letter. Ropati had died very suddenly only ten days before. Trenn concluded: "It's a sad blow for all of us here, and especially for his children. A Rarotonga woman has taken them into her home for the present. You will not be surprised to learn that Ropati died penniless and deeply in debt."

Although I had long prepared myself for such news, the preparation counted for nothing. His last letter had been received only a month before.

It was in this same park that we had sat, talking, throughout the afternoon on the day of our first meeting nearly thirty years before; and by the sea wall fronting the park he had tried to dream his boat into reality. I could hear his voice, saying: "She's sturdy. Nothing for speed, but that doesn't matter. I'm in no hurry. And the important thing is that I can handle her myself." Many a time during the intervening years I had seen her there, a phantom ship, waiting for him.

Now he was standing by the sea wall, no longer old and sick and weary, for Death had transfigured him. Young Ropati, the Dreamer, was ready at last to embark. He unmoored his phantom ship, drew in the varnished gangplank, hoisted sail, and steered for the passage to the open sea. He turned to give me a farewell wave of the hand. I watched the little ghost-ship growing smaller and smaller as he headed west-by-north for the ghost of an island — Suvorov; or Frisbie's Island, as he had loved to call it.

(The End)



poetry earlier this year, for his volume *Terror and Decorum*. This summer he traveled through Europe on a Guggenheim Fellowship, completing his second book of verse. Scribner's has just published his new book of prose, *Conservatism Revisited*, which he calls "a cultural and political credo for the West." Mr. Viereck holds the combined posts of Associate Professor of History at Mount Holyoke and Visiting Lecturer at Smith.

PARNASSUS DIVIDED

by PETER VIERECK

I

AN UNUSUAL variety of new books of poetry has appeared in recent months. In a comparative reading several superlatives suggest themselves. The most important book of 1949 is the *Complete Poems of Robert Frost* (Holt). It is — to make a point-blank value-judgment — the year's "best" by any American poet. The most exciting new book to come from abroad is Edith Sitwell's *Song of the Cold* (Vanguard). It is full of surprises for those critics who had pigeonholed her work as gorgeously irresponsible and hermetically "l'art pour l'art." She confutes her classifiers by writing movingly about such immediate social problems as the war and the atom bomb.

Edith Sitwell is a "difficult" poet. Unlike the cultists of deliberate opaqueness, hers is the legitimate and ultimately rewarding difficulty of a deep pool rather than the meaningless obscurity of a shallow and muddy puddle. In her latest book, which differs from her more ornamental earlier work, the reader is not forced to choose between form and content; he will be delighted with both. The vivid metaphor-crammed form and the profound ethical content are equally attractive. Occasionally the welding process that unites them — the acetylene torch of the conscious craftsman — seems too mechanical. But when a seamless welding does take place, the result is marvelous poetry. Edith Sitwell sings of the evil "cold in the heart of Man." Equally she exults (in "Three Poems of the Atomic Age"), "I cry of Christ, the ultimate Fire" who will burn this cold away. This, too, is the theme of "Metamorphosis," the most compelling incantation: —

So, out of the dark, see our great Spring begins
— Our Christ the new Song, breaking out in the
fields and hedgerows,
The heart of Man! O the new temper of Christ, in
veins and branches!
He comes, our Sun, to melt the eternal ice
Of Death, the crusts of Time round the sunken
soul. . . .

By far the most controversial book of the year is Ezra Pound's *Pisan Cantos* (New Directions). He wrote it while imprisoned for his anti-American radio broadcasts to our soldiers in Italy (among whom was the reviewer). During one of the most crucial wars of history his talks attempted, quite unsuccessfully, to incite mutiny against our Commander in Chief, faith in fascism, and sympathy for Hitler's anti-Semitic mass-murders. Far from being an ivory tower of pure esthetic form, as one would gather from many reviewers, the *Pisan Cantos* explicitly proclaim this same political ideology. The book attained two additional superlatives: it was for most readers the most incoherent and incomprehensible book of the year, and it received the highest financial award for verse, the Bollingen Prize of \$1000. I shall discuss it at length later.

Robert Frost's name is rarely heard among the exquisites of *avant-garde*. His poems are like those plants that flourish in the earth of the broad plains and valleys but will not strike root in more rarefied atmospheres. The fact remains that he is one of the world's greatest living poets. Frost, W. H. Auden, Wallace Stevens, and William Carlos Williams are the contemporary poets in America whose styles are most intensely original, most unmistakably their own. Of the four, Frost is the only one to be widely read in terms of general circulation and the only one who has never been adequately subjected to the Higher Criticism of the *doctores subtilis* of the Little Magazines.

On first reading, Frost seems easier than he really is. This helps account both for the enormous number of his readers, some of whom like him for wrong or irrelevant reasons, and for the indifference of the coteries, who become almost resentful when they can find no double-crostics to solve. Frost's cheerfulness is often mistaken as smug, folksy, Rotarian. This fact, plus his reputation for a solid New England conservatism, frightens away rebel youth and "advanced" professors.

In truth, his cheerfulness is the direct opposite of Mr. Babbitt's or even of Mr. Pickwick's. It is a Greek cheerfulness. And the apparent blandness of the Greeks was, as Nietzsche showed in his *Birth of Tragedy*, the result of their having looked so deeply into life's tragic meaning that they had to protect themselves by cultivating a deliberately superficial jolliness in order to bear the unbearable. Frost's benign calm, the comic mask of a whittling rustic, is designed for gazing — without dizziness — into a tragic abyss of desperation. This is the same eternal abyss that gaped not only for the Hellenes but for such moderns as Pascal, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Baudelaire, Kafka. "Pascal," wrote Baudelaire, "had his abyss that followed him." In the case of this great New England tragic poet, the desperation is no less real for being a quiet one, as befits a master of overwhelming understatements. His almost too smooth quietness is a booby trap to spring the ruthless doubt of the following typical Frostian quatrain: —

It was the drought of deserts. Earth would soon
Be uninhabitable as the moon.
What for that matter had it ever been?
Who advised man to come and live therein?

Or ponder upon the following four lines, where again the meaning sneaks up on you imperceptibly and leaves a sense of ephemeral human smallness in the eons it takes for the sun to burn out: —

The play seems out for an almost infinite run.
Don't mind a little thing like the actors fighting.
The only thing I worry about is the sun.
We'll be all right if nothing goes wrong with the
lighting.

Or this: —

A voice said, Look me in the stars
And tell me truly, men of earth,
If all the soul-and-body scars
Were not too much to pay for birth.

Let those who consider Frost obvious or superficial brood a bit upon the last line of "Never Again Would Birds' Song Be the Same." Consisting only of simple monosyllables yet subtly musical and full of "the shock of recognition," that concluding sentence is perhaps the most beautiful single line in American literature, a needed touchstone for all poets writing today: —

He would declare and could himself believe
That the birds there in all the garden round
From having heard the daylong voice of Eve
Had added to their own an oversound,
Her tone of meaning but without the words.

.....
Moreover her voice upon their voices crossed
Had now persisted in the woods so long
That probably it never would be lost.
Never again would birds' song be the same.
And to do that to birds was why she came.

Many writers have described nature's brutal threat to mankind, but rarely with so strong a metaphor as Frost's description of the hills of earth in "Sand Dunes": —

Sea waves are green and wet,
But up from where they die,
Rise others vaster yet,
And those are brown and dry.

They are the sea made land
To come at the fisher town,
And bury in solid sand
The men she could not drown.

But the poem ends with hope, for man remains free to think. This hope is based not on the pollyanna of easy optimism but on the tragic wisdom of those who through the ages have not only stared into the abyss but have outstared it. This is probably the final message of Frost's *Complete Poems*.

A word about his metrics and his diction. Frost is one of the few poets today who dare use contractions like "as 'twere" and "e'er." I don't care for this sort of thing, especially in a poet who makes a point of catching the idiom of everyday speech. But I don't let this annoying anachronism spoil my enjoyment of him. Equally old-fashioned, but this time in a better sense of the word, is the fact that his meters scan with a beat-by-beat regularity, usually in the form of rhymed iambic pentameters. In this connection, do not overlook his thoughtful preface on poetic techniques and meters.

Frost's stubborn conventionality of form makes many young poets and readers think his is also a conventionality of meaning. On the contrary, he is one of the most original writers of our time. It is the self-conscious *avant-garde* rebels who follow the really rigid and tiresome conventions.

2

THE versatile Rolfe Humphries, who has a new book of poems this year, is equally well known as a critic, novelist, and translator. His translations of Garcia Lorca and (with Malcolm Cowley) of Louis Aragon seem to me, along with Ludwig Lewisohn's translations of Goethe and Bowra's of Russian poetry, the most brilliant translations of our time. Nevertheless, it is as a poet that he most deserves to be read. Proof of this is his *Wind of Time* (Scribner's) with its serene classical rhythms. Long after our ephemeral trumpeters are forgotten, the lovers of beauty will be listening to the quiet flawless music of Rolfe Humphries.

Very few American readers have heard of Mrs. Elizabeth Daryush, daughter of Robert Bridges, the late Poet Laureate of England. Her *Selected Poems* (Swallow Press and William Morrow) may remedy this. The first three stanzas of the second poem in the book show her delicate music at its best: —

O strong to bless
human misery,
sweet lovingkindness
comfort thou me;

thou who alone
mortal hurt canst heal,
most merciful one
to thee I kneel.

Though man may set
his soul to harsh ill,
despising thee, yet
thou lovest still.

Such poems have a small perfection. If one does not like her style (and most American reviewers did not), one can underline the word "small"; if one does like her style, and I'm inclined to, one can underline the word "perfection." Equally good is the poem "Still-Life." Yet its end is spoiled by a couplet of cloying coyness which an anti-feminist in poetry would call all too feminine: ". . . even the unopened future lies/like a love-letter, full of sweet surprise."

The book is full of elisions like "o'er," "'neath," and "e'er," used far more obtrusively than in the case of Robert Frost. On the part of a less skillful craftsman, this would be a ruse to save a beat and make the line scan. On her part, it is occasionally that, but usually only a harmless, though not admirable, leftover from the nineteenth-century fad of pseudo-archaisms. However, I must register protest when, to get one syllable out of the trisyllable "movedest," she writes the unpronounceable word "mov'd'st." Such an abomination would never take place if poets recited their work aloud.

Another twentieth-century poet with a nineteenth-century diction is Siegfried Sassoon. His *Collected Poems* (Viking) begins with the poems about World War I, already deservedly famous in America and found in all anthologies. Then the book gets progressively duller and ends by being embarrassingly unfascinating. Even the satires of the later part are smug, somehow complacent — paradoxical as a complacent indignation may seem.

Some critics have tried to explain Sassoon's decline by saying that only war inspired him to his best abilities. But the poems dealing with World War II seem the flattest and most conventional of all, despite the inspiration and excitement of the theme of England standing alone in 1940. What a contrast with the bitterness — not irrational, irresponsible bitterness but mature disenchantment — of his World War I poems! The latter are not in the least dated. More contemporary in tone than his poems of the forties, they amply justify the purchase of this book. Consider the vigor — what Yeats would call the "savage indignation" — compressed into the following eight lines: —

The House is crammed: tier beyond tier they grin
And cackle at the Show, while prancing ranks
Of harlots shrill the chorus, drunk with din;
"We're sure the Kaiser loves our dear old Tanks!"

I'd like to see a Tank come down the stalls,
Lurching to rag-time tunes, or "Home, sweet Home,"
And there'd be no more jokes in Music-halls
To mock the riddled corpses round Bapaume.

A short new book by Robert Hillyer adds a different dimension to his already established technical skill. Except for his "Epistles," he is best known for his very short lyrics and for his traditionalist craftsmanship in manipulating intricate rhymes and meters. His *Death of Captain Nemo* (Knopf) is a new departure. It is a single long poem, reflective and narrative, in unrhymed iambic pentameter. Blank verse here conveys a magical variety of rhythms and — thereby — of human moods, ranging from lines of hovering loveliness to the strong final crescendo of the closing page.

Conrad Aiken between 1915 and 1920 composed a series of long philosophical poems, subtitled "symphonies." These were published separately. Yet he conceived them as component parts of a single work to be called *The Divine Pilgrim*. Under that title it is appearing this fall (University of Georgia Press), as it was originally intended, with the addition of a single, relatively short later poem, "The Changing Mind." In this form, it can be surveyed for the first time as a single poem, which Houston Peterson called "one of the most ambitious and monumental of the past half century."

Thus surveyed, it is far from being an American equivalent of *Faust* or *Peer Gynt* though of that genre. In that sense the book is more "ambitious," to quote Mr. Peterson, than "monumental." Its divine pilgrim, despite the author's aim to represent Man, is merely man. He is merely a pilgrim, rather than *the* pilgrim of Goethe or Ibsen. Let us, instead, defy Conrad Aiken's intent and see the book not as a whole, nor as a sage's mellow wisdom, but as a series of separate passionate moods. So doing, we discover that these are among the most moving lyrical fragments of at least "the past half century." I have read aloud a half dozen times with growing enthusiasm the wistful, melancholy passage beginning: "It is morning, Senlin says, and in the morning." The emotional richness of Aiken's mood of introspection is summed up in the fine closing lines of "The Pilgrimage of Festus": "And joyously into the world of himself set forward/Forgetting the long black aftermath of pain."

3

THE Bollingen Prize for the best American poetry of 1948 was awarded in early 1949 to Ezra Pound's *Pisan Cantos* by a committee of the Library of Congress. The committee included Eliot, Auden,

Tate, Aiken, Shapiro, and others equally eminent. Amid the public indignation that followed, Auden and Tate wrote letters to the magazine *Partisan Review* (April and May, 1949) defending the award on esthetic grounds. They vigorously repudiated the book's fascism and anti-Semitism. Karl Shapiro, America's outstanding poet of World War II, had been against the award and had written an equally vigorous letter expressing his minority view: —

The jury that elected Pound was made up partly of Pound's contemporaries, those who had come under his influence as impresario and teacher, those who had at some time made declarations of political reaction, and those who had engaged in the literary struggle to dissociate art from social injunction. The presence of Mr. Eliot at the meetings gave these facts a reality which perhaps inhibited open discussion. For reasons of personal loyalty, which one must respect, and for reasons of sectarian literary loyalty, which one may or may not respect, few poets anywhere are in a position to say what they really think of Pound's work.

While Shapiro was scrupulously fair to both sides, other protests went too far, absurdly accusing the Bollingen committee of fascist sympathies. The sympathies of the committee were not with Pound's politics but with the widely held argument (an unhistorical and unpsychological argument) that artistic form can be considered apart from its content and moral meaning. The committee's official press release included the following key point: "The Fellows are aware that objections may be made to awarding a prize to a man situated as is Mr. Pound. . . . To permit other considerations than that of poetic achievement . . . would in principle deny the validity of that objective perception of value on which any civilized society must rest."

Does this argument dispose of opponents of the award by making them appear to be the bigoted, unobjective enemies of "any civilized society"? Or, on the contrary, is not the evil of this book's Nazism the real menace to poetry, to objectivity, and to "civilized society"? Even if the form were esthetically attractive, as the pro-Pound school alleges, even then beauty is banished by the moral ugliness basic to the content, the ugliness of such lines as the following: "The yidd is a stimulant, and the goyim [non-Jews] are cattle in gt/proportion and go to saleable slaughter"; "Pétain defended Verduñ while Blum was defending a bidet"; "Geneva the usurers' dunghill/Frogs, brits, with a few dutch pimps."

The political message of the *Pisan Cantos* is: the war was caused by the Jews, whom Pound reviles as "usurers," "loan swine," "David rex the prime s.o.b.," as well as expressions more unprintable. The war, he argues, was a Jewish plot: this also was the thesis of Adolf Hitler. And this is what Pound

preached over Mussolini's radio in talks directed at the American troops. In view of such sentiments and remembering the six million Jews gassed or burned by our Nazi enemies, the critic William Barrett asked a question that thousands of American poetry-lovers are echoing: "How far is it possible, in a lyric poem, for technical embellishments to transform vicious and ugly matter into beautiful poetry?"

No truly elegant *avant-garde* critic, reviewing Pound, dared mingle his praise with qualms about the immoral political message or the almost complete unintelligibility of the non-political bulk of the poem. This irresponsible qualmslessness about immorality and about unclarity is the result of two prevalent attitudes, originally liberating and refreshing but by now exerting a despotism of their own. The two attitudes are: first, the triumph of detailed textual criticism for its own sake, scorning "the heresy of paraphrasing" a poem's meaning and content; second, the pushing of Eliot's famous statement that modern poetry must be "complex" into a literary reign of snobbism where critics are afraid to object to obscurity lest they be called insensitive middle-brows.

This reviewer is influenced in his own poetry by the criticism of Eliot, Tate, Ransom, Cleanth Brooks, and is perhaps more grateful to them than are their endless imitators. But he considers most of their admirers and "schools" to be like the second generation of any successful literary or political revolution: earnest, sterile, pedantic epigones. These epigones have turned the anti-philistinism of their masters into a new philistinism as dead-wood-conventional as the nineteenth-century clichés that their masters rightly overthrew. Marx said, "Je ne suis pas Marxiste." Freud dreaded the Freudians. Similarly, Eliot and other idols of the "modern" critics, "modern" poets, and "modern" English departments ought to ask: Who will protect me from my protégés? A man's worst enemies in such a case are not his contradictors but his parrots.

For the record and to do justice to the pro-Pound case, I want to stress that among the countless ugly pages were a dozen lines of power and loveliness. These include the "pull down thy vanity" passage and the truly superb music of this lyrical interval: —

Tudor indeed is gone and every rose,
Blood-red, blanch-white that in the sunset glows
Cries: "Blood, Blood, Blood!" against the gothic
stone
Of England, as the Howard or Boleyn knows.

Then the brief spell snaps. Off he goes again, sometimes into fascist propaganda but more frequently into the utter incoherency of what Yeats called the "nervous obsession, nightmare, stammering, confusion" of the poetry of Ezra Pound.

Charles Morgan...

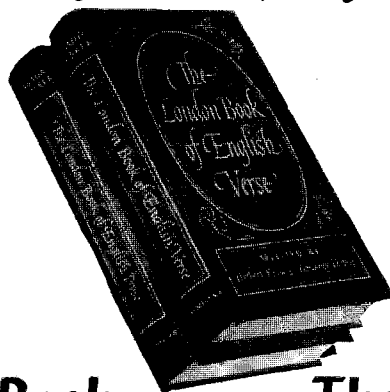
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THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

FOR a good many years, my wife and I had been looking for a summer hideaway. I mean a quiet spot within commuting distance of Boston, within easy reach of the sea, and if possible hidden from the week-end traffic; and of course it had to be small and inexpensive if it was to be operated on a literary budget.

We found it in 1940. On a back road walled with trees and so narrow that two cars can barely pass, we discovered a three-acre wood lot with a barn, a cottage, a guesthouse, and a pigsty which had been converted for the use of a sculptor. All this on the rising flank of a rocky ridge, two miles from the beach and station, yet in its quietude seemingly as remote as a camp in Maine.

Our three acres are shut in by the trees. We have oaks, the oldest of which are over a century, a fine cluster of weeping beech, pine, hickory, a good many scraggly ash, and a few hemlock transplanted by former owners and now lugubriously blocking the view. The place had been untenanted for several years; and once the carpenters had left, our first impulse was to let the sunlight in and do what we could for the growing things. The grass plot in front of the cottage was crisscrossed with mole tracks and half choked with moss. So we sent samples of the topsoil to the State Agricultural College and received back from them this terse report: "Have seldom seen soil sample so devoid of plant food."

We couldn't afford to truck in tons of good earth, but we had leaves to burn, and instead of burning them we banked them up in a damp place. The sculptor in his day had constructed three small pools which he used to exhibit his fountain figures. The figures have now departed, but the pools lent themselves to rock gardening and, to the nervous delight of our spaniel, proved a wonderful seedbed for frogs. In small clefts of the rock face, ivy and

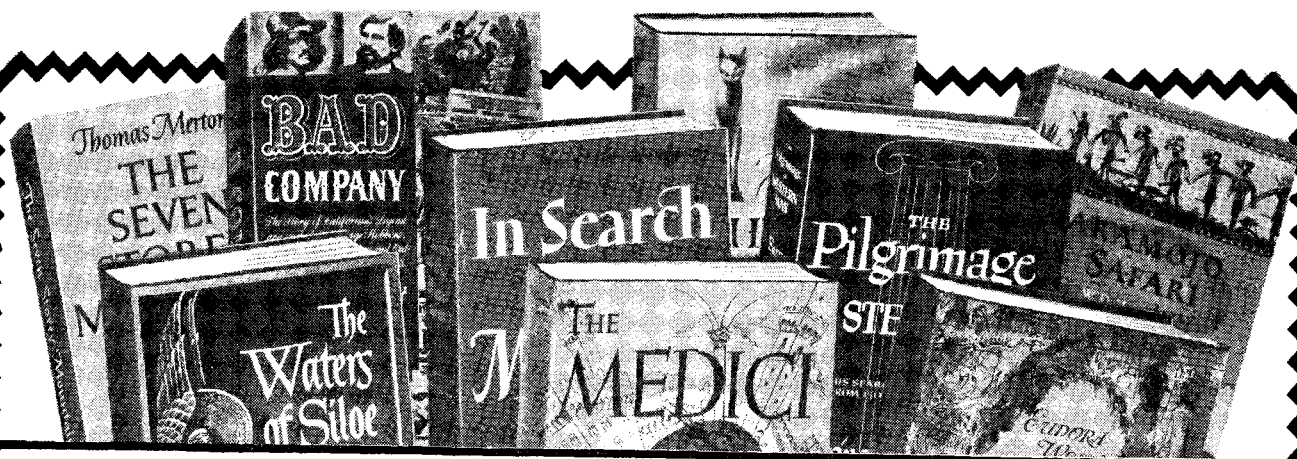
tuberous begonia flourish. And out of fissures so small you don't see how the root could have taken hold, two rugged little pines and one elm of about four feet are sprouting. Daffodil and lady's-slipper have found a foothold on the composted grass plot. Fern form a natural fringe at the base of the guesthouse; and if we didn't use the pliers, the bittersweet would strangle every small hemlock within reach.

But the trees are our most precious crop. They give us our shade and our privacy and the green dome of quiet. We were worried about them when we first moved in, for they looked underfed. The tree doctor who answered our call said that indeed they were. His men lopped off the dead limbs of our oaks, tarred the scars, and dug circular trenches at the base for better breathing. We told him that new tips of the oak branches had been falling to the earth as if nipped by a borer. "That's right," he said, "they've had the oak borer in them for decades. But they look pretty healthy; they seem to be holding their own." He left us with the feeling that there wasn't much more we could do.

This summer, at last, we "dusted" the wood lot to keep down the mosquitoes. A Piper Cub did the job, flying just above the treetops. The DDT not only gave us a two-month immunity from mosquitoes but on the day of the dusting it ejected thousands of the borers from the oaks. The tiny beetles descended from the branches on their spidery threads, gluey masses of them which perished as they reached the ground. Not a pretty sight but it made us feel better about the oaks.

What hope for our forests?

I can't tell yet how many trees we've lost from the long drought. Part of our screen on the rockier slope beyond reach of hose or sprinkler has had to come down. The oaks there were sickly last autumn and the winter finished them. They were blackened, greenless skeletons when we first saw them in the spring. This moraine ridge which follows the shore line from Boston to Essex has retained some magnificent woods ever since the country was settled. But I sometimes wonder if we are not seeing the last of the best of it. The great band of pine running from Montserrat through Pride's Crossing and reaching its greatest majesty in Essex was cruelly treated by the two hurricanes. Now as the big new road bulldozes its way through the trees their remoteness, which was part of their safety, is gone. Instead of pines, we shall have fried-clam stands, overnight cabins, or a portable



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house with a sign like this to beckon you in: "Just-a-mere Cottage."

I don't want to sound too gloomy but I wish those of us who care for trees were better organized. I wish for an organization like the vigilantes who could alert each community to the threatened danger before it was too late. The Dutch elm beetle is quietly chewing its way in our neighborhood — destroying, as it always does, the oldest trees first. Yet last year when we attempted to rally enough interest to fight this invasion, people just weren't interested. It seems to be an American habit to take our resources for granted and not to worry about them until they are gone. On my fishing trips to the Miramichi in New Brunswick and to the Kennebec mountains in northern Maine, I have seen the billions of feet of white birch dead or dying. I guess there was nothing we could do about that, the blight hit so fast. But I have also seen Maine townships (most states would call them counties) whose virgin growth had never felt the axe until 1946. Then those forests were ravaged by a lumber company. Nothing was left for reforestation and when, after the long drought, fire struck the brush, you can imagine what a desolation remained. This in the year 1947 and in a state which is justly proud of its beauty. The scars of the forest fires on Mount Desert should be a reminder to anyone in Maine that our forests need protection — more protection than many of our states are willing to give them.

"Men," wrote John Evelyn in 1664, "seldom plant trees till they begin to be wise, that is, till they grow old, and find, by experience, the prudence and necessity of it."

To those who share my interest and indignation, I heartily recommend *Trees*, The Yearbook of Agriculture for 1949. It is published by the Department of Agriculture and sold by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D.C., at the very reasonable price of \$2.00.

This is an opportune book and one of the handsomest big books I have held in my hand this year. It has been compiled and edited, as Secretary Brannan says in his Foreword, with "the conviction that a basic resource is a national trust." It opens with a decorative end paper mapping the Forested Area, the National Forests, and the Shelterbelt Zone of the United States, Alaska, and San Juan; it closes with a superb vacation guide, describing the special features — the game, the fish, the hiking trails, forest camps, accessibility, and area of every forest in every state; and in between are more than a hundred short chapters, illustrated with color photography and black and white, touching every vital phase of our forest life and informed with the knowledge, the warning, and the graphic experience of the experts in each region. Forest Renewal, Taming a Wild Forest, Four Billion Feet of Beetle-Killed Spruce, Wildlife in the Small Woodland, and Dutch

Elm Disease were the chapters I chose to read first, but there are scores of others to suit your climate and interest.

No trade publisher could possibly have printed so compendious and beautiful a book at such a low price; the taxpayer helped finance this, and he should read and be proud of the result.

Lee's surrender with sound effects

The collapse of Lee's army on that starved, dizzying, desperate retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox is the setting **Scott Hart** has chosen for his short novel, *Eight April Days* (Coward-McCann, \$2.50). It was a hectic time: Union cavalry were slashing at the railroads, and Lee's provisions — as was so often the case — did not come through; weakened by siege and desertion the army had dwindled to less than 30,000, and companies were down to ten men in charge of a corporal. Lee's only chance was to retreat, picking up stores as he went, for a possible juncture with Joe Johnston, whose army was in flight before Sherman.

Against this setting Mr. Hart high-lights the misfortunes of two couples: the half comic, half pathetic affair of the sutlers — "Old Pine," a camp follower, great-hearted and loud-mouthed, and her "Mr. Baker," a cowed, convalescent veteran whom she is prodding back into the army; and on the higher level, Judith Crosland, the Yankee wife of a Confederate captain, whose insufferable loneliness on the abandoned plantation has caused her to betray her husband. The two couples are flung together in that final week. With Judith we can sympathize, remembering as we must the effect of long separation in the Second World War; and the magnanimity of Old Pine we must admire since it offers the only solution.

It was the author's intention that one mood should lead to another — that our pity for the lovers should deepen our awareness of the tragedy of the South. But the story falls short of pathos and far short of tragedy because it is overwritten. This was indeed a hectic time. Civilians and soldiers were driven as in a delirium and the author is right in trying to make us feel this; where he is wrong is in piling on theatrical words and phrases. His people never talk — they "shriek," "yell," or "scream." About the only characters who lower their voices are the pregnant woman and the drunken doctor. On facing pages (102, 103) I count five *yelled's* and four *screamed's*, and the bedlam concludes with this description of Old Pine: "Her great body shook, and tears bounced down her big face." That is excessive writing and it leaves us skeptical, just as does this account of Captain Crosland: "The action at his feet broke his depression. A laugh flew like a rock from his mouth." The use of violent phrases does not necessarily produce the effect of violence.

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the burial of the baby, Phil Crosland's talk with Judith, the comedy between Mr. Baker and the gouger Piggy Biggs. Old Pine I never quite believe in, though I like her best when she flares out. But when Mr. Hart writes his next novel about the Civil War, as I expect he will, I hope he will remember the understatement with which Clifford Dowdey described the burning of Richmond, and the genuine emotion which Margaret Mitchell aroused when she wrote of Atlanta.

A houseboat on the Styx

Ever since I first saw one of Ma Green's paddle-wheelers churning down the Mississippi on its way to New Orleans and the Mardi Gras, I have flirted with the notion of taking that boat trip in congenial company. This very voyage, though with a more touching ending than the Carnival, is the theme of **Robert Nathan's** new novel, *The River Journey* (Knopf, \$2.50). Mr. Nathan has long been one of my favorite poets. Few writers can match his command of the simple but exquisite sentence charged with meaning. His pages have the effortless lucidity of Housman's lyrics, and so often they surprise and touch the heart.

In *The River Journey* he tells us the story of Minnie and Henry Parkinson, a middle-aged childless couple. For twenty years they have lived in Steubenville with, as Minnie thinks, "nothing to be ashamed of, and nothing much to remember." And then one afternoon in May, a little after three o'clock, Minerva Parkinson comes out of Dr. Bliss's office in the Grain Company Building and starts up the street. She was smiling, but Mr. Nathan writes: "It was a fixed smile of embarrassment, for she had just been told that she was going to die." She has about a year and she wants it to be one which Henry really will remember. So, to the shock of Mr. Blakeny, the town banker, she sells her bonds, and proceeds to buy and outfit a houseboat on which she and Henry can make the river voyage that he has long dreamed of.

Minerva has courage: she never lets Henry know, and so the doom back of her words, held back because she won't confess, gives the reader a double meaning in what she says. "I need to live a whole life, in just a year," she says to herself, and she sets out to do it. And Henry, whose life she had been wearing out "like a gentle grindstone," begins to rejuvenate in the audacity of their trip. He fishes and he steers, he worries about the snags and is doubly comforted when they tie up the *Myosotis* in safety each night. And when at Nebraska City they are joined by Mr. Mortimer, who says he knows the channel and who has with him a blonde young lady who worked in the local hairdressing salon, the Parkinsons, instead of being shocked, are rather grateful. At this point the reader must take over and surrender as Minerva does to the steering of Mr. Mortimer.

Reader's Choice

BY

HARVEY BREIT



IF THERE is such a thing as a beautiful justice (and William Faulkner meant precisely such a thing in his wonderful story called *A Justice*), it is the Melville revival. That Herman Melville is being read again and written about is "a justice" in as profound a way as when people began to listen to Bach again, or to look at the art of Giotto. It is more than that an abstract, esthetic balance has been restored; it is as though a wound has been healed as well.

Melville had once written: "I love all men who *dive*." He had gone deep — both downward and upward — in *Moby-Dick*, in his great book that was at once his sea epic and his cosmogony. America in 1851 had been indifferent — and Melville had been sorely hurt. How else explain the writing that came after, the difficult and angular *Pierre*, the brilliant short pieces that yet were lacking in heart? In truth, Melville no longer dived; he had gone underground.

A sea change

A few times over a subterranean period of some thirty years Melville breached: there were *The Confidence Man*, *The Encantadas*, *Benito Cereno*, and — a few months before he died — the very great *Billy Budd*. But it is to *Moby-Dick* that the critic and critical reader voyage again and again. It is the magic, the work of art, the one American novel that in scope, in weight, in depth, in drama, has no master, not even when it is measured by the immensities of the art of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. And what comes to the most definitive work of its kind on *Moby-Dick* is the book by **Howard P. Vincent** entitled *The Trying-out of Moby-Dick* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00). "Of its kind" because Mr. Vincent does not try for a critical evaluation, nor does he engage in literary analysis; for the author of *The Trying-out* these are points of departure — *Moby-Dick* belongs in the true and momentous realm of great art. What Mr. Vincent undertakes is a study of the transformation in Melville "of actuality into truth," the specific artistic process that transforms the unformed experience into the formed work of art.

For many of us the findings of Mr. Vincent will be revelatory. Like all great art, *Moby-Dick* pos-

During Charles J. Rolo's absence abroad the *Atlantic* has asked Harvey Breit of the *New York Times* to act as its guest reviewer.

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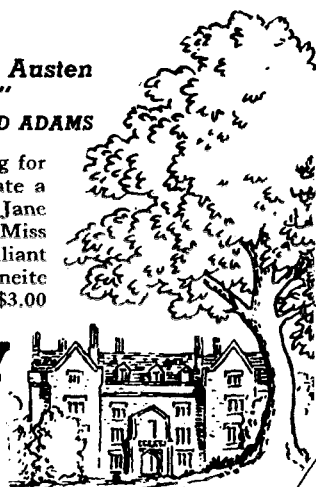
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sesses the quality of unencumbered creation, of the expression of the powerful imagination at work on the raw experience. But Mr. Vincent says no; and though other writers on Melville have said no—in particular Charles Olson in his brilliant *Call Me Ishmael*—no writer has said it so authoritatively and with so much documentation. Mr. Vincent demonstrates beyond any measure of doubt that Melville leaned heavily and consistently on at least five books: Beale's *Natural History of the Sperm Whale*, Bennett's *A Whaling Voyage Round the Globe*, Browne's *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise*, Cheever's *The Whale and His Captors*, and Scoresby's *An Account of the Arctic Regions with a History and Description of the Northern Whale Fishery*.

T. S. Eliot once wrote that the immature poet imitates and the mature poet plagiarizes. Goethe to Eckermann, before Eliot, said: "If you see a great master, you will always find that he used what was good in his predecessors, and that it was this which made him great." Melville, when he wrote *Moby-Dick*, was both mature and great, and so acted: he borrowed and lifted, plagiarized and used. But Melville took his predecessors' science, their cetology, and stretched it, made it taut with meanings and moral significances that the borrowees never dreamed of. Mr. Vincent brilliantly gives the proof.

Or, again, as Mr. Vincent writes: "Melville could take an inch of suggestion and make a yard of dramatic narrative." From Bennett's simple "Nothing satisfactory is known about the duration of pregnancy in the whale," Melville reconstructed one of the most fabulous seascapes, which included his famous passage: "Some of the subtlest secrets of the sea seemed divulged to us in this enchanted pond. We saw young Leviathan amours in the deep."

Mr. Vincent shows that the magic of *Moby-Dick* is not only that. There is deep satisfaction in such a discovery. We salvage something from the irrational, the unknown, when we realize that the mystery is based on hard work, on conscious study and deliberate planning. We learn to enjoy the fact that "mad" William Blake wrote many versions of a poem, like any sound craftsman; that Shakespeare "reworked" old dramas, perhaps those of Thomas Kyd. Man may thus become less divine, but he becomes truly immortal. The wonder in



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Moby-Dick is that Melville took so much of the literal, made so sound a vessel from which he could dive so deep.

This is not the entire story of *The Trying-out*. Mr. Vincent makes other points: that *Moby-Dick* had been begun as pure whaling; that somewhere in the middle of his traditional tale, most likely through the interactions of Shakespeare and Hawthorne on his sensibility, Melville changed his plan and over his original, as it were, mounted his moral drama.

The first sections of *The Trying-out*, dealing with these points, are the weakest; other authors had dealt with them, and Mr. Vincent, through lack of documentary evidence, tends to become overzealous, repetitious, overanxious even. And he exhibits in these parts a curious failure of proportionate values. He can state: "It was Melville who was destined to write the whaling equal of Dana's masterpiece [*Two Years Before the Mast*]," though he says somewhere else that *Moby-Dick* is "rich and complex above any other novel in American literature." This failure, or defect, is visible in small ways: in bringing to bear on the giant Melville such artists as César Franck, Prokofiev, Epstein. It is a kind of literary gallantry in Mr. Vincent that, nevertheless, gives one a feeling of uneasiness.

None of this is true in the subsequent, and more important, sections. When Mr. Vincent advances from speculation to the documentary, he is richly at home and his defects are shed. And the scholarly work takes its place as one of the most important and deeply entertaining illuminations of this greatest of American novels.

The critical Cather

Willa Cather, who undeniably wrote exquisite novels, has been brought out in an unusual self — that is, not as a novelist but as a critic — in a small volume called *Willa Cather on Writing* (Knopf, \$2.25). In her preface to *The Best Short Stories of Sarah Orne Jewett*, Miss Cather wrote: "If I were asked to name three American books which have the possibility of a long, long life, I would say at once: *The Scarlet Letter*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and *The Country of the Pointed Firs*. I can think of no others that confront time and change so serenely." "Serenely" may well be the word for the last of these novels; though I should say Miss Jewett's novel hasn't confronted time and change at all.

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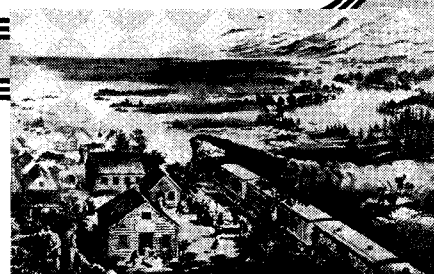
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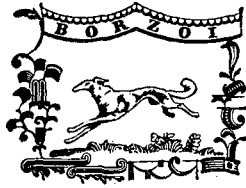
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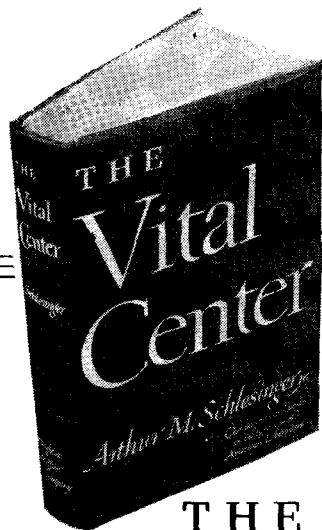
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It is to me a mark, though not a fatal one, that Miss Cather does not mention *Moby-Dick*. It is not a surprise. Miss Cather was indeed a highly "personal" writer, and she exercised taste of a highly personal sort, rather than critical acumen. And yet one would prefer to see taste and discernment grow together. I do not think they did in Miss Cather. Her preoccupations in these brief pieces—four letters, an essay called "The Novel Demeublé," four prefaces, "On the Art of Fiction," an appreciation of Katherine Mansfield, and so forth—do not confront time and change serenely; they confront time a little garrulously, and change has all but passed them by.

Miss Cather, for one thing, was waging a war against realism. In "The Novel Demeublé," her most considerable essay in the collection, she observes: "There is a popular superstition that 'realism' asserts itself in the cataloguing of a great number of material objects, in explaining mechanical processes, the methods of operating manufactories and trades, and in minutely and unsparingly describing physical sensations. . . . Is the story of a banker who is unfaithful to his wife and who ruins himself by speculation in trying to gratify the caprices of his mistresses, at all reinforced by a masterly exposition of banking, our whole system of credits, the methods of the Stock Exchange?"

Up to this question Miss Cather is playing a strong hand: she is singling out those boring minutiae, and heaping ridicule on the Zolaesque notion of transforming quantity into quality. But then she grows overconfident and asks: "But are the banking system and the Stock Exchange worth being written about at all? Have such things any proper place in imaginative art?"

Melville himself gives the answer. Mr. Vincent, in *The Trying-out*, grasps what Miss Cather failed to know: "In a strange and remarkable way, our quickly and easily acquired information about harpoons and lances, whaleboats and lines, blubber and bones, the pursuit of the whale and the flight from the whale, informs us so thoroughly and profoundly concerning whaling life that we identify ourselves with the *Pequod* crew as they abandon themselves to the delirious pursuit of the albino whale so soon to destroy them." It is a fact that readers are tied to a strange world aboard the *Pequod*; readers are also tied to fever



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charts and lung phenomena in Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*. In both cases the cataloguing, the explanations, the methods, contribute vitally to the construction of a world and, equally vitally, to our understanding of the persons who inhabit it.

Surprisingly, Miss Cather persisted in her "sophistication." She cites Balzac as a possible refutation of her thesis, and then repudiates the possibility. Balzac, she says, needs to be blue-penciled, and adds: "But where is the man who could cut one sentence from the stories of Mérimée?" Then, does Miss Cather take Mérimée over Balzac? Miss Cather rejected D. H. Lawrence for a similar reason. It is to be doubted that Miss Cather had her critical eye on the main problems.

She reacted to what was an obviously temporary excess as though it were a crucial and permanent dilemma of literature. In her preface to Stephen Crane, in one paragraph she gets off the following related phrases in her war against "realism": "I doubt whether he ever spent a laborious half-hour in doing his duty by detail—in enumerating, like an honest, grubby auctioneer," "but he never tried to make a faithful report of everything else within his field of vision, as if he were a conscientious salesman making out his expense account," "and they have been doing it ever since: accounting for everything, as trustees of an estate are supposed to do." As to Crane himself, Miss Cather writes: "He is rather the best of our writers in what is called 'description' because he is the least describing." Is this, one wonders, the best she can do for Stephen Crane, or is it, rather, the best she can do for a particular melancholy crotchet of hers?

That Marlowe man

One wonders what Miss Cather would make of Raymond Chandler, who, after a number of difficult years for the thriller-with-elegance aficionado, comes up with a most chandleresque work, entitled *The Little Sister* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50). There is no cataloguing in it, at any rate. Mr. Chandler is far on the other side, using a kind of cryptic shorthand to make his points; and I dare say only the inoculated and inured can follow him out in all the details. Though Mr. Chandler offers more than the usual whodunit manipulator. Along with solutions, he displays a highly colorful prose, an air of quiet

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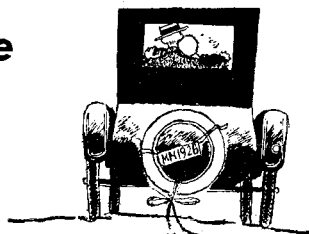
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In the controversy a few years back that raged around the question of the thriller and that brought into the arena some of America's leading literary critics, I found myself as nearly on Edmund Wilson's side as I could be on any. He had exclaimed: Who cares what happens to a character when the character has never been brought to life! Mr. Chandler's virtues, from Mr. Wilson's "post of observation," are merely diversions, thrown in to entertain and amuse. They are embellishments; they are not intrinsic elements that transform the genre. Mr. Chandler is skillful, but his characters are still puppets, and Mr. Chandler is still a puppeteer. And Mr. Chandler, over and beyond his avowal that Dashiell Hammett is his master, is immensely indebted to Hammett and the whole genre. He rings all the conventions, including the Hammett-Chandler ones; and where he has no room for a "fat man" and his punk "gunsel," he brings it in as a gag, signature-wise.

If one has to undergo an operation in a primitive area where there are no anesthetics, I can recommend no better substitute than a good thriller in general, and Mr. Chandler's *The Little Sister* in particular. The genre at its best is an efficacious annihilator of time, a silencer of the chariot wheels (which at one's back one always hears), and Mr. Chandler's contribution is simply that he mutes time's clocks a little more than most.

The outside world

I did not read Constantine Fitz Gibbon's earlier novel, *The Arabian Bird*, which was acclaimed as more than highly promising. He has now published *The Iron Hoop* (Knopf, \$3.00), and I don't think it could be said that this new work is a realization of high promise — though the author still promises. It is a strange little novel of a great nation that has been defeated in a war and the life in it during an occupation. "The Iron Hoop" has reference to the ruined remnants of a city, which are out of bounds though adjacent to "the new city," and in which still lives a mixture of the citizenry of the country — idealists who hate the occupation, gangsters, and old folk who are unable to change their ways.

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hoop: an apparently cold, competent, very much married Captain, newly arrived and the nephew of the General in command, who immediately becomes infatuated with a native girl, aged about eighteen, devastatingly innocent and beautiful. The Captain, as far as one can tell, is immaculately uninfluenced; he goes about his business, whatever it is, unhampered by wife or military superiors; the girl has a powerful god, a man called The Hero, an idealist who is hopelessly plotting against the occupation and who has brought Anna up from childhood. (Quite decently, it should be added.)

The relationship between the Captain and the girl (he gets her a flat in the new city) apparently is as happy a time as either of them has known. The breakoff is rather inconsequential, and leads one to believe that Mr. Fitz Gibbon was too intent on writing from the tragic view. His novel contains it not a shred. Just why it doesn't is at the heart of the book's strengths and weaknesses.

To write a tragic novel is, I believe, to create destiny, some form of relentlessness, which is character, the human being living out his life in his destined way. At one time it was thought that the tragic hero had to be a noble or heroic man and thus had to be of noble birth. Melville, for one, showed that a man could be a tragic hero no matter from what class he sprang, so long as he possessed, or was possessed by, a destiny. Ahab, in *Moby-Dick*, may be cited as such an example (though even he is debatable for other reasons).

Mr. Fitz Gibbon fails even to get close to this fundamental requisite of tragedy. His Captain is an uninteresting—and unintended, I am almost certain—enigma. Nothing he says, nothing he does, no act, no gesture, gains him feeling, sensibility, or intelligence. The reader simply does not know about this Captain; Mr. Fitz Gibbon has not fixed him. As a consequence, what he does has no kind of necessity behind it, and certainly no urgency. His separation from Anna at the end of the story does manage a kind of pathos, chiefly because of an extraordinary atmosphere that Mr. Fitz Gibbon very nicely has exacted from his labors.

This atmosphere establishes itself as something as close to a toy world atmosphere as I can imagine; and it has relevance and pathos because the heroine is a little like a lovely toy

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doll. I do not intend this as minimization: there is something right about it, something toylike or dreamlike about the world of a protracted occupation, particularly at its margins — and it is at such a world's margins that *The Iron Hoop* is played out. In some respects the story is that of the outsider living in an outside world. There is justness in what Mr. Fitz Gibbon has done; but there is no justness in thus claiming for his dramatic personae a gratuitous life. It is the problem of the artist that he reconcile dispartes and even opposites; in this case, that he sustain his dream atmosphere and yet construct machines of necessity.

There are touches in Mr. Fitz Gibbon that are admirable. At the outset of the story, for example, the Captain hears the train's wheels: *Oh kiss me please kiss me please kiss me oh kiss me please kiss me please kiss me*. It is an irony that one only dimly suspects: the Captain is sitting alongside of his wife, whom he really loathes. And at the story's end, again, the Captain beside his wife, and the wheels: *Oh kiss me oh kiss me oh kiss me oh please kiss me please kiss me*, and so on; and all that has gone between, the happiness he had so briefly experienced in kissing Anna, asserts itself in a bitter-sweet irony that is really splendidly effective. As a painter I knew used to say: "Ah, if only I could carry out this part through the whole canvas."

Constant the inconstant

It has remained for Harold Nicolson to write the definitive life of the fabulous, the wretched, the quite brilliant *Benjamin Constant* (Doubleday, \$4.00). How extraordinary that Constant once said that he was the most real of men: he is! He possesses all the weaknesses of the ordinary man and, though Mr. Nicolson does an amazing detective job in discovering the inner life of the writer-statesman, he is most real in that he is the raw lump of experience itself, without shape or form — until transformed from the potential work of art that men are into the realized work of art. That is to say, Mr. Nicolson achieves, without gross distortion, a credible coherence in the chaotic and weak-willed M. Constant. That, after all, is the biographer's main task: to see into his subject as the subject, given impossible objectivity, would see into himself. Mr. Nicolson sees with a balanced and decorous nicety;



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above all, he is convincing. It is also reassuring to see M. Constant from the inside instead of from the outside as an unfortunate aspect of Madame de Staël.

Mr. Nicolson's thesis, or disclosure, is that Benjamin Constant possessed a "compelling intelligence" that was tragically unaccompanied by a "decisive will." Mr. Nicolson demonstrates Constant's intelligence as he demonstrates his indecision. Not only that: Mr. Nicolson shows Constant's rationalizations of his will-lessness, and how circumstances — specifically the women in his life, and more specifically Madame de Staël — ensnared him and would have made will-less a far more intransigent character.

As Madame de Staël remarked to Constant's wife, Benjamin has the talent of pity. How much was pity, how much weakness, how much was altruism, how much sloth, is a fascinating quandary in Constant. Surely no one had his hands so full as Constant when he "look on" the amazing Madame de Staël, who, when she discovered Constant's desire to make an exit, threatened him, threatened herself, made public scenes, had her son challenge him to a duel, sued him for money in the law courts, and created a fearful slander about him. And yet to behold a powerful woman reduced to pathetic weakness is not an easy experience — particularly for one who had the "talent of pity."

And so Constant's life dragged itself out: women he could not flee from, women he could not possess; duels (twenty of them; the last, when he was in crutches, from an arm-chair); pamphlets — for the Bourbons, against them, but always for liberty (at least *this* was consistent); against Napoleon and yet, a week after, drafting for Napoleon the famed *Additional Act*.

What sort of man was Benjamin Constant? Tall, thin, ungainly, with red hair and green spectacles and an undiminishing taste for British parliamentarism, one must conclude — even from Mr. Nicolson's splendid account — that the indecisive will dominated the life more than the compelling intelligence. He left behind two works of some lasting interest — a brief novel entitled *Adolphe*, and his *Journal Intime* — along with his numerous distinguished political pamphlets.

As Mr. Nicolson accounts the story, M. Constant wasted an appalling amount of time; he was also

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led into ideological alleyways by the women he was enamored of. One has the regrettable feeling that Constant failed by far to realize his talents. He had impressed Goethe during his Weimar visit. And he wrote letters at the age of twelve that Sainte-Beuve stated were too adult to be authentic. Here is one to his grandmother: —

"Do you know that I am now going out into society at least twice a week? I have a smart suit, a sword, my hat under my arm, one hand on my chest, the other on my hip. I can hold myself upright and play the big boy as well as I can. I watch, I listen and up to now I do not envy society its pleasures. People do not appear to care for each other very much. But I do get a certain amount of emotion from watching the gaming tables and seeing the gold coins spin."

No, the literary man never quite measured up to the boy. But the gaming man did: all of Constant's adult life was dominated by the gambler, both literally and spiritually.

Potpourri

W. C. FIELDS: HIS FOLLIES AND FORTUNES by Robert Lewis Taylor. Doubleday, \$3.50.

A smartly written and most engaging account of the inimitable comedian and juggler, the sadistic W. C. Fields. For those who remember the great days of vaudeville, there was no performer — except perhaps Jimmy Durante himself — who could so nostalgically bring back those golden days.

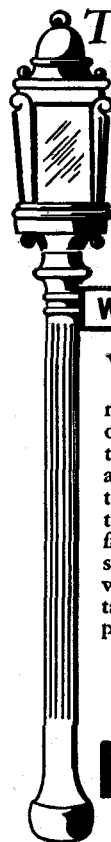
Mr. Taylor, in an unostentatiously amusing way, brings home a number of pertinent facts about the great man — namely, that Mr. Fields onstage was no more than an extension of the man off-stage; which meant that in person he was difficult, unconventional, hard-drinking (though never drunk), a hard man with a dollar, a fast man with an unctuous phrase, an eccentric who created his own banking system, and a master ad-libber.

The account of the youthful Fields, a runaway at eleven and a professional juggler at fourteen, a hobo who slept in barrels and ate at free-lunch counters, is the insight needed to explain why he was always lashing out at the world. But it wasn't meanness. As a friend said, "Bill never really wanted to hurt anybody. He just felt an obligation."

THE VITAL CENTER by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00.

The author, a recipient of the Pulitzer Prize for *The Age of Jackson*, is here engaged in a report on the re-examination and self-criticism "which liberalism has

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undergone in the last decade." Mr. Schlesinger is a good man to have on your side: he is a gifted polemicist who has both the "right" and the "left" squirming on the hook when he gets through with them; at the same time, he is optimistic about "the vital center," the reawakened liberal. Current liberalism, he believes, has been historically re-educated because of three factors: the New Deal aspirations, a deepening knowledge of man, and the exposure of the Soviet Union.

Mr. Schlesinger is most effective in his section called "The Failure of the Left," in which the fellow traveler comes under his corrosive microscope. One questionable point in his argument is his estimation of the trade-unions as "indigenous to the capitalist system," and his belief that, as they become more powerful, "they increase their vested interests in the existing order." The United Auto Workers sit-down strikes, for example, challenged the capitalist concept of property. Unions can aim at establishing a kind of dual power that is, in effect, counter to vested interests. But this is a small point, and hardly conclusive. Mr. Schlesinger is expertly clear and navigates smoothly a treacherously complicated course.

THE DEVIL IN MASSACHUSETTS by Marion L. Starkey. Knopf, \$3.50.

In the charming preface of her narrative record of the Salem witchcraft of 1692, Miss Starkey says she has tried "to uncover the classic dramatic form of the story" (in its aspects of Greek tragedy). She has also undertaken to establish, in the light of modern psychology, the relevance of the witchcraft as an allegory of our times: one witch hunt is analogous to another, no matter what name you give the witches.

Miss Starkey, for all her intelligence and humor, and despite the exhaustive and responsible study which clearly she has made of her subject, fails to make good the promise of her preface. The story emerges with blurred outlines and confused centers; the psychological interpretation (brought inconspicuously to bear upon it) seems only to trade old ambiguities for new. The failure, a fair guess would be, is one of a creative literary imagination equal to a paralyzing task.

Still, Miss Starkey's book has its points. She has put a great deal of fact and thought into her nutshell in a readable, unadorned prose, and her material from beginning to end is steeped in fascination. Moreover, she has the audacity and good sense to relate the hysterical obsession of the witch-ridden young girls of Salem Village to the mass hysteria of the modern brigade of bobby-soxers.

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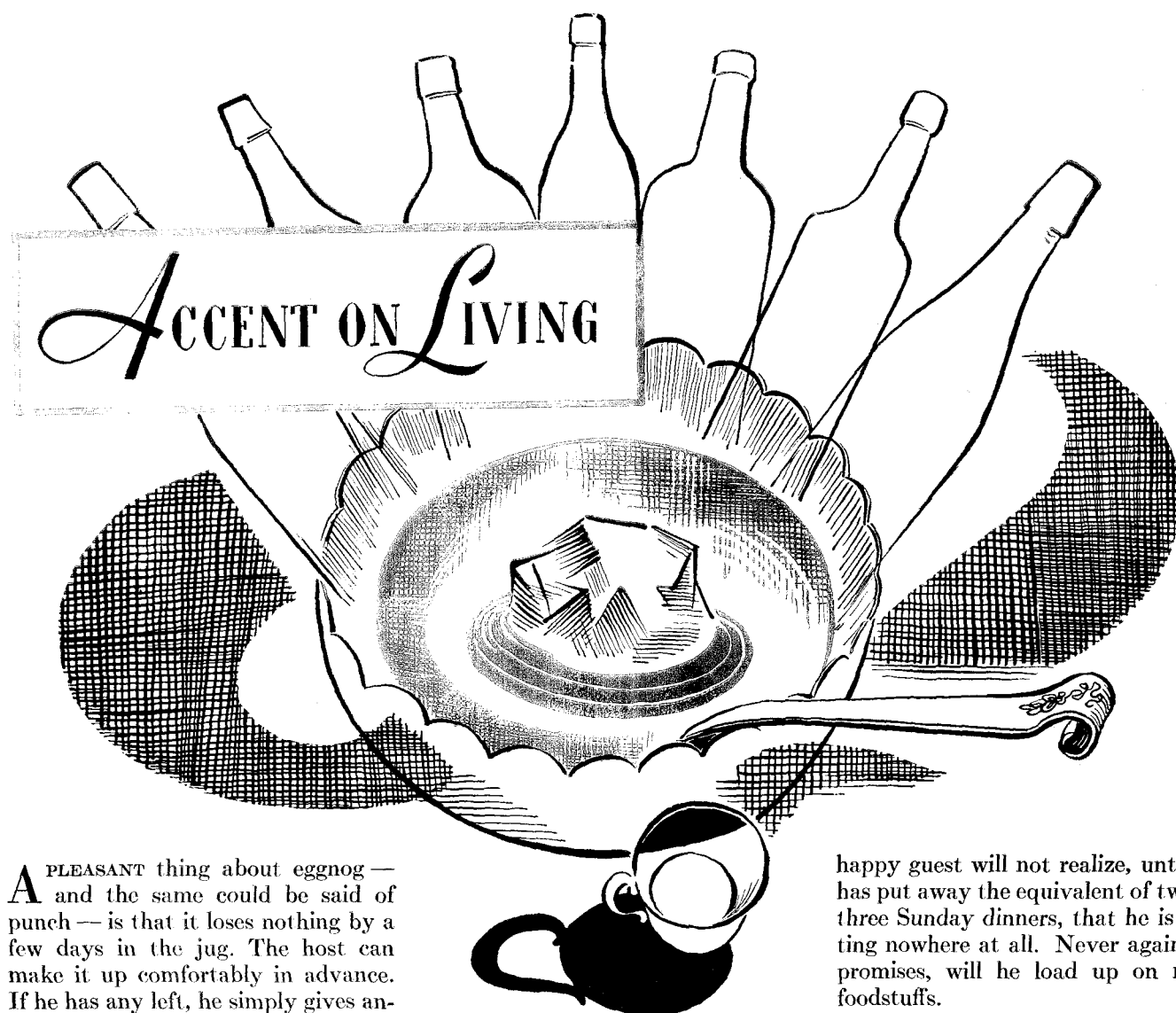
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Good recipes for eggnog and punch abound. There is great flexibility in what the spirituous base of either drink may contain. Each is easy to serve, especially for a sizable number of guests.

Yet guests in general tend to view even the handsomest punch bowl with misgivings. Given a choice between its ladle and a highball of flagrantly cheap spirits, most of them choose the latter on the reasoning that they at least know what they are getting — how much, how strong, and indeed how bad. The host may have spared no expense on what went into the bowl, but the guest can't help remembering many other bowls from which he ladled to his ultimate sorrow. From one eggnog party of last

THIS MONTH

year, the guest recalls that he brought away nothing but the sensation of having just won the pancake-eating contest in a preparatory school. Punch he associates with a Niagara of fruit juices (canned) or the witches' broths of prohibition days, when any ingredient was better not by itself but disguised by as many others as the host possessed.

Eggnog and punch are too useful for party purposes to deserve such low esteem. One of the great qualities of eggnog, for instance, is its ability to hide a phenomenal alcoholic strength. But this very ability to mask its wallop is what lures the stingy host to whittle down his liquor bills and reduce his eggnog to dairy-lunch mildness. In this case, the un-

happy guest will not realize, until he has put away the equivalent of two or three Sunday dinners, that he is getting nowhere at all. Never again, he promises, will he load up on mere foodstuffs.

Honestly made, with at least a fourth of its bulk consisting of high-grade spirits, eggnog is an equally good substitute for a light meal or a drink, with the virtues of both. One engages it tentatively and with some leisure, and on that basis it will accomplish almost any desired result. The standard eggnog is based on bourbon, but it comes off just as well with brandy, rum, rum-and-brandied, rye, or Scotch. For a thick one, use cream instead of milk, and home manufacture in any case instead of a ready-made mix. Most bourbon recipes call for a jigger of Jamaica rum as a final flourish of flavor, and an extra jigger will do no harm.

Every old-time club steward has a recipe for punch, but it usually goes somewhat as follows, and would work out at about 90 cents a cup: "Just take three bottles of French champagne to one of a good cognac and a half bottle of Cointreau, pour over a

lump of ice, and there you are — very nice punch indeed, very nice.”

For experimental purposes and at considerably less cost, here is a punch recipe worth a trial: One bottle (5th) of New England rum; one bottle (5th) of light West Indian rum; two bottles of a good table wine (red, if you want the color); half a pint of fresh lemon juice; half a pint of fresh lime juice. Sweeten to taste with plain sugar syrup.

To maintain uniformity in the sweetening, it is best to mix any punch in the largest batches possible. Quart soda water bottles are handy containers for storing and serving the punch. The easiest way to control the ultimate strength is to try out the punch by pouring a bottle of it over a block of ice with an equal amount of sparkling water. The host thereafter increases or cuts down the amount of sparkling water according to the pur-

port of his party; yet it must be admitted that the use of sparkling water has a tendency to diminish as most punch parties continue. The nip of fresh limes can be enhanced by soaking eight or ten squeezed limes in the rum (covered bowl) for a day or two. Worth doing, even though the limes have to be squeezed all over again to extract the rum which they absorb.

By way of weeding out the unfit and protecting the worthy, a Certificate of Ingredients ought to be displayed conspicuously wherever punch or eggnog is offered. A city ordinance to that effect would be helpful; perhaps the etiquette books could be made to lend a hand too. On any undeclared addition of diluent or shorting of the basic spirits, the host would have to turn in his Certificate and suffer a thirty-day suspension. A third offense would prohibit him from further mixtures of any kind, and all

his drinks would have to be served from their original containers, labels intact.

Such measures would protect the partygoer from fraud, but no remedy comes to mind that will really work against the host who bobs up — especially in New England — with the barefaced, skinflint technique: (a) invites a big crowd; (b) issues, with a miniature ladle, a half cup of something to all comers; (c) presides thereafter over a lump of ice in an empty bowl, laughing and pretending astonishment with the bland explanation, “Ha, ha, ha — there isn’t any more.”

By one of nature’s little jests, this is the man who is forever thrusting out an empty glass at other people’s parties and whose intake liability as a guest is the equivalent of a family of five.

CHARLES W. MORTON

SINCE ISOLINE LEFT

by RICHARDSON WRIGHT

RICHARDSON WRIGHT is the editor of *House and Garden*, an expert cook, and the proprietor of a distinguished cellar.

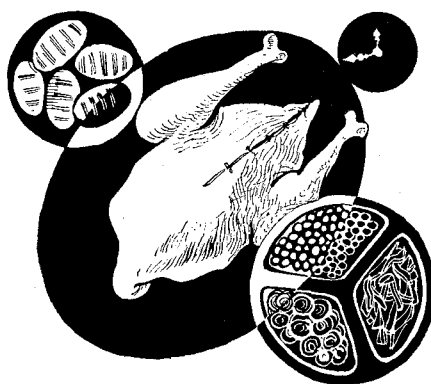
ISOLINE had many virtues and only one fault. She was obliging and cheerful. She said — and evidently thought — that we were the nicest people she ever worked for. Her uniforms were immaculate, and she could do things to shrimps that almost made us shrimp-addicts. Her hot rolls fairly floated from oven to table. But she had an immoderately exact sense of time. When we said dinner at seven, she thought we meant seven. Cocktails had to be gulped en route to the dining room. We were slaves to her chronological exactness.

It was not this, however, that caused us to part. With reluctance we joined the growing company of those who look facts in the face. Isoline fell victim to monetary apprehension, if you know what I mean. She left still saying we were the nicest people, and so forth.

The sixteen-year-old offered to undertake breakfasts. Luncheons didn’t count, as each fends for himself. With noble abnegation of her leisure, my wife claimed dinners as her contribution. And so, with one

less mouth to fill and one less check to write, we entered on our Trumanian Gastronomy. There’s no fixed policy. You make it up as you go along. You never know exactly how any dish is going to come out.

My answer to all culinary questions is “Let’s. Why not!” As official sampler and taster, I sit pontifically



in the kitchen rocker sipping cocktails while my wife takes off on flights. She used to be a paleographer and loves working out puzzles. Dinner comes, when it is ready. Time means nothing. But, unreconstructed Republican though I am, I must concede that this new regime has added perceptibly to our cuisine.

As most everyone knows, a demitasse of strong black coffee poured

over a finishing steak makes a far richer juice. One night a bottle of red wine stood in the kitchen, being room-temperated. My wife eyed it curiously, the way she used to look at medieval manuscripts. “Let’s try a little of this on the steak,” she said. “Why not!” said I. And in addition to the coffee she splashed a dab of the wine. We drank the rest of it to celebrate having attained a gastronomic achievement.

A dusting of dry mustard mixed in with a fork, we discovered, brings the most unpalatably reticent boughten mayonnaise to the front.

As I had planted far too many string beans, they began to pall on us. Chopped fried onions cooked with them proved no solution, nor did the addition of chopped bacon and bits of lettuce. Then, for no reason whatever (though she may have found it in an old German manuscript), my wife slivered a mess of beans fresh from the garden and marinated them for half an hour in salted and peppered red wine and olive oil. These were then put into an iron pot with a heavy lid, with enough water to keep the mixture from burning. Thus transformed, those string beans had the delicate flavor of artichokes.

Veal being cheaper than lamb, which had never fallen in price, we

ventured on it for a Sunday dinner. In the orthodox fashion, we spiked it with garlic. There happened to be lying handy a tube of anchovy paste. My wife follows the estimable rule that whatever her hand finds to do, she does it. So the roast of veal was



rubbed with anchovy. It needed no apologies.

All advancement in culinary variety comes from getting bored with the same old flavors. So a casserole of leftover meat, simmered in a French crockery pan, was given a roof of corn bread, thereby affording a plenitude of "soppers" and a new combination of flavors to boot.

Cream cheese mixed with eggs as they are being scrambled adds to the bulk, for which we are grateful in these days, and furnishes smoothness and extra quality to the dish.

With sour cream, one of our standbys, we have to use subterfuge. The youngsters, on seeing it poured into a concoction on the stove, openly proclaimed their dislike of it. After that we slipped it in when they weren't around. This, I believe, is practicing the wisdom of the serpent, but the net result approximated angel food. The youngsters agreed that it was.

Though we go heavy on sour cream and mushrooms (by the way, that's a combination worthy of any gourmet's palate: mushrooms skillet-broiled in butter with a dollop of sour cream mixed in at the end) — though, as I was saying, we go heavy on these, on herbs we've gone light ever since an herbalistic hostess offered our palates the indignity of fresh rosemary soup. Wine, too, must be applied with a gentle hand. It should be there, but make no open declaration of its presence. Such wisdom is better learned by trial and tasting, as all Trumanism must be learned. If it doesn't work, don't try it again.

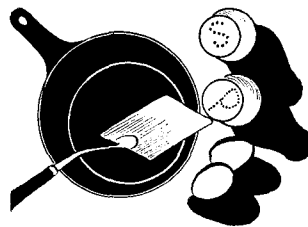
One of our favorite quick-luncheon dishes came into being by this trial-

and-tasting method. It bears the name of Turtle Hill omelet, for it was in the kitchen of our Cape Cod house we fell on it. Now, by all the gods of gastronomy, a folded flat cheese omelet is no accomplishment to brag about. Cubed sharp Cheddar dribbled down the middle of the egg when it is still soft is the usual procedure. On the shelf above the stove stood a slim green bottle of capers. Onto the cheese went a line of capers. Cheese plus capers folded into an omelet and brought to table bubbling will bring joy to even a misanthrope.

For these various accomplishments most of the honors should go to my wife. My only contribution — the licking of a hot spoon — has not yet ruined what gourmets call the taste buds. Most rigid taste buds, those of mine. Never for a moment have they relented their objection to Brussels sprouts in any form.

But, while passing out the honors, I cannot play ringtoss with the head of the sixteen-year-old who gets breakfast. His limitation is exactly the opposite of Isoline's — he can't sense time. Fruit juice, coffee, and toast are no hurdles to him. But as for boiled eggs, time is a variable quantity. One day, three minutes to him mean four; the next, they mean two. Finally, in desperation I declared that something ought to be done about breakfast before it became a lost art. That did the trick, that and an egg-boiling sandglass. I am hoping some day to induct that lad into the mysteries and ultimate delights of kidney stew for breakfast.

Along in mid-June our cuisine is benefited and our figures ruined by the conjunction of abundant eggs and abundant raspberries. All we have to buy for our favorite dessert is fresh macaroons. Lay custard on successive layers of macaroons soaked in sherry, alternating with sugared raspberries. Continue the layering until it



reaches the top of the dish, if you know a good thing when you taste it. Set the dish in the refrigerator to chill.

These gastronomic efforts have made a radical change, strange as it

may seem, in our reading habits. For years, I read aloud in bed at night while my wife pursued her production line of sweaters and socks for her grandchildren. Three volumes of *Bleak House* saw a cable-stitch sweater finished. And the output of Argyle socks from Trollope was unbelievable. All that highfalutin literature has gone. Now we read cookbooks, greedily mouthing the recipes. Next day we try them.

Occasionally, of a Sunday, Isoline drops in to cook the dinner, just for old time's sake. We lay aside our fortitudinous efforts and relax. Once again her hot rolls float to our plates. Once again we munch her shrimps with undisguised delight. She still says we are the nicest people she ever worked for. And we feel the same about her.



HIGH, LOW, AND CLOSE

by LOYD ROSENFELD

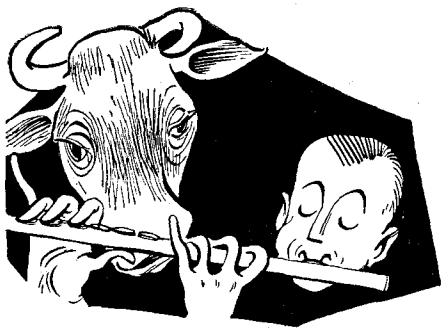
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As we float through the air
To our new home up there,
Buy me one share of Heavenly Trust.

Oh, I would not disturb
My seat on the Curb
Where the yield is so very attractive,
For it's really quite gay
Clipping coupons all day
As I slowly turn radioactive.

Home on the Exchange!
And when the last bid has been heard,
And we know by the smell
It's the subway to hell,
Buy me one share of Hades Preferred —
I mean on margin —
Buy me one share of Hades Preferred!



SAUCY DIATRIBE

by RIXFORD KNIGHT

Readers will remember RIXFORD KNIGHT for his findings about goats and hens in recent issues of the Atlantic. He is a farmer in Jamaica, Vermont.

THE man sitting beside his cow on a three-legged stool can occupy his mind with counting the strokes or he can encourage less connected thoughts. An enormous amount of such thinking must have been done since the first milker sat beside a cow, and some of it ought to be recorded and preserved, because soon all cows will be milked by young men in professional white, calling down long rows of identical hindquarters, "All set, Bill. Throw on the switch."

No doubt these young men will have thoughts, and perhaps they will be worth recording. But they won't have the same kind of thoughts that a hand milker has. Probably none of them, borrowing a lead from that frustrating Ten Books on a Desert Island question, will ask himself, "If I expected to be hurled back to the Stone Age by some great disaster, what ten products of my present civilization would I choose to take with me?"

The hand milker sitting beside his cow thinks about such things. He would take with him four axes, three jackknives, and two heavy cooking pots. This leaves one choice open — a kind of Christmas check to be used for something you really want. It won't be used for an electric milking machine, but it might be spent on a book or, if it won't impose on the good fairy too much, a shelf of books. With the store of knowledge contained in books we should be able to climb out of the Stone Age and back to our present civilization in a comparatively few generations. My own choice for the tenth item on the list would be a flute.

This must seem an unprogressive selection, but the truth is that I don't like progress. Progress is where you no sooner get used to one way of doing things than you have to start right off getting used to a better way. Progressive people don't mind that. They even seem to like it, but that doesn't mean I am wrong. All it means — move over and stop switching your tail — is that I don't like progressive people. The trouble is that this puts me in a class with the reactionaries, and since I don't like them either, I have had to turn for companionship to the two-toed ungulates, particularly the cow.

More Christian virtues are to be found among the ungulates than among any other fauna, including man, whom I would place below the birds in this respect but probably above the dog, and certainly above the cat. One of the ungulates, the East African klipspringer, has an especially admirable character and is strikingly beautiful besides.

But the trouble with ungulates as companions is that they don't like me. When they see me coming they move to a far corner of the pasture, and if sworn at in a loud voice they roll their eyes as if shocked and move away faster.

However, my reason for choosing the flute is not to woo the ungulates, but in hopes it might offset the jackknives, because — set a Yankee down in the Stone Age with a jackknife among his artifacts, and in no time at all he will turn up in a television studio rooting for progress.

Progress is natural to man and it comes from his extraordinary ability to adapt himself to his environment. The faster a new environment comes along for him to adapt himself to, the happier he is; and if they don't come fast enough to suit him, he makes one by adapting his environment to himself. Since each reacts on the other, it is sometimes hard to tell which is adapting itself to whom or what — and of course, why. But that is progress and man is well suited to it. He can get used to anything. Cannibalism, infanticide, life under the equator or above the Arctic Circle — man can get used to it. There are only two environments to which man cannot accustom himself. These two involve the absence of food, and immersion in boiling water. Except in these two directions man's capacity for progress is unlimited.

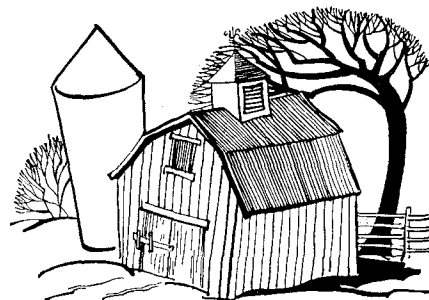
This does not mean that any move-

ment in any direction may be called progress. Retrogression is not progress; but a social ratchet device keeps you from slipping backward anyhow; so once you've got progress you are stuck with it. The term progress is usually associated with inventions or processes that save time or labor, such as subways, quick-eats establishments, and pictorial magazines. A promising new development along this line is artificial insemination.

But when we study the ungulates in order to determine their capacity for progress, we have to admit that it is limited to grass. They have no future apart from grass and they do not seem to see the need for any. This is one of their most irritating characteristics. Man has spent thousands of years perfecting devices which will save him time and labor; and when he is in a rush to get done with the milking so that he can hurry off somewhere, it is very annoying to have those unprogressive ungulates gawp at him as though they had all the time in the world.

It is too bad that so admirable an animal as the East African klipspringer cannot progress, and that the one who can progress in all directions except two is not particularly admirable. Before the foam slops over the top of the pail, I want to offer the idea that if man's capacity for progress could be directed and guided by the Christian morality of the klipspringer, we could make this a very good world. The ideal hybrid would be a klipspringer with a brain case as large as man's and with fingers for playing the flute.

In this form we should be able to



make the world a fine place to live in. No wars; no electric milking machines. The danger is that we might make it such a wonderful place that we couldn't bear to leave it and would use our capacity for progress to get rid of our habit of dying. I would certainly hate to have to get used to the idea that I was going to live forever. However, time would be on my side.

LORELEI OF THE LOIRE

by CHARLES R. CODMAN

For many years consultant on wines to S. S. Pierce Co., CHARLES R. CODMAN knows the products of the European and California vineyards from direct experience matched by few other experts. This is Mr. Codman's second article on French wines.

THE comments of most travelers to the wine regions of France follow a recognized pattern. First, the 21-gun salute to Dom Pérignon, the Châteaux of Bordeaux, and the historic vineyards of the Côte d'Or. Standard operating procedure then provides for a pat on the head for the Beaujolais, a lament for the scarcity of genuine Chablis, a deep curtsy to Château Chalon — a name irresistible to all wine-writers but to no one else other than the mountaineers of the Jura and the late Louis Pasteur — and finally a section on "Other French Wines."

In this convenient if faintly derogatory catchall, the "other" vineyards are usually classified in terms of the three great rivers that water them, a sound enough approach but one which unfortunately has lent itself to the perpetuation of some highly dubious legends and to certain injustices.

Of the triumvirate, the Rhône need not detain us since the evaluation of its Hermitages, Côte-Rôtie, Château-neuf-du-Pape, and even Tavel is generally thorough, accurate, and flattering. On the other hand, the French bank of the upper Rhine — that is, the Alsatian Haut-Rhin — is apt to receive considerably less than its just due. To those familiar with the great pre-war Hocks and Moselles of Germany, some of the claims made for Alsatian wines by the enterprising Chamber of Commerce of Colmar may seem to smack of vinous chauvinism, but it is a fact that many Alsatian proprietors before and since the war have transformed the Riesling and Traminer grapes of their spectacular terraced vineyards into wines which *at their best* are head and shoulders above the run-of-the-mill from the German side downstream.

However, it is not the majestic

sweep of the Rhine but rather the swirling eddies and pebbly shoals of another stream whose siren song most frequently bemuses the senses of the wine-minded river sailor, even causing him at times to go completely overboard. I refer, of course, to the Loire. Whether the effect of sun, scenery, and those sight-seeing trips to the Châteaux of Touraine, combined with the *vins du pays*, induces a kind of mirage, I do not know, but certain it is that the tales of travelers returned from the salubrious provinces of central France almost invariably revolve around a central myth.

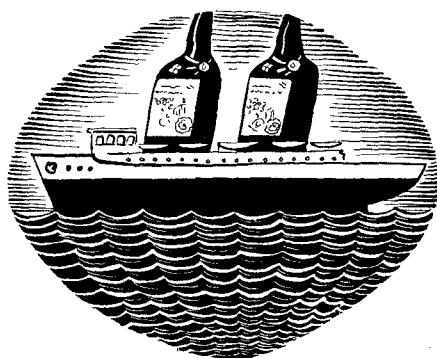
Thus we have the arrival at Tours.

The hired car, skiff, or bicycle. The pilgrimage to Blois and Chenonceaux. The dancing waters of the Loire. Troglodyte caves tucked under the smiling slopes. The cool of evening after the thirst-making heat of day.

Then, inevitably, that picturesque little inn somewhere this side of Amboise. The genial patron. The bottle pearly with cellar dew. The glass, two glasses, three glasses of Vouvray — the wine of wines — so gay, so charming, so *spirituel*, but utterly incapable, alas, of traveling more than a couple of hundred yards from its birthplace. And there you have it — the Vouvray myth.

Now it is quite true that many a Vouvray, which the visitor to Touraine finds so attractive, is too light-bodied, too low in tannin and alcoholic content, to survive an ocean voyage or even a trip to Paris. And speaking of Paris, it is also true that certain restaurants and *bistros* there have offered under the magic name of Vouvray nasty acid little brews whose inferior quality seemed to substantiate the thesis that the wines of Touraine should remain at home.

With a view to taking issue with the legend of shut-in Vouvray, I fished up from the cellar a few weeks ago a bottle of Château Moncontour 1933. Moncontour is an excellent growth of Vouvray, and 1933 a good year, but I did not at this relatively late date have any great confidence in its powers of survival. The warmth of the evening seemed to call for a fairly long immersion in the ice bucket.



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The cork when pulled was thoroughly dried out (not a propitious sign) and the color of the wine when poured — dark as a golden Sherry — indicated a sea change. The wine itself? Perfect. Rich, honeyed, sound as a nut.

Here then was a sixteen-year-old Vouvray which had traveled some three thousand miles, been stored in at least three different cellars under fair but by no means ideal conditions, and was nevertheless in perfect shape, and flowery to a degree unequaled by any Vouvray I ever consumed *in situ*.

An exception? No, plenty of other examples are at hand: the Clos le Mont 1934 shared some months ago with Baron Raymond de Luze, the proprietor of that fine vineyard; its illustrious predecessors of the '29 and '21 vintages, also enjoyed with him



on previous visits, not to the banks of the Loire but to those of the Charles in Boston. Though each wine differed considerably from

the others, all were in perfect condition and redolent of qualities requiring anything but apologies. The point about Vouvray is this: it does travel, and just as well as a good Bordeaux or Burgundy, *when* and *if* the vineyard, the year, the vinification, the bottling, and the handling all are faultless. Today the pre-war vintages that proved successful — the '29's, '33's, '34's, and '37's — are not easy to come by, but the post-war period has come up with two very fine years. Already the '45's are scarce but 1947 is even now fulfilling its early promise and I am willing to bet — in fact *have* bet — that a good Vouvray of that year will travel with complete success.

Another aspect of the Vouvray myth worth examining is the rarely contested thesis that, among all the "gay little wines" of central France, Vouvray is the best. That a flawless Vouvray is a pearl of great price no one in his senses will deny, but the Loire is a long and resourceful river and I contend that certain reaches of its shores are studded with gems of even greater worth. Downstream, after passing Saumur, at least as fa-

mous for its sparkling wines as for its Cavalry School, the river widens and deepens, and so in a sense do both the range and quality of its *grands vins*, for on its coteaux south of Angers, and on those of the Layon, we find the lovely wines of Anjou.

My first meeting with a really tip-top Anjou came only a few years before the Second World War. At Champtocé, not far from Angers, my wife and I were visiting an old friend, Gerard Gignoux. He had a vineyard, a very good vineyard, and he made his own wines. In spite of the Gallic flavor of his name, this friend was and is American; and so, with gallant disregard of the ancient Anjevin injunction prohibiting women from descending to the wine cellar, where their presence is supposed to have a deleterious effect on the wine, he treated us both to a memorable sampling from the wood of his delectable '33's and '34's. Sparing the reader the customary rhapsodies as to body, bouquet, the faint but unmistakable suggestion of mingled quince and apricot blossoms, suffice it to say that we lost no time in ordering the last remaining barrels of each vintage.

A first-rate Anjou, like a superior Vouvray, while in no sense syrupy, is nevertheless nearly always on the sweet side; for in good years, such as 1945 or 1947, it is in the nature of the Chenin grape, or *pineau de la Loire* — the informing vine of the best Vouvrays and Anjous — to be generous with its natural sugars. A "dry" Anjou (or a "dry" Vouvray) usually indicates an inferior wine.

As in the case of Vouvray, considerable disservice has been done the noble wines of the lower Loire by the type of Paris restaurant specializing in what it is pleased to call *les petits vins d'Anjou*, which are often concoctions to which no respectable Anjevin would give cellar room. With such poor relations, the suave full-bodied wines of the best growths of the Coteaux de la Loire and the Coteaux du Layon (notably the famous Chaume district) have little or nothing in common, and their virtues — at their best — surpass those of even the finest Vouvray. Incidentally, they *love* traveling.



PIZZA

by ORA DODD

ORA DODD lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she writes for radio and newspapers. This is her first appearance in the Atlantic.

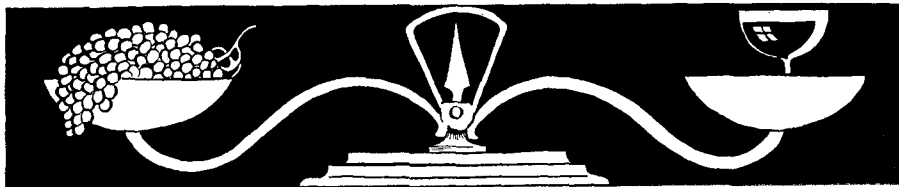
THE waiter moves aside the glasses of red wine, and sets before you a king-sized open pie. It is piping hot; the brown crust holds a bubbling cheese-and-tomato filling. There is a wonderful savor of fresh bread, melted cheese, and herbs. This is a *pizza*, Italian for pie. There is a plural, *pizze*, but no one ever uses it, for pizza is a sociable dish, always intended to be shared. Two people order a small pizza, about a foot in diameter. A large pizza is twice that size. Don't imagine an American pie blown up to about two feet, however; a pizza is a nearer relation to a pancake. It is very flat, made of raised bread dough, with the filling spread on top.

In a world of ready-made food, packaged to be tossed together by amateurs, pizza stands apart — one dish, at least, which calls for time and skill.

Naples and the province of Napoli created pizza — just the invention you would expect of a laughing, convivial people, a dish made for family snacks, late suppers, and Carnival celebrations.

In this country, you can find it wherever there is an Italian colony, from the Latin Quarter in San Francisco to Bleecker Street in New York to Hanover Street in Boston. You eat it, usually, sitting in a booth in a bare, plain restaurant, with a mural of Vesuvio on the walls, a juke box, and a crowded bar. The customers are Italian families, Bohemians, lovers, and — if a college is near-by — students and faculty members.

If you go back into the kitchen,



most pizza-makers are happy to show you their routine. They're a friendly, casual class — nothing of the high-capped chef about them. To see them roll and twirl the pizza dough, spread the filling, and slide the pie into the oven, you would think theirs the simplest job in the world; but a baker spends months, or even years, in learning pizza-making to perfection. One Neapolitan told me that it takes two generations (he had learned from his father, now ninety-seven and still baking pizza in Italy, just as his five sons do).

Pizza begins with a brick oven. Without the hot, evenly heated brick oven floor, you cannot have pizza. Big Italian commercial restaurants may use gas-heated ovens, with sides of metal, but the floors are brick. The best oven is all-brick, heated by coal or coke, with even, long-lasting heat on all sides.

The pizza-maker, with his brick oven at one side, works surrounded by bowls of pizza sauce made of ground tomatoes (this is put up in gallon cans for restaurants or for anyone else who can use that quantity), and bowls of garnishes: ground cheese, anchovies, shredded green peppers, thinly sliced mushrooms, sliced Italian sausage, onion rings, bits of salami, and anything else an inventive pizza-maker can dream up. Garlic and chopped *orégano* (wild marjoram) are the seasonings, used as the customer may request.



You may order a pizza with one, two, or any other number of garnishes; if you're really wealthy — and hungry — order one with everything on top. Couples with different tastes may order a pizza with one garnish on half of it, another garnish on the other half.

Somewhere near the floured bread-board is a great mixing bowl filled with pizza dough — a “hard” dough, made with salt, water, flour, and

yeast. From this great mass, chunks are cut off according to size (small, medium, large pizza), made into mounds, and put into the floured drawers of a cabinet to rise. The baker takes the right size from the drawer as he needs it.

First he rolls the dough with a rolling pin. Then he places this large flat pancake on his closed fist, like a floppy hat, and twirls it round and round. The elastic dough becomes thinner and thinner. A skilled pizza-maker knows exactly when to stop twirling; when the cake is at its thinnest, just before it breaks through. The very thin circle of dough goes back on the board, which has been sprinkled with yellow corn meal to keep the dough from sticking on the brick oven floor — no pans are used in baking pizza.

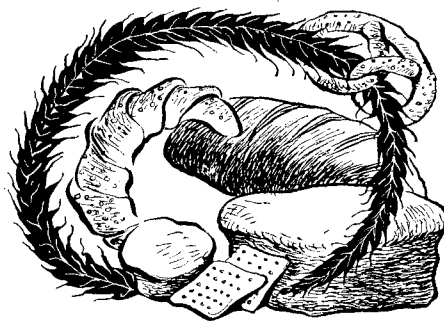
Now the filling or, more accurately, the covering. First the baker spreads a thin layer of the tomato pizza sauce. He strews this with handfuls of ground cheese, not quite covering the tomatoes. The cheese, traditionally, should be Mozzarella, a mild cheese made in Napoli; here, it is a local cheese made of skimmed milk. If a mild cheese is used, the whole pizza is covered generously with grated Parmesan-type cheese, for extra flavor. Olive oil may be sprinkled over the top. The most delicious pizza I ever tasted broke all traditions by being made with a combination of Munster and light American Cheddar.

When the garnishes have been added, the baker flops the pizza onto a short-handled wooden shovel, opens the oven door, and gently slides the pizza directly onto the brick oven floor. Only experience gives a baker the skill to do this without buckling the dough or spilling the garnish, and to remove the pizza when it is done, on a long-handled shovel, without breaking or even nicking the crisp crust.

After the pizza is taken out of the oven it is slipped onto a large aluminum pan, cut into pie-shaped pieces with a very sharp knife, and sent out to the pizza-eaters. Everyone eats it using his fingers.

You can take home a pizza in a paper box and reheat it, but you should live near enough to serve it within twenty minutes or so. People do reheat pizza which has become cold, but it isn't very good; the cheese may be stringy, and the crust rock-like at the edges, soggy on the bottom.

Regardless of what you may read, you cannot make pizza at home. Not unless you have a brick oven, two wooden shovels, and the knack of making a hard dough and twirling it out to twice its size. You may be



able to make a concoction of tomatoes and cheese, but not real pizza. I am convinced that all yeast dough is possessed of a devil, so that it rises too much, or not enough, or at the wrong time. Anyone who thinks she can manage it, and shrugs aside the difference between a brick oven floor and a pan in a metal oven, can go to any Italian market for the essential tomato purée, cheese, olive oil, and *orégano*.

I think any would-be pizza is just too much trouble and hard, hot work. Much easier, if you are content with fake pizza, is the English muffin type, made by spreading half a muffin with olive oil (for flavor), then with tomato purée or canned tomatoes, topped with a slice of cheese, and any garnish you like. Bake about fifteen minutes in a hot oven. I will not reveal its low estate by naming it, but I actually found one Italian restaurant which serves English muffin pizza — a shock only to be compared to being served store doughnuts in a Vermont farm kitchen.

Try pizza some crisp fall night, some frosty winter evening. But remember to eat your first pizza — and all that follow — in good company. It should always be *pizza al'amicizia*.

TO A SCHOLIAST

by CHARLES PHILBRICK

Your heart is study-riven;
Your soul is footnote-shriven;
Go hang them both, morocco-bound,
From any poison tree,
And never bend your mouth around
“Good morning, Charles,” to me.

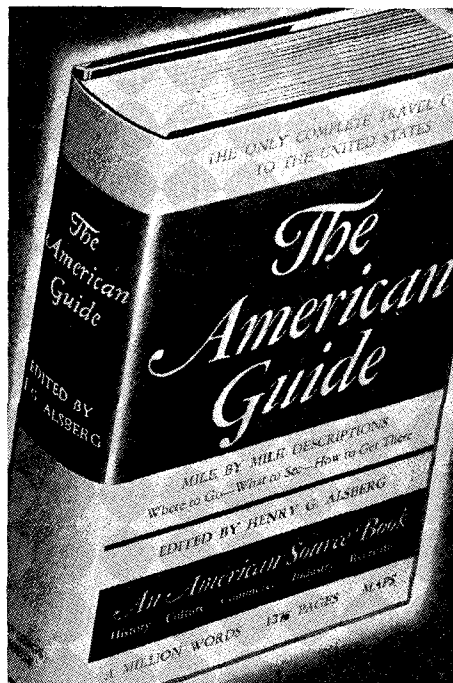
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